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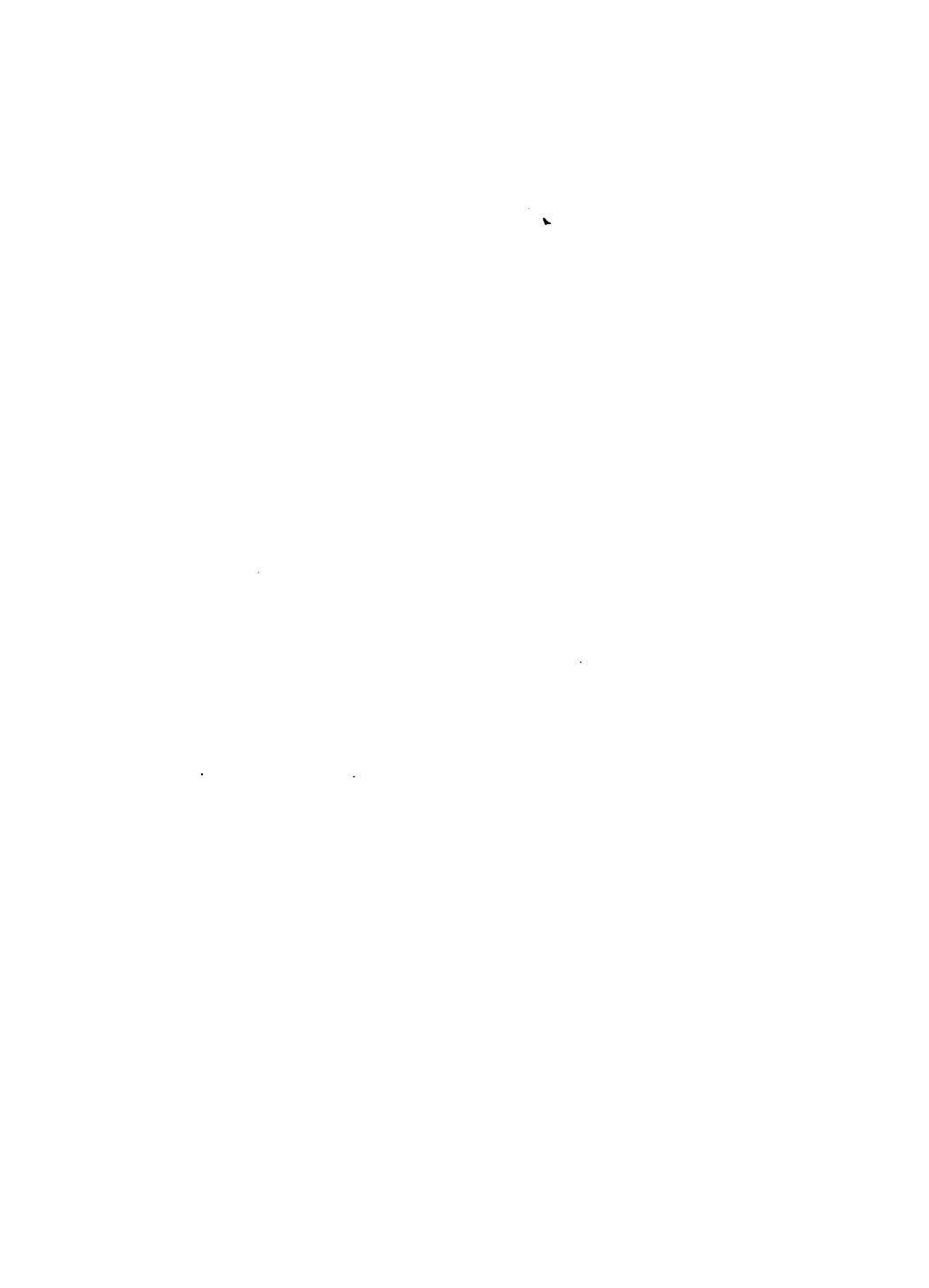
CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of  
General Peter Gansevoort, junior  
and widow of the  
Honorable Abraham Lansing  
of Albany, New York*

24X  
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Protestant







7920

# THE HYMNAL

## REVISED AND ENLARGED

AS ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF  
The Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.  
United States of America

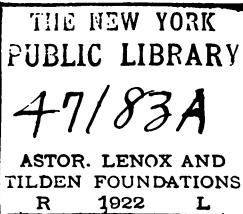
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1892

BEING THE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON  
THE HYMNAL APPOINTED BY THE GENERAL  
CONVENTION OF 1886, MODIFIED



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Copyright, 1889,  
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By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in General Convention, held in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, it was

*Resolved*: That the final Report of the Joint Commission on the Hymnal, as amended by concurrent vote of the two Houses, be set forth and authorized as the Hymnal of this Church: provided that the use of the present Hymnal be allowed until the next General Convention.

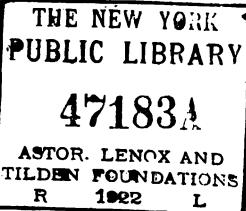
#### *CERTIFICATE.*

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal, having been compared with and corrected by the Standard Book, as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, *Chairman.*

HENRY W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary.*



## CANON 25 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

### OF CHURCH MUSIC.

§ 1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church ; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

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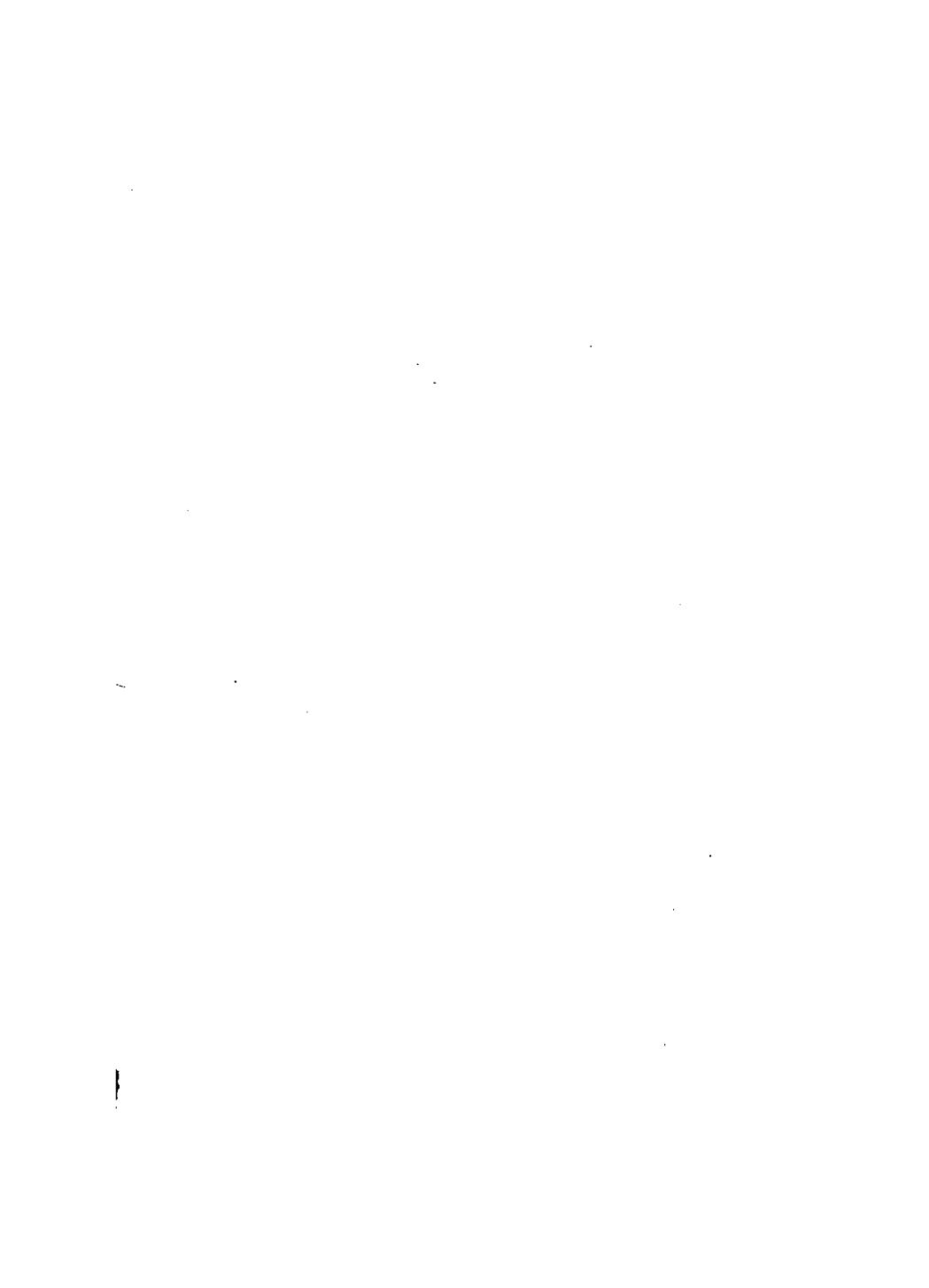
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# H Y M N S.

## I. DAILY PRAYER.

1 **M**orning. L. M.

NEW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask ;  
*Room to deny ourselves, a road*  
*To bring us daily nearer God.*

---

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

2

PART I.

L. M.

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great Day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II.

4 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
*Scatter my sins as morning dew;*  
*Guard my first springs of thought and will,*  
*And with Thyself my spirit fill.*

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I.

3

P. M.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day:  
Come, to Him Who made this splendor  
See thou render  
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavor,  
When thine aim is good and true;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldest pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within;  
He the hidden shame glossed over  
*Can discover,*  
*And discern each deed of sin.*

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
 Free from sorrow,  
 Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
 And, released from death's dark sadness,  
 Rise in gladness,  
 That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
 Light refuse not,  
 But His Spirit's voice obey ;  
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
 Light enfolding  
 All things in unclouded day.

EVERY morning mercies new  
 Fall as fresh as morning dew ;  
 Every morning let us pay  
 Tribute with the early day :  
 For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure ;  
 Thy compassion cloth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
 Daily doth our sins remove ;  
 Daily, far as east from west,  
 Lifts the burden from the breast ;  
 Gives unbought, to those who pray,  
 Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
*That these gifts may never fail ;*  
*And, as we confess the sin*  
*And the tempter's power within,*

Feed us with the Bread of Life ;  
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever blessed Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailing prayer and praise.

5

FRIDAY.

L. M.

O JESU, crucified for man,  
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,  
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan  
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take  
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,  
And gladly for Thine own dear sake  
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,  
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,  
Oh ! may we bear Thy marks below  
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And week by week this day we ask  
That holy memories of Thy cross  
*May sanctify each common task,*  
*And turn to gain each earthly loss.*

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear  
 Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
 Win through Thy blood our pardon there,  
 And through the cross attain the crown.

*Also the following :*

**312** Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.

**383** Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

**640** My Father, for another night.

6

**Evening.**

10.6.10.6.

**O** BRIGHTNESS of the immortal Father's face,  
 Most holy, heavenly, blest,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace  
 Are visibly expressed :

2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one  
 The lamps of evening shine :  
 We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,  
 And Holy Ghost divine.

3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
 Our hallowed praises, Lord :  
 O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,  
 Through all the world adored.

7

10s.

**T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,  
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows :  
 O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou  
 Eternal Light of Light, be with us now :  
 Where Thou art present darkness cannot be ;  
*Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.*

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end :  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend :  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,  
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide ;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms  
assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succors fail :  
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;  
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store ;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon, how quickly past ;  
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,  
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
     Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
     Help us to look to that bright place  
         Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
     In undivided empire reign,  
     And thronging angels never cease  
         Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
     And evening shadows never fall,  
     Where Thou, eternal Light of Light.  
         Art Lord of all.

9

7.7.7.5.

HOLY Father, cheer our way  
     With Thy love's perpetual ray:  
     Grant us every closing day  
         Light at evening-time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
     When earth's brightness disappears:  
     Grant us in our later years  
         Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
     When in mortal pains we lie;  
     Grant us, as we come to die,  
         Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessed Trinity,  
     Darkness is not dark to Thee:  
     *Those Thou keepest always see*  
         *Light at evening-time.*

6.4.6.6.

THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned ;
- 3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;
- 5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live : yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord divine,  
*May I be ever His,*  
*And He forever mine.*

11

L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near ;  
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My weary eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live ;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
 With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take,  
 Till in the ocean of Thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

12

10s.

ABIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ;  
*A* The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :  
*W*hen other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
*H*elp of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
 Change and decay in all around I see;  
 O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
 skies:  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
 flee:  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

13

7s.

**S**OFTLY now the light of day  
 Fades upon my sight away;  
 Free from care, from labor free,  
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye  
 Naught escapes, without, within,  
*Pardon each infirmity,*  
*Open fault, and secret sin.*

4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us ;  
 Jesu then our refuge be,  
 And in Paradise awake us,  
 There to rest in peace with Thee.

5 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
 Humbly we ourselves resign ;  
 Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,  
 Make our slumbers pure as Thine ;

6 Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
 Chase the darkness of our night,  
 Till the perfect day before us  
 Breaks in everlasting light.

## 18

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light ;  
 Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, .  
 The ill that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
*To serve my God when I awake.*

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,  
 Forever chase dark sleep away,  
 And hymns divine with angels sing,  
 All praise to Thee, eternal King ?

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, angelic host :  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

**G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light ;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night :  
 May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
 And, when we die,  
 May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
 All peaceful lie :  
 When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
 But to reign in glory take us  
 With Thee on high.

20

C. M.

**N**OW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favors, and new joys  
Do a new song require;  
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

21

L. M.

**B**EFORE the ending of the day,  
Creator of the world, we pray  
That with Thy wonted favor, Thou  
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.

- 2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,  
From fears and terrors of the night;  
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,  
That spot of sin we may not know.
- 3 O Father, that we ask be done,  
*Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;*  
*Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,*  
*Doth live and reign eternally.*

## 22

8s.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :  
Thy word into our minds instil ;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;  
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad ;  
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us ; night is come ;  
Through night and darkness near us be ;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

23

S. M.

OUR day of praise is done;  
 The evening shadows fall;  
 But pass not from us with the sun,  
 True Light that lightnest all.

- 2 Around the throne on high,  
 Where night can never be,  
 The white-robed harpers of the sky  
 Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;  
 Too soon of praise we tire:  
 But oh, the strains how full and clear  
 Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
 If Thou attune the heart,  
 We in Thine angels' music still  
 May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
 Each wayward thought reclaim,  
 And make our life a daily psalm  
 Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 A little while, and then  
 Shall come the glorious end;  
 And songs of angels and of men  
 In perfect praise shall blend.

*Also the following:*

**389** *Three in One and One in Three.*

**535** *Now the day is over.*

**642** *Tarry with me, O my Saviour.*

**643** Inspirer and Hearer of prayer.  
**644** Great God, to Thee, my evening song.  
**645** The day is past and gone.  
**646** Through the day Thy love has spared us.  
**647** Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father.  
**676** One sweetly solemn thought

4 **The Lord's Day.**

7.6.

O DAY of rest and gladness,  
 O day of joy and light,  
 O balm of care and sadness,  
 Most beautiful, most bright ;  
 On thee, the high and lowly,  
 Through ages joined in tune,  
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
 To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
 The light first had its birth ;  
 On thee for our salvation  
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;  
 On thee our Lord victorious  
 The Spirit sent from heaven ;  
 And thus on thee most glorious  
 A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
 From storms that round us rise ;  
 A garden intersected  
 With streams of Paradise ;  
 Thou art a cooling fountain  
 In life's dry, dreary sand ;  
*From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,*  
*We view our promised land.*

4 To-day on weary nations  
     The heavenly manna falls :  
     To holy convocations  
         The silver trumpet calls,  
     Where Gospel light is glowing  
         With pure and radiant beams,  
     And living water flowing  
         With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining  
     From this our day of rest,  
     We reach the Rest remaining  
         To spirits of the blest.  
     To Holy Ghost be praises,  
         To Father, and to Son ;  
     The Church her voice upraises  
         To Thee, blest Three in One.

**H**AIL ! sacred day of earthly rest,  
     From toil and trouble free :  
     Hail ! day of light, that bringest light  
         And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
     On all the world around,  
     Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,  
         Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,  
     *A ray of light divine*  
     *Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,*  
     *For it is Thine.*

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,  
 That Thou, this day, hast given  
 Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
 Of rest in heaven.

26

8.8.6.

COME, let us all with one accord  
 Adore and magnify the Lord,  
 And festive service pay,

2 On this the day that God hath blest,  
 The day of peace and heavenly rest,  
 The Lord's own holy day,

3 That saw primeval darkness break,  
 And that more glorious life awake  
 That lasteth evermore;

4 That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,  
 And Christ, triumphant over all,  
 His own to heaven restore.

5 This day the peace that flows from heaven  
 Was unto the Apostles given,  
 When doors were closed at night;

6 This day the Holy Spirit's flame  
 Upon the Church's teachers came,  
 And filled their souls with light.

7 Still on this day with trumpet sound  
 The Gospel notes are ringing round,  
 To call the world to pray:

8 Then on this day let us adore  
 Our God, and supplication pour,  
 That, when worlds pass away,

9 Through Christ's dear grace our souls may rest  
 In peace and joy, forever blest,  
 Till the great Judgment day.

27

S. M.

**W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near  
 And feasts His saints to-day;  
 Here may we seek, and see Him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of prayer and praise  
 His sacred courts within,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And wait to hail the brighter day  
 Of everlasting bliss.

28

S. M.

**T**HIS is the day of Light:  
*Let there be light to-day;*  
*O Day-spring, rise upon our night,*  
*And chase its gloom away.*

2 This is the day of Rest :  
 Our failing strength renew ;  
 On weary brain and troubled breast  
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace :  
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;  
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
 The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer :  
 Let earth to heaven draw near :  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;  
 Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days :  
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
 O Vanquisher of death !

29

C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,  
 Which God hath called His own ;  
 With joy the summons we obey  
 To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !  
 As here Thy servants throng  
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
 And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell  
 Within Thy Church below !  
 Make her in holiness excel,  
 With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
 Let all her sons unite  
 To spread with holy zeal around  
 Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
 Which Thou hast called Thine own :  
 With joy the summons we obey  
 To worship at Thy throne.

30

7s.

TO Thy temple I repair;  
 Lord, I love to worship there ;  
 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
 God of love, to mine attend ;  
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;  
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,  
 Fill my soul with humble awe,  
 Till Thy Gospel bring to me  
 Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim  
 Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
 Through their voice, by faith, may I  
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,  
 May my heart within me burn ;  
 And at evening let me say,  
 "I have walked with God to-day."

31

C. M.

**B**LEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,

The first, the best of days ;  
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
His rising thee did raise,

And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind ;

And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear ;  
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;

Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

32

10s.

**S**AVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching  
night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;  
*From harm and danger keep Thy children free.*  
*For dark and light are both alike to Thee.*

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
 shame,  
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict  
 cease,  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

## 33

L. M.

**A**LMIGHTY Father, bless the word  
 Which through Thy grace we now have  
 heard;  
 Oh, may the precious seed take root,  
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,  
 Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:  
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
 May all, at last, in heaven appear.

## 34

8.7.8.7.4.7.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
*Triumph in redeeming grace:*  
*Oh, refresh us,*  
*Travelling through this wilderness.*

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound :  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound :  
 May Thy presence  
 With us evermore be found ;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
 Saviour, from the world away,  
 Fear of death shall not appall us,  
 Glad Thy summons to obey.  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Thee in endless day.



## II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

35

Advent.

6.5.

HARK ! the voice eternal,  
 Robed in majesty,  
 Calling into being  
 Earth and sea and sky ;  
 Hark ! in countless numbers  
 All the angel-throng  
 Hail creation's morning  
 With one burst of song.  
 High in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reign, O King immortal,  
 Holy, infinite.

2 Bright the world and glorious,  
Calm both earth and sea,  
Noble in its grandeur  
Stood man's purity ;  
Came the great transgression,  
Came the saddening fall,  
Death and desolation  
Breathing over all.  
Still in regal glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reigned the King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,  
Through the troubled night,  
Looking, longing, yearning,  
For the promised light.  
Prophets saw the morning  
Breaking far away,  
Minstrels sang the splendor  
Of that opening day.  
Whilst in regal glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reigned the King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent  
Of the new-born King,  
Joyously the watchers  
Heard the angels sing.  
Sadly closed the evening  
*Of His hallowed life,*  
*As the noon tide darkness*  
*Veiled the last dread strife.*

Lo ! again in glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reigns the King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

5 Lo ! again He cometh,  
Robed in clouds of light,  
As the Judge eternal,  
Armed with power and might.  
Nations to His footstool  
Gathered then shall be ;  
Earth shall yield her treasures,  
And her dead, the sea.  
Till the trumpet soundeth,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reign, Thou King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

6 Jesu ! Lord and Master,  
Prophet, Priest and King,  
To Thy feet, triumphant,  
Hallowed praise we bring.  
Thine the pain and weeping,  
Thine the victory ;  
Power, and praise, and honor,  
Be, O Lord, to Thee.  
High in regal glory,  
'Mid eternal light,  
Reign, O King immortal,  
Holy, infinite.

*his hymn may be sung with or without the refrain, as desired.*

## 36

8s.

DAY of wrath ! oh, day of mourning !  
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On Whose sentence all dependeth.
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth ;  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth ;  
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo ! the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded :  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 *King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us !*

- 9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation  
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me.  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?
- 11 Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning !
- 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst ;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying !
- 15 With Thy favored sheep oh place me !  
Nor among the goats abase me ;  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission,  
*See, like ashes, my contrition ;*  
*Help me in my last condition.*

18 Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !  
 From the dust of earth returning  
 Man for judgment must prepare him ;  
 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !

19 Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,  
 Grant us Thine eternal rest.

37

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

**G**REAT God, what do I see and hear !  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear  
 On clouds of glory seated !  
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before ;  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding :  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
 For they shall rise and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing :  
*The day of grace is past and gone ;*  
*Trembling, they stand before the throne,*  
*All unprepared to meet Him.*

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,  
Thy boundless love declaring ;  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing.  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

8

D. C. M.

ONCE more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be  
Upon the heavens displayed,  
And earth and its inhabitants  
Be terribly afraid :  
For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,  
Our woes, our sins to bear,  
But girt with all Thy Father's might,  
His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day  
Oh, who can understand ?  
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
Shalt lift Thy holy hand ?  
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
The sun in heaven grow pale ;  
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
Our time in trembling here,  
That when upon the clouds of heaven  
Thy glory shall appear,  
Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
In triumph we may rise,  
*And enter, with Thine angel train,*  
*Thy palace in the skies.*

39

8.7.8.7.4.7.

**L**O, He comes with clouds descending,  
 Once for our salvation slain ;  
 Thousand angel-hosts attending  
 Swell the triumph of His train :  
 Alleluia !  
 Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear :  
 All His saints, by men rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air :  
 Alleluia !  
 See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne ;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :  
 Alleluia !  
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

40

P. M.

**W**AKE, awake, for night is flying :  
 The watchmen on the heights are crying,  
 Awake, Jerusalem, arise !

Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,  
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling;  
He comes; prepare, ye Virgins wise.  
Rise up; with willing feet  
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet:  
Alleluia!

Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,  
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:  
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!  
All hail, Incarnate Lord,  
Our crown, and our reward!  
Alleluia!

We haste along, in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.  
By the pearly gates in wonder  
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,  
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.  
No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy:  
We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along.

## 41

8.7.

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;  
 “Christ is nigh,” it seems to say;  
 “Cast away the works of darkness,  
 O ye children of the day!”

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,  
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
 Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
 Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
 Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
 One and all to be forgiven;

4 So when next He comes with glory  
 Wrapping all the world in fear,  
 May He with His mercy shield us,  
 And with words of love draw near.

## 42

8s.

O H, quickly come, dread Judge of all;  
 For, awful though Thine Advent be,  
 All shadows from the truth will fall,  
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:  
 Oh, quickly come: for doubt and fear  
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all;  
 Reign all around us, and within;  
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin;  
 Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone  
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all ;  
 For death is mighty all around ;  
 On every home his shadows fall,  
 On every heart his mark is found :  
 Oh, quickly come : for grief and pain  
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,  
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;  
 And fainting souls begin to fall  
 With weary watching for the day :  
 Come, quickly come : for round Thy throne  
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

43

7.6.

**R**EJOICE, rejoice, believers !  
 And let your lights appear ;  
 The evening is advancing,  
 And darker night is near.  
 The Bridegroom is arising,  
 And soon He will draw nigh ;  
 Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle !  
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning ;  
 Replenish them with oil ;  
 Look now for your salvation,  
 The end of sin and toil.  
 The watchers on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
 Go meet Him as He cometh,  
 With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,  
 Now raise your voices higher,  
 Until in songs of triumph  
 Ye meet the angel choir.  
 The marriage-feast is waiting,  
 The gates wide open stand ;  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory !  
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
 O Jesu, now appear ;  
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere !  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of earth's redemption,  
 And ever be with Thee !

## 44

L. M.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
 Announces that the Lord is nigh ;  
 Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
 Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
 And furnished for so great a guest ;  
 Yea, let us each our hearts prepare  
 For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
 Our refuge and our great reward ;  
 Without Thy grace we waste away,  
 Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
 And bid the fallen sinner stand ;  
 Once more upon Thy people shine,  
 And fill the world with love divine.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,  
 Whose Advent set Thy people free ;  
 Whom with the Father we adore,  
 And Holy Ghost for evermore.

45

8s.

O H come, oh come, Emmanuel,  
 And ransom captive Israel ;  
 That mourns in lonely exile here,  
 Until the Son of God appear.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;  
 From depths of hell Thy people save,  
 And give them victory o'er the grave.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

3 Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer  
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here ;  
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,  
 And open wide our heavenly home ;  
 Make safe the way that leads on high,  
 And close the path to misery.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might !  
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
 In ancient times didst give the law,  
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

46

8.7.8.7.4.7.

O 'ER the distant mountains breaking  
 Comes the reddening dawn of day ;  
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
 Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray ;  
 'Tis thy Saviour,  
 On His bright returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected ! weary  
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee,  
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary,  
 Where Thy light I do not see ;  
 O my Saviour,  
 When wilt Thou return to me ?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
 Spent the night, the day at hand ;  
 Keep me in my lowly station,  
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
 O my Saviour,  
 In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,  
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
 Watching for Thy glad returning  
 To restore me to my home.  
 Come, my Saviour,  
 Thou hast promised : quickly come.

47

C. M.

HARK ! the glad sound ! the Saviour  
 comes,  
 The Saviour promised long :  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held :  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eyes oppressed with night  
 To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure :  
 And with the treasures of His grace  
 To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim :  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy belovèd Name.

48

8.7.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set Thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us ;  
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth Thou art ;  
 Dear desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, and yet a King,  
 Born to reign in us forever,  
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone :  
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

*Also the following :*

317 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.  
 318 Jesus came, the heavens adoring.  
 405 The world is very evil.  
 406 Brief life is here our portion.

49

Christmas.

P. M.

O H come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant ;  
 Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem ;  
 Come and behold Him born the King of angels ;  
*Oh come, let us adore Him,*  
*Oh come, let us adore Him,*  
*Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.*

2 God of God, Light of Light,  
 Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;  
 Very God, begotten, not created ;  
 Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

3 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
 Glory to God in the highest ;  
 Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy  
 morning ;  
 Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;  
 Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing ;  
 Oh come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh come, let us adore Him,  
 Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

50

6.5.

COME hither, ye faithful,  
 Triumphantly sing !  
 Come, see in the manger  
 The angels' dread King !  
 To Bethlehem hasten  
 With joyful accord !  
 Oh come ye, come hither  
 To worship the Lord !

2 True Son of the Father,  
 He comes from the skies ;  
 To be born of a Virgin  
 He doth not despise.  
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark ! hark to the angels !  
 All singing in heaven,  
 “To God in the highest  
 All glory be given !”  
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc

4 To Thee, then, O Jesu,  
 This day of Thy birth,  
 Be glory and honor  
 Through heaven and earth ;  
 True Godhead incarnate !  
 Omnipotent Word !  
 Oh come, let us hasten  
 To worship the Lord !

## 51

**H**ARK ! the herald angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King ;  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled !

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies ;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin’s womb.

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;  
*Hail the Incarnate Deity,*  
*Pleased as Man with man to dwell ;*  
*Jesus, our Emmanuel !*

5 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

6 Risen with healing in His wings,  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !  
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

52

8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

OF the Father's love begotten,  
 Ere the worlds began to be,  
 He the Alpha and Omega,  
 He the source, the ending He,  
 Of the things that are, that have been,  
 And that future years shall see,  
 Evermore and evermore !

2 Oh, that ever-blessèd birthday,  
 When the Virgin, full of grace,  
 By the Holy Ghost conceiving,  
 Bare the Saviour of our race ;  
 And that Child, the world's Redeemer,  
 First displayed His sacred face,  
 Evermore and evermore !

3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens !  
 Praise Him, angels in the height !  
 Every power and every virtue  
 Sing the praise of God aright :  
 Let no tongue of man be silent,  
 Let each heart and voice unite,  
 Evermore and evermore !

4 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,  
     Thee let choirs of infants sing ;  
     Thee the matrons and the virgins,  
         And the children answering :  
     Let their guileless song re-echo,  
         And their heart its praises bring,  
     Evermore and evermore !

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
     And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
     Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,  
         And unwearied praises be :  
     Honor, glory, and dominion,  
         And eternal victory,  
     Evermore and evermore !

## 53

P. M.

**S**HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
     Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,  
     The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth !  
     The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
         He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon  
         earth.  
     Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation  
     The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
         round :  
     How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
         *How His* people with joy everlasting are  
         crowned :  
     *Shout the glad tidings*, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise :  
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing ;  
One chorus resound through the earth and  
the skies :  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

54

C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
*Of angels praising God, who thus*  
*Addressed their joyful song :*

6 "All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
 Begin and never cease."

55

C. M.

CALM on the listening ear of night  
 Come heaven's melodious strains,  
 Where wild Judea stretches far  
 Her silver-mantled plains.

- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
 Shed sacred glories there;  
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
 Send back the glad reply;  
 And greet, from all their holy heights  
 The Day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
 There comes a holier calm,  
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
 Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
 Loud with their anthems ring,  
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
 The Saviour now is born:  
 More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

56

10s.

CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy morn  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice : "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang :  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man :  
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid ;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;  
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;  
*Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,*  
*Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.*

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,  
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song ;  
 He, that was born upon this joyful day,  
 Around us all His glory shall display ;  
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
 Of angels and of angel-men the King.

57

7s.

SING, oh, sing, this blessed morn ;  
 Unto us a Child is born,  
 Unto us a Son is given,  
 God Himself comes down from heaven ;  
 Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,  
 Jesus Christ to-day is born.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,  
 Comes with mercies infinite,  
 Joining in a wondrous plan  
 Heaven to earth, and God to man.  
 Sing, oh, sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,  
 Deigns forever now to dwell ;  
 He on Adam's fallen race  
 Sheds the fullness of His grace.  
 Sing, oh, sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,  
 Lifted by Him to the skies ;  
 Christ is Son of Man that we  
 Sons of God in Him may be.  
 Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,  
With Thy Spirit day by day,  
That we ever one may be  
With the Father and with Thee.  
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

58

P. M.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem !  
How still we see thee lie ;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by ;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light ;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth !  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given !  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem !  
 Descend to us, we pray ;  
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
 Be born in us to-day.  
 We hear the Christmas angels  
 The great glad tidings tell ;  
 Oh come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord Emmanuel !

59

D. C. M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold ;  
 Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's all-gracious King ;  
 The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world :  
 Above its sad and lonely plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow !

Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing :  
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years,  
 Shall come the time foretold,  
 When the new heaven and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

60

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
 Ye, who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night ;  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;  
 Brighter visions beam afar :  
 Seek the great Desire of nations,  
 Ye have seen His natal star :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 In His temple shall appear :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

61

8.7.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,  
 Heavenly alleluias rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy—  
 “ Glory in the highest, glory !  
 Glory be to God most high !

3 “ Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found ;  
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 “ Christ is born ; the great Anointed !  
 Heaven and earth His praises sing !  
 Oh, receive Whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

5 “ Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;  
 Learn His name to magnify,  
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
 Glory be to God most high !”

*Also the following:*

**319** Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown.  
**320** All praise to Thee, eternal Lord.  
**538** All my heart this night rejoices.  
**539** Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.  
**540** Once in royal David's city.

62

### Epiphany.

6.5.

FROM the eastern mountains  
Pressing on they come,  
Wise men in their wisdom  
To His humble home;  
Stirred by deep devotion,  
Hasting from afar,  
Ever journeying onward,  
Guided by a star.  
Light of Light that shineth  
Ere the worlds began,  
Draw Thou near, and lighten  
Every heart of man.

**2** There their Lord and Saviour  
Meek and lowly lay,  
Wondrous Light that led them  
Onward on their way,  
Ever now to lighten  
Nations from afar,  
As they journey homeward  
By that guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

3 Thou Who in a manger  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,  
Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Ne'er have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,  
All who've gone astray,  
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
Guide them on their way,  
Those who never knew Thee,  
Those who've wandered far,  
Lead them by the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

5 Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By Thy guiding Star :—  
Light of Light, etc.

6 Until every nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
*'Neath Thy starlit banner,*  
*Jesu, follows Thee*

---

O'er the distant mountains  
To that heavenly home,  
Where no sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come.

Light of Light that shineth  
Ere the worlds began,  
Draw Thou near, and lighten  
Every heart of man.

This hymn may be sung either with or without the refrain, as desired.

**63**

8.7.

**E**ARTH has many a noble city ;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :  
Out of thee the Lord from heaven  
Came to rule His Israel.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare ;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped  
At Thy glad Epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be.

## 64

L. M.

WHEN from the East the wise men came,  
 Led by the Star of Bethlehem,  
 The gifts they brought to Jesus were  
 Of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

- 2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,  
 Proclaims a King of royal line ;  
 For David's son in David's town  
 Is born the heir of David's crown.
- 3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,  
 The presence of a God declare ;  
 Lo ! kings in adoration fall,  
 For Mary's Son is Lord of all.
- 4 The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows  
 A life of sorrows, wounds, and woes ;—  
 The deadly cup, that overran  
 With anguish for the Son of Man.
- 5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies ;  
 Our prayers to Thee, as incense, rise ;  
 Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs :  
 O King, O God, O Sacrifice !

## 65

7s.

AS with gladness men of old  
 Did the guiding star behold ;  
 As with joy they hailed its light,  
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
 So, most gracious Lord, may we  
 Evermore be led to Thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed ;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus ! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down,  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

66

P. M.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
     Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;  
     Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
     Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,  
     Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
     Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
     Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
     Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;  
     Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
     Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
     Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
     Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
     Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

SONGS of thankfulness and praise  
     Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,  
     Manifested by the star  
     To the sages from afar ;  
     Branch of royal David's stem  
     In Thy birth at Bethlehem ;  
     Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
     God in Man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
     *Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;*

And at Cana, wedding-guest,  
In Thy Godhead manifest ;  
Manifest in power divine,  
Changing water into wine ;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole  
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;  
Manifest in valiant fight,  
Quelling all the devil's might ;  
Manifest in gracious will,  
Ever bringing good from ill ;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,  
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee ;  
Christ will then like lightning shine,  
All will see His glorious sign :  
All will then the trumpet hear ;  
All will see the Judge appear ;  
Thou by all wilt be confessed,  
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,  
Present in Thy holy Word ;  
May we imitate Thee now,  
And be pure, as pure art Thou ;  
That we like to Thee may be  
At Thy great Epiphany ;  
And may praise Thee, ever blest,  
God in Man made manifest.

68

7.6.

O ONE with God the Father  
In majesty and might,  
The brightness of His glory,  
Eternal Light of Light ;  
O'er this our home of darkness  
Thy rays are streaming now ;  
The shadows flee before Thee,  
The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly :  
O heavenly Light, arise !  
Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
And hide Thee from our eyes !  
We long to track the footprints  
That Thou Thyself hast trod :  
We long to see the pathway  
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us  
With radiance of Thy grace ;  
O Jesu, turn upon us  
The brightness of Thy face.  
We need no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of Righteousness.

69

S. M.

WITHIN the Father's house  
The Son hath found His home;  
And to His temple suddenly  
The Lord of Life hath come.

- 2 The doctors of the law  
    Gaze on the wondrous child,  
    And marvel at His gracious words  
    Of wisdom undefiled.
- 3 Yet not to them is given  
    The mighty truth to know,  
    To lift the earthly veil which hides  
    Incarnate God below.
- 4 The secret of the Lord  
    Escapes each human eye,  
    And faithful pondering hearts await  
    The full Epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls  
    And teach us by Thy grace,  
    Each dim revealing of Thyself  
    With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight  
    The cloud shall pass away,  
    And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
    The everlasting day;
- 7 Till we behold Thy face,  
    And know, as we are known,  
    Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
    Co-equal Three in One.

70

S. M.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord,  
 Who by Thy mighty power  
 Didst manifest Thy glory forth  
 In Cana's marriage hour.

- 2 Thou spakest : it was done :  
 Obedient to Thy word,  
 The water reddening into wine  
 Proclaimed the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw  
 That wondrous mystery,  
 The great beginning of Thy works,  
 That kindled faith in Thee.
- 4 And blessed they who know  
 Thine unseen presence true,  
 When in the kingdom of Thy grace  
 Thou makest all things new.
- 5 For by Thy loving hand  
 Thy people still are fed ;  
 Thine is the Cup of blessing, Lord,  
 And Thou the heavenly Bread.
- 6 Oh, may that grace be ours,  
 Ever in Thee to live,  
 And drink of those refreshing streams,  
 Which Thou alone canst give :
- 7 So, led from strength to strength,  
 Grant us, O Lord, to see  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb,  
 Thy great Epiphany.

71

S. M.

**F**IERCE was the storm of wind,  
The surging waves ran high,  
Failed the disciples' hearts with fear,  
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

- 2 But at the stern rebuke  
Of Thy almighty word,  
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,  
And owned Thee God and Lord.
- 3 So, now, when depths of sin  
Our souls with terrors fill,  
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,  
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."
- 4 When death's dark sea we cross,  
Be with us in Thy power,  
Nor let the water-floods prevail  
In that dread trial-hour.
- 5 And, when amid the signs,  
Which speak Thine Advent near,  
The roaring of the sea and waves  
Fills faithless hearts with fear;
- 6 May we all undismayed  
The raging tempest see,  
Lift up our heads and hail with joy  
Thy great Epiphany.

IN exile here we wander.—  
In heaven is our abode,—  
The city of the angels,  
The city of our God.

And here we toil, and strive, and fight,  
With sin and woe opprest;  
There God will give the sons of light  
Eternal joy and rest.

2 Through many sore temptations,  
By many sorrows torn,  
We strive to win the glory;  
Our many falls we mourn.  
But faith holds out the vision bright  
Of our eternal home;  
And hope assures that realm of light,  
When we have overcome.

3 Jesu, our joy and gladness,  
To Thee for aid we flee:  
Give tears of true contrition;  
Our souls from guilt set free:—  
And we shall rise in that great day,  
In bodies like to Thine,  
And with Thy saints, in bright array,  
Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,  
Who here as exiles groan,  
God's praises shall be telling  
Before His glorious throne:

There in our endless home shall rest,  
 From strife and sorrow free,  
 And join the anthem of the blest,  
 Forever, Lord, to Thee.

75

S. M.

**L**ORD of the hearts of men,  
 Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,  
 From age to age, Thy chosen saints  
 With fruits of holiness.

2 Here faith, and hope and love  
 Reign in sweet bond allied ;  
 There, when this little day is o'er,  
 Shall love alone abide.

3 Here, bearing the good seed,  
 'Mid cares and tears we come ;  
 There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring  
 Our harvest-treasures home.

4 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,  
 The fruits Thyself dost love ;  
 Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat  
 Crown Thine own gifts above.

76

7.7.7.5.

**G**RACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
 Taught by Thee we covet most  
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
 Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,  
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
 Love than death itself more strong ;  
 Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree,  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly love.

THOU, Who on that wondrous journey  
Sett'st Thy face to die,  
By Thy holy, meek example  
Teach us charity !

2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering  
Didst not put from Thee;  
O most loving of the loving,  
Give us charity !

3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,  
On God's throne on high,  
*Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,*  
*Grant us charity !*

4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise ;  
 Hope, with upward eye ;  
 But more blest than both, and greater,  
 Send us charity !

*Also the following :*

**592** Jesus Christ is passing by.

78

**Lent.**

C. M.

**L**ORD ! Who throughout these forty days  
 For us didst fast and pray,  
 Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins,  
 And close by Thee to stay.

2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,  
 And didst the victory win,  
 Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,  
 In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,  
 So teach us, gracious Lord,  
 To die to self, and chiefly live  
 By Thy most holy Word.

4 And through these days of penitence,  
 And through Thy Passion-tide,  
 Yea, evermore, in life and death,  
 Jesu ! with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life  
 Of suffering overpast,  
 An Easter of unending joy  
 We may attain at last !

79

7s.

FORTY days and forty nights  
 Thou wast fasting in the wild;  
 Forty days and forty nights  
 Tempted, and yet undefiled.

- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
 And from earthly joys abstain,  
 Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
 Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
 Flesh or spirit should assail,  
 Thou, his Vanquisher before,  
 Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 4 So shall we have peace divine ;  
 Holier gladness ours shall be ;  
 Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
 Such as ministered to Thee.
- 5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,  
 Ever constant by Thy side ;  
 That with Thee we may appear  
 At the eternal Easter-tide.

80

L. M.

A WHILE in spirit, Lord, to Thee  
 Into the desert would we flee ;  
*Awhile upon the barren steep*  
*Our fast with Thee in spirit keep :*

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn  
 False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,  
 And in our hearts to feel and own  
 "Man liveth not by bread alone."

3 O Thou once tempted like as we,  
 Thou knowest our infirmity;  
 Be Thou our helper in the strife,  
 Be Thou our true, our inward life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray  
 "Give us our bread from day to day,"  
 May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,  
 Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

81

6.5.

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them  
 On the holy ground,  
 How the powers of darkness  
 Rage thy steps around?  
 Christian! up and smite them,  
 Counting gain but loss;  
 In the strength that cometh  
 By the holy cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,  
 How they work within,  
 Striving, tempting, luring,  
 Goading into sin?  
 Christian! never tremble;  
 Never be downcast;  
*Gird thee for the battle,*  
*Watch and pray, and fast.*

3 Christian ! dost thou hear them,  
     How they speak thee fair ?  
     “ Always fast and vigil ?  
         Always watch and prayer ? ”  
     Christian ! answer boldly :  
         “ While I breathe I pray ! ”  
     Peace shall follow battle,  
         Night shall end in day.

4 “ Well I know thy trouble,  
     O My servant true ;  
     Thou art very weary,  
         I was weary too ;  
     But that toil shall make thee  
         Some day all Mine own,  
     And the end of sorrow  
         Shall be near My throne.”

82

10s.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,  
     I look at heaven and long to enter in :  
     But there no evil thing may find a home :  
     And yet I hear a voice that bids me “ Come.”

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
     In the pure glory of that holy land ?  
     Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?  
     Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me  
         near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
     Evil is ever with me day by day ;  
     *Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,*  
     *“ Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”*

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear ;  
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
 And His the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
 That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord ;  
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden  
 crown ;  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

## 83

8s.

WEARY of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
 I hear and bow me to the rod ;  
 For Thee, not without hope, I mourn :  
 I have an Advocate above,  
 A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin ;  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face :  
 Open Thine arms and take me in ;  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.

---

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
    My fallen spirit to restore;  
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
    Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
    And make my heart a house of prayer.

## 84

8.8.8

O THOU, the contrite sinners' friend,  
    Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
    That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
    Far off appears my resting place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
    Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray  
    Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,  
    Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
    Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
    And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
    Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,  
*Then to my fainting sight appear,*  
    *Pleading in heaven for me.*

---

85

C. M.

O JESU, Saviour of the lost,  
 My rock and hiding-place,  
 By storms of sin and sorrow tost,  
 I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;  
 Pursued by foes, I come;  
 A sinner, save me, or I die;  
 An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,  
 Let storms come on a main;  
 There danger never, never harms;  
 There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,  
 And all Thy glory see,  
 Still be my righteousness alone  
 To hide myself in Thee.

86

L. M.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my sins before Thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their memory from Thy Book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin:  
*Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,*  
*Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.*

---

3 I cannot live without Thy light,  
Cast out and banished from Thy sight :  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song :  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

87

L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry :  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :  
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;  
Christ and His cross my only plea :  
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see :  
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
*Can for a single sin atone ;*  
*To Calvary alone I flee :*  
*O God, be merciful to me.*

---

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.

88

P. M.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
Grant us, when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
*And that love shall then be known*  
*By the pardoned, round Thy throne.*



89

7s.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee,  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,  
Oh ! by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below ;  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany !

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the mighty tempter's power :  
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany !
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode ;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany !
- 4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
*Piercing spear*, and torturing scorn ;  
*By the gloom* that veiled the skies  
*O'er the dreadful sacrifice* ;

Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany !

5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone ;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God :  
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany !

*Also the following :*

338 O gracious God, in Whom I live.  
340 In the hour of trial.  
347 Sinful, sighing to be blest.  
349 Out of the deep I call.  
350 Jesu, Lord of life and glory.  
351 Have mercy, Lord, on me.  
354 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.  
356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.  
357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.  
359 In the cross of Christ I glory.  
384 God, my Father, hear me pray.  
528 God the Father, God the Son. Litany.  
529 Father, hear Thy children's call. Litany.  
590 To-day Thy mercy calls us.  
591 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.  
604 Thy life was given for me.  
607 Love of Jesus, all divine.  
608 Lo ! the voice of Jesus.  
612 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.  
614 Lord Jesus, think on me.  
620 Onward, Christian, though the region.

90

**Holy Week.**

7.6.

**A**LL glory, laud, and honor,  
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!  
 To Whom the lips of children  
 Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,  
 Thou David's royal Son,  
 Who in the Lord's name comest,  
 The King and blessed One.  
 All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels  
 Are praising Thee on high;  
 And mortal men, and all things  
 Created, make reply.

All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews  
 With palms before Thee went:  
 Our praise and prayers and anthems  
 Before Thee we present.

All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion  
 They sang their hymns of praise:  
*To Thee, now high exalted,*  
*Our melody we raise.*

All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises ;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, etc.

91

L. M.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
*Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.*

92

C. M.

O THOU, Who through this holy week  
 Didst suffer for us all ;  
 The sick to heal, the lost to seek,  
 To raise up them that fall :

- 2 We cannot understand the woe  
 Thy love was pleased to bear :  
 O Lamb of God, we only know  
 That all our hopes are there.
- 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,  
 Thy hand the victory won :  
 What shall we render to our God  
 For all that He hath done ?
- 4 To God, the blessed Three in One,  
 All praise and glory be :  
 Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won  
 The victory through Thee.

93

7s.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;  
 Turn not from His griefs away,  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;  
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;  
 Oh the wormwood and the gall !  
*Oh the pangs His soul sustained !*  
*Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;*  
*Learn of Him to bear the cross.*

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
    There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark the miracle of time,  
    God's own sacrifice complete ;  
"It is finished!" hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

94

L. M.

THE royal banners forward go,  
    The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,  
    Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side  
    By soldier's spear was opened wide,  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
    Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told  
    In true prophetic song of old,  
How God the heathen's King should be ;  
    For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,  
    Ordained those holy limbs to bear,  
How bright in purple robe it stood,  
    The purple of a Saviour's blood !

5 Upon its arms, like balance true,  
    He weighed the price for sinners due,  
*The price which none but He could pay,*  
    *And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.*

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,  
 Let homage meet by all be done :  
 As by the cross Thou dost restore,  
 So rule and guide us evermore.

95

L. M.

**L**ORD Jesus ! when we stand afar,  
 And gaze upon Thy holy cross,  
 In love of Thee, and scorn of self,  
 Oh, may we count the world as loss !

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
 And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
 Make us to hate the load of sin  
 That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,  
 With outstretched arms, in mortal woe  
 Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
 The sinful world that lies below ;

4 Give us an ever-living faith  
 To gaze beyond the things we see :  
 And in the mystery of Thy death  
 Draw us and all men unto Thee.

96

P. M.

**B**EHOLD the Lamb of God !  
 O Thou for sinners slain,  
 Let it not be in vain  
 That Thou hast died :  
*Thee for my Saviour let me take,*  
*My only refuge let me make*  
*Thy piercèd side.*

2 Behold the Lamb of God !  
Into the sacred flood  
Of Thy most precious blood  
    My soul I cast :  
Wash me and make me clean within,  
And keep me pure from every sin,  
    Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God !  
All hail, incarnate Word,  
Thou everlasting Lord,  
    Saviour most blest ;  
Fill us with love that never faints,  
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints,  
    Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God !  
Worthy is He alone,  
That sitteth on the throne  
    Of God above ;  
One with the Ancient of all days,  
One with the Comforter in praise,  
    All light and love.

SEE the destined day arise !  
See a willing sacrifice !  
Jesus, to redeem our loss,  
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
*Every pang and bitter throe,*  
*Finishing Thy life of woe ?*

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain  
 Steeped in gall the cup of pain,  
 And with tender body bear  
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,  
 Mingled from Thy side with blood;  
 Sign to all attesting eyes  
 Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace  
 In that sacrifice to place  
 All our trust for life renewed,  
 Pardoned sin and promised good.

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's battle,  
 Tell His triumph far and wide;  
 Tell aloud the wondrous story  
 Of His Body crucified;  
 How upon the cross a victim,  
 Vanquishing in death, He died.

2 Eating of the tree forbidden,  
 Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
 When our pitying Creator  
 Did this second tree prepare,  
 Destined, many ages later,  
 That first evil to repair.

3 *So, when now at length the fullness  
 Of the time foretold drew nigh,*

God the Son, the world's Creator,  
 Left His Father's throne on high,  
 From the Virgin's womb appearing,  
 Clothed in our humanity.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood  
 In our mortal flesh attain ;  
 Then of His free choice He goeth  
 To a death of bitter pain ;  
 He, the Lamb upon the altar  
 Of the cross, for us was slain.

5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,  
 See the thorns upon His brow ;  
 Nails His tender flesh are rending ;  
 See, His side is piercèd now ;  
 Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
 Streams of blood and water flow.

6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,  
 And unwearied praises be :  
 Honor, glory and dominion  
 And eternal victory.

**N**OW, my soul, thy voice upraising,  
 Tell in sweet and mournful strain  
 How the Crucified, enduring  
 Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,  
*Freely of His love was offered,*  
*Sinless was for sinners slain.*

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a tribute far too small ;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 102

7.

O SACRED Head, surrounded  
 By crown of piercing thorn !  
 O bleeding Head, so wounded,  
 Reviled and put to scorn !  
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,  
 The glow of life decays,  
 Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,  
 And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,  
 All fading in the strife,  
 And death with cruel rigor,  
 Bereaving Thee of life ;  
 O agony and dying !  
 O love to sinners free !  
 Jesu, all grace supplying,  
 Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,  
 Good Shepherd, think of me  
 With Thy most sweet compassion,  
 Unworthy though I be :  
 Beneath Thy cross abiding  
 Forever would I rest,  
 In Thy dear love confiding,  
 And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying ;  
 Oh, show Thy cross to me :  
 And to my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free.  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move ;  
 For he, who dies believing,  
 Dies safely through Thy love.

103

8.8.7.8.8.7.

AT the cross her station keeping  
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
 Where He hung, the dying Lord ;  
 For her soul of joy bereavèd,  
 Bowed with anguish deeply grievèd,  
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressèd  
 Now was she, that mother blessèd  
 Of the sole-begotten One ;  
 Deep the woe of her affliction,  
 When she saw the crucifixion  
 Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,  
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
 Born of woman, would not weep ?  
 Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,  
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
 Would not share her sorrows deep ?

4 *For His people's sins chastisèd,*  
*She beheld her Son despisèd,*

## 106

## THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

6.4.6.3.

*I.—The Question.*

IN His own raiment clad,  
 With His blood dyed ;  
 Women walk sorrowing  
 By His side.

2 [Heavy that cross to Him,  
 Weary the weight ;  
 One who will help Him waits  
 At the gate.

3 See ! they are travelling  
 On the same road ;  
 Simon is sharing with  
 Him the load.]

4 Oh, whither wandering  
 Bear they that tree ?  
 He Who first carries it,  
 Who is He ?

*II.—The Answer.*

5 Follow to Calvary ;  
 Tread where He trod,  
 He Who forever was  
 Son of God.

6 [You who would love Him stand,  
 Gaze at His face :  
 Tarry awhile on your  
 Earthly race.

7 As the swift moments fly  
 Through the blest week,  
 Read the great story the  
 Cross will teach.]

8 Is there no beauty to  
 You who pass by,  
 In that lone figure which  
 Marks that sky?

*III.—The Story of the Cross.*

9 On the cross lifted  
 Thy face we scan,  
 Bearing that cross for us,  
 Son of Man.

10 Thorns form Thy diadem,  
 Rough wood Thy throne ;  
 For us Thy blood is shed,  
 Us alone.

11 No pillow under Thee  
 To rest Thy head,  
 Only the splintered cross  
 Is Thy bed.

12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,  
 Thy side the spear ;  
 No voice is nigh to say  
 Help is near.

13 Shadows of midnight fall,  
 Though it is day :  
 Thy friends and kinsfolk stand  
 Far away.

*Also the following:*

**360** O Jesu, Lord most merciful.  
**361** Christ, the Life of all the living.  
**362** Glory be to Jesus.  
**364** O Jesu, we adore Thee.  
**365** Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus.  
**530** Jesu, in Thy dying woes.  
**544** There is a green hill far away.

**R**ESTING from His work to-day,  
 In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
 Still He slept, from head to feet  
 Shrouded in the winding sheet,  
 Lying in the rock alone,  
 Hidden by the sealèd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen  
 Watching long the Magdalene;  
 Early, ere the break of day,  
 Sorrowful she took her way  
 To the holy garden glade,  
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
 I would solemn vigil spend:  
 Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
 In this rocky heart of mine,  
*Where in pure embalmèd cell*  
*None but Thou may ever dwell.*

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
 True affection's offering;  
 Close the door from sight and sound  
 Of the busy world around;  
 And in patient watch remain  
 Till my Lord appear again.

108

C. M.

7s.

THE grave itself a garden is,  
 Where loveliest flowers abound;  
 Since Christ, our never-fading life,  
 Sprang from that holy ground.

2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,  
 That we, O Lord, may have  
 A holy, happy rest in Thee,  
 A Sabbath in the grave.

3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,  
 And buried in the grave,  
 Didst raise Thyself to endless life,  
 Omnipotent to save.

4 Baptized into Thy death we died,  
 And buried were with Thee,  
 That we might live with Thee to God,  
 And ever blest might be.

5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death  
 May we, with Thee, arise  
 To an eternal Easter-day  
 Of glory in the skies!

109

## Eastertide.

11s.

“WELCOME, happy morning !” age to age shall say;  
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day !  
 Lo ! the dead is living, God for evermore !  
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore !  
 “Welcome, happy morning !” age to age shall say.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
 All fresh gifts returned with her returning King :  
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight ;  
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee !  
 “Welcome, happy morning !” age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature’s fall,  
 Of the Father’s Godhead true and only Son,  
*Manhood to deliver*, manhood didst put on.  
*Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.*

5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to  
show;

Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfl Thy  
word;

"Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried  
Lord!

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long imprisoned, bound with Satan's  
chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;

Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;

Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!

Both the first and second lines of verse 1 may be sung as a refrain  
after each verse, if desired.

110

7.6.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;

Christ hath burst His prison,

And from three days' sleep in death

As a sun hath risen;

All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to Whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,  
Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
Hold Thee as a mortal:  
But to-day amidst Thine own  
Thou didst stand, bestowing  
That Thy peace which evermore  
Passeth human knowing.

## 111

7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won:  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
*Darkness veils the earth no more.*

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

112

7s.

**J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia !

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia !

- 3 But the pains which He endured,  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing  
Alleluia !

- 4 Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Alleluia !

## 113

P

CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !  
 He hath burst His bonds in twain ;  
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !

Alleluia ! swell the strain !  
 For our gain He suffered loss  
 By divine decree.  
 He hath died upon the cross,  
 But our God is He.

Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
 He hath burst His bonds in twair ;  
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !  
 Alleluia ! swell the strain !

2 See, the chains of death are broken ;  
 Earth below and heaven above  
 Joy in each amazing token  
 Of His rising, Lord of love ;  
 He for evermore shall reign  
 By the Father's side,  
 Till He comes to earth again,  
 Comes to claim His bride.  
 Christ is risen ! etc.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging  
 Hail the Lord of all the skies ;  
 Heaven, with joy and holy longing  
 For the Word incarnate, cries,  
 "Christ is risen ! Earth, rejoice !  
 Gleam, ye starry train !  
 All creation, find a voice :  
 He o'er all shall reign."

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen,  
 O'er the universe to reign.

114

7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;  
 Christ hath broken every chain;  
 Hark, angelic voices cry,  
 Singing evermore on high,  
 Alleluia!

- 2 He Who gave for us His life,  
 Who for us endured the strife,  
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
 We too sing for joy, and say  
 Alleluia!
- 3 He Who bore all pain and loss  
 Comfortless upon the cross,  
 Lives in glory now on high,  
 Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
 Alleluia!
- 4 He Who slumbered in the grave  
 Is exalted now to save;  
 Now through Christendom it rings  
 That the Lamb is King of kings.  
 Alleluia!
- 5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
 How the lost may be restored,  
 How the penitent forgiven,  
 How we too may enter heaven.  
 Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed :  
 Take our sins and guilt away,  
 Let us sing, by night and day,  
 Alleluia !

115

7.6.

THE day of resurrection !  
 Earth, tell it out abroad ;  
 The Passover of gladness,  
 The Passover of God.  
 From death to life eternal,  
 From earth unto the sky,  
 Our Christ hath brought us over  
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection-light ;  
 And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear so calm and plain  
 His own "All hail," and hearing,  
 May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
 Let earth her song begin,  
 The round world keep high triumph,  
 And all that is therein ;  
 Let all things seen and unseen  
 Their notes together blend,  
*For Christ the Lord is risen,*  
*Our joy that hath no end.*

116

P. M.

**A**NGELS, roll the rock away !  
 Death, yield up the mighty Prey :  
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom.  
 Alleluia ! alleluia !  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs ; angels, raise  
 Your eternal song of praise ;  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Echo to the blissful sound.

Alleluia ! alleluia !  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Glory as of old to Thee,  
 Now and evermore, shall be.

Alleluia ! alleluia !  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

117

8.7.8.7.7.7.

**H**E is risen, He is risen ;  
 Tell it out with joyful voice :  
 He has burst His three days' prison ;  
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice :  
 Death is conquered, man is free,  
 Christ has won the victory.

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
     With glad smile and radiant brow :  
     Lent's long shadows have departed ;  
     All His woes are over now,  
     And the passion that He bore :  
     Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 Come, with high and holy hymning,  
     Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;  
     Not one darksome cloud is dimming  
     Yonder glorious morning ray,  
     Breaking o'er the purple East,  
     Symbol of our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen ;  
     He hath opened heaven's gate :  
     We are free from sin's dark prison,  
     Risen to a holier state ;  
     And a brighter Easter beam  
     On our longing eyes shall stream.

118

7s

**A**T the Lamb's high feast we sing  
     Praise to our victorious King,  
     Who hath washed us in the tide  
     Flowing from His piercèd side ;  
     Praise we Him, Whose love divine  
     Gives His sacred blood for wine,  
     Gives His body for the feast,  
     Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
     *Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;*  
     *Israel's hosts triumphant go*  
     *Through the wave that drowns the foe.*

Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,  
 Paschal victim, Paschal bread ;  
 With sincerity and love  
 Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,  
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;  
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
 Thou hast brought us life and light :  
 Now no more can death appall,  
 Now no more the grave enthrall ;  
 Thou hast opened Paradise,  
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
 Sin alone can this destroy ;  
 From sin's power do Thou set free  
 Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
 Hymns of glory and of praise,  
 Risen Lord, to Thee we raise ;  
 Holy Father, praise to Thee,  
 With the Spirit, ever be.

## 119

L. M.

LIFT up, lift up your voices now !  
 The whole wide world rejoices now :  
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,  
 The Lord shall reign victoriously !

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred ;  
 In vain the watch kept ward and guard ;  
 Majestic from the spoiled tomb,  
 In pomp of triumph Christ is come !

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe ;  
 A countless host He frees from woe,  
 And heaven's high portal open flies,  
 For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,  
 He gives us as our own to share ;  
 And hope and joy and peace begin,  
 For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,  
 And lead through death to realms of light ;  
 We safely pass where Thou hast trod ;  
 In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,  
 Glad Alleluias raise to Thee ;  
 And ever with the heavenly host  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

MORN'S roseate hues have decked the  
 sky ;  
 The Lord has risen with victory :  
 Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,  
 Alleluia.

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,  
*To cleanse the earth His blood has given,*  
*Has rent the veil, and opened heaven :*  
 Alleluia.

3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,  
 Has given a glorious harvest birth :  
 Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth  
 Alleluia.

4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,  
 Are sown to rise to heavenly day ;  
 For He by rising burst the way :  
 Alleluia.

5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,  
 And fleshly passions crucifies,  
 In body, like to Thine, shall rise :  
 Alleluia.

6 Oh grant us, then, with Thee to die,  
 To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
 And love the things above the sky :  
 Alleluia.

7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,  
 Who has for us the triumph won,  
 And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One :  
 Alleluia.

## 121

P. M.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;  
 The victory of life is won ;  
 The song of triumph has begun.  
 Alleluia !

2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
 But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;  
 Let shout of holy joy outburst.  
 Alleluia !

3 The three sad days are quickly sped ;  
 He rises glorious from the dead :  
 All glory to our risen Head !  
 Alleluia !

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;  
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;  
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell !  
 Alleluia !

5 Lord ! by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
 That we may live, and sing to Thee  
 Alleluia !

## 122

7.8.

**J**ESUS lives ! thy terrors now  
 Can no longer, death, appall us :  
 Jesus lives ! by this we know  
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.  
 Alleluia !

2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death  
 But the gate of life immortal ;  
 This shall calm our trembling breath,  
 When we pass its gloomy portal.  
 Alleluia !

3 Jesus lives ! for us He died ;  
 Then, alone to Jesus living,  
*Pure in heart* may we abide,  
*Glory to our Saviour giving.*  
 Alleluia !

4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well  
 Naught from us His love shall sever ;  
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever.  
 Alleluia !

5 Jesus lives ! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given ;  
 May we go where He has gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
 Alleluia !

123

8.7.

**ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !**  
**A** Hearts and voices heaven-ward raise :  
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
 Sing to God a hymn of praise :  
 He, Who on the cross a victim,  
 For the world's salvation bled,  
 Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
 Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
 Christ from death to life is born,  
 Glorious life, and life immortal,  
 On this holy Easter morn :  
 Christ has triumphed, and we conquer  
 By His mighty enterprise,  
 We with Him to life eternal  
 By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits  
 Of the holy harvest-field,  
 Which will all its full abundance  
 At His second coming yield :

Then the golden ears of harvest  
 Will their heads before Him wave,  
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
 From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen !  
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
 From the brightness of Thy face :  
 That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,  
 We on earth may fruitful be,  
 And by angel-hands be gathered,  
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 Glory be to God on high ;  
 Alleluia to the Saviour  
 Who has won the victory ;  
 Alleluia to the Spirit,  
 Fount of love and sanctity ;  
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 To the Triune Majesty.

SING, with all the sons of glory,  
 Sing the resurrection-song !  
 Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,  
 To the "former days" belong.  
 Even now the dawn is breaking,  
 Soon the night of time shall cease,  
 And, in God's own likeness waking,  
 Man shall know eternal peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding  
 All that eye has yet perceived !  
 Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
 Never that full joy conceived.  
 God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
 There on high our welcome waits ;  
 Every humble spirit shares it ;  
 Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 “Life eternal !” Heaven rejoices ;  
 Jesus lives Who once was dead ;  
 Join, O man, the deathless voices ;  
 Child of God, lift up thy head.  
 Patriarchs from distant ages,  
 Saints all longing for their heaven,  
 Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,  
 All await the glory given.

4 “Life eternal !” Oh, what wonders  
 Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,  
 When, amidst earth’s closing thunders,  
 Saints shall stand before the throne !  
 Oh ! to enter that bright portal,  
 See that glowing firmament,  
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
 “Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent !”

HARK ! ten thousand voices sounding  
 Far and wide throughout the sky ;  
*’Tis the voice of joy abounding,*  
*Jesus lives, no more to die !*

2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,  
 Lives to claim His great reward ;  
 Angels round the Victor hover,  
 Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 Yonder throne for Him erected  
 Now becomes the Victor's seat ;  
 Lo, the Man on earth rejected,  
 Angels worship at His feet !

4 All the powers of heaven adore Him,  
 All obey His sovereign word ;  
 Day and night they cry before Him,  
 "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

*Also the following :*

243 On the resurrection morning.  
 366 To Him, Who for our sins was slain.  
 367 Jesus, our risen King.  
 368 Alleluia ! sing to Jesus !  
 448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
 455 O God of God ! O Light of Light !  
 457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph ;  
 See the King in royal state,  
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,  
 To His heavenly palace gate !  
 Hark ! the choirs of angel voices  
*Joyful alleluias sing,*  
*And the portals high are lifted*  
*To receive their heavenly King.*

- 2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee ?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He hath gained the victory !  
He Who on the cross did suffer,  
He Who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan ;  
He by death has spoiled His foes.
- 3 While He raised His hands in blessing,  
He was parted from His friends ;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends ;  
He Who walked with God and pleased Him,  
Preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated,  
To His everlasting home.
- 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,  
With His blood, within the veil ;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail ;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place ;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.
- 5 Thou hast raised our human nature  
On the clouds to God's right hand :  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand.  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels ;  
Man with God is on the throne ;  
*Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,*  
*We by faith behold our own.*

## 127

8.

CHRIST our King to heaven ascendeth,  
 Past the blue sky's utmost bound ;  
 Christ our King to heaven ascendeth,  
 Clouds of angels close Him round.  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 Alleluia loud they cry :  
 Christ our King to heaven ascendeth,  
 Glory be to God on high !

2 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,  
 Lo ! the Lamb, as it were slain !  
 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,  
 On God's throne He lives again ;  
 Pleads His sacrifice of wonder,  
 Claims the fruit of all His pain :  
 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,  
 Peace on earth, good-will to men.

3 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,  
 Cloven tongues of fire appear.  
 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,  
 Lo ! the rushing wind is here !  
 Mighty armies forth with banners  
 Conquering and to conquer go :  
 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,  
 He shall reign o'er all below.

4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
 All His foes before Him fall ;  
 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
 He shall triumph over all.

King of kings shall men behold Him,  
Lord of lords for evermore :  
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,  
Bow before Him, and adore !

128

7s.

**H**AILE the day that sees Him rise  
To His throne above the skies ;  
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,  
Enters now the highest heaven.

Alleluia !

2 There for Him high triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
He hath conquered death and sin ;  
Take the King of glory in.

Alleluia !

3 Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives,  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

Alleluia !

4 See ! He lifts His hands above ;  
See ! He shows the prints of love ;  
Hark ! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His Church below.

Alleluia !

5 Still for us He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads,  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
*He the first-fruits of our race.*

Alleluia !

6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
 Far above the starry height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Seeking Thee above the skies.

Alleluia !

The Alleluia may be sung at the end of each line if desired.

**129**

C. M.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,  
 The doors are opened wide ;  
 The King of glory is gone up  
 Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
 Thou hast prepared a place,  
 That we may be where now Thou art,  
 And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path  
 A gleam of glory lies ;  
 A light still breaks behind the clouds  
 That veil Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,  
 And let Thy grace be given,  
 That while we linger yet below,  
 Our hearts may be in heaven ;

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,  
*Our hope, our love may be :*  
*Dwell in us now, that we may dwell*  
*For evermore with Thee.*

130

8.7.

LOOK, ye saints ; the sight is glorious ;  
 See the “Man of sorrows” now ;  
 From the fight returned victorious,  
 Every knce to Him shall bow ;  
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !  
 Crowns become the Victor’s brow.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him ;  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
 On the seat of power enthrone Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings ;  
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim ;  
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
 Own His title, praise His name :  
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !  
 Spread abroad the Victor’s fame !
- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !  
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !  
 Jesus takes the highest station ;  
 Oh what joy the sight affords !  
 Crown Him ! Crown Him !  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

## 131

L. M.

O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod,  
The winepress of the wrath of God,  
Ascend, and claim again on high  
Thy glory, left for us to die.

- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet ;  
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,  
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits :  
“Lift up your heads, eternal gates !”  
O God and Man ! the Father’s throne  
Is now for evermore Thine own.
- 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou  
Within the veil art entered now,  
To offer there Thy precious blood  
Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,  
With countless gifts of grace supplied,  
Through all her members draws from Thee  
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care  
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear ;  
*Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,*  
*With Thee for evermore to reign.*

## 132

L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
 The powers of hell are captive led,  
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 “Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,”  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
 He claims those mansions as His right;  
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, Who?  
 The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 “Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,”  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, Who?  
 The Lord, of boundless power possessed,  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
 God over all, forever blest.

*Also the following:*

**367** *Jesus, our risen King.*

**370** *Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.*

371 Christ, above all glory seated.  
 372 The Head, that once was crowned with thorns.  
 373 Thou art gone up on high.  
 374 Crown Him with many crowns.  
 450 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!  
 457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.  
 545 Golden harps are sounding.

133

## Whitsuntide.

6.5.

HEAR us, Thou that broodedst  
 O'er the watery deep,  
 Waking all creation  
 From its primal sleep ;  
 Holy Spirit, breathing  
 Breath of life divine,  
 Breathe into our spirits,  
 Blending them with Thine.  
 Light and Life immortal !  
 Hear us as we raise  
 Hearts, as well as voices,  
 Mingling prayer and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth  
 In a cloudless sky,  
 May we feel Thy presence,  
 Holy Spirit, nigh ;  
 Shed Thy radiance o'er us,  
 Keep it cloudless still,  
 Through the day before us,  
 Perfecting Thy will.  
 Light and Life immortal ! etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest  
    In the noon tide heat,  
Bear us, Holy Spirit,  
    To our Saviour's feet;  
There to find a refuge  
    Till our work is done,  
There to fight the battle,  
    Till the battle's won.  
        Light and Life immortal! etc.

4 If the day be falling  
    Sadly as it goes,  
Slowly in its sadness  
    Sinking to its close,  
May Thy love in mercy,  
    Kindling, ere it die,  
Cast a ray of glory  
    O'er our evening sky.  
        Light and Life immortal! etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,  
    Whence'er it be,  
Grant us, gracious Spirit,  
    Quickening life in Thee:  
Life that gives us, living,  
    Life of heavenly love,  
Life, that brings us, dying,  
    Life from heaven above.  
        Light and Life immortal!  
        Hear us as we raise  
Hearts, as well as voices,  
    Mingling prayer and praise.

*This hymn may be sung with or without the refrain, as desired.*

## 134

8.8.

TO Thee, O Comforter divine,  
For all Thy grace and power benign,  
Sing we Alleluia !

2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place  
In God's great covenant of grace,  
Sing we Alleluia !

3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win  
The wandering from the ways of sin,  
Sing we Alleluia !

4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,  
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,  
Sing we Alleluia !

5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown  
By every promise made our own,  
Sing we Alleluia !

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,  
Our faithful Leader to the end,  
Sing we Alleluia !

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,  
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,  
Sing we Alleluia !

8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son,  
*And God the Father ever One,*  
Sing we Alleluia !

---

135

7.7.7.5.

COME to our poor nature's night  
 With Thy blessed inward light,  
 Holy Ghost the infinite,  
 Comforter divine.

- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord ;  
 Sick and faint, Thy strength afford ;  
 Lost, until by Thee restored,  
 Comforter divine.
- 3 Orphan are our souls and poor ;  
 Give us from Thy heavenly store  
 Faith, love, joy for evermore,  
 Comforter divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;  
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
 Things of Christ unfolding still,  
 Comforter divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
 Make Thy temple in each breast ;  
 There Thy presence be confess,  
 Comforter divine.
- 6 With us, for us, intercede,  
 And with voiceless groanings plead  
 Our unutterable need,  
 Comforter divine.
- 7 In us, “Abba, Father,” cry ;  
 Earnest of the bliss on high,  
 Seal of immortality,  
 Comforter divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;  
 Upwards, by the starry road,  
 Bear us to Thy high abode,  
 Comforter divine.

## 136

L. M

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
 Oh, shed Thine influence from above;  
 And still from age to age convey  
 The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
 Be God's surpassing glory sung:  
 Let all the listening earth be taught  
 The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
 Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;  
 Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;  
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

*Also the following:*

289 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.  
 375 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.  
 376 Come, Holy Spirit, come.  
 377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.  
 378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.  
 379 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.  
 380 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.  
 381 Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.  
 382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
 524 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

137

Trinity Sunday.

L. M.

O HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,  
Forever be Thy Name adored,  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

138

8s.

O GOD of life, Whose power benign  
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
Accept our praisc, for we are Thine.

2 O Father, uncreated Lord,  
Be Thou in every land adored,  
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain  
For us did endless life regain.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care  
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,  
May we in Thy communion share.
- 5 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;  
In us, O God, exalted be.

139

L. M.

FATHER of all, Whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son !  
*Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !*  
*Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;*  
*Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.*

140

7.8.7.8.7.7.

HARK! the loud celestial hymn,  
Angel choirs above are raising :  
Cherubim and seraphim,  
In unceasing chorus praising,  
Fill the heavens with sweet accord ;  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

2 Lo ! the apostolic train  
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow !  
Prophets swell the loud refrain,  
And the white-robed martyrs follow ;  
And from morn to set of sun,  
Through the Church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee ;  
While in essence only One,  
Undivided God, we claim Thee ;  
And, adoring, bend the knee,  
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,  
By a thousand snares surrounded :  
Keep us without sin to-day,  
Never let us be confounded.  
Lo ! I put my trust in Thee ;  
Never, Lord, abandon me.

## 141

6.6.6.6.8

WE give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above :  
He sent His own Eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by His blood  
From everlasting woe :  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honors done ;  
The sacred Persons Three,  
The Godhead only One ;  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
*There faith prevails, and love adores.*

142

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

**S**OUND aloud Jehovah's praises,  
Tell abroad the awful Name ;  
Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,  
Let the earth her God proclaim :  
God, the hope of every nation,  
God, the source of consolation,  
Holy, blessed Trinity !

- 2 This the Name from ancient ages  
Hidden in its dazzling light ;  
This the Name that kings and sages  
Prayed and strove to know aright,  
Through God's wondrous Incarnation  
Now revealed the world's salvation,  
Ever blessed Trinity !
- 3 Into this great Name and holy,  
We all tribes and tongues baptize ;  
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,  
Homeward, heavenward, bids them rise ;  
Gathers them from every nation,  
Bids them join in adoration  
Of the blessed Trinity !
- 4 In this Name the heart rejoices,  
Pouring forth its secret prayer :  
In this Name we lift our voices,  
And our common faith declare ;  
Offering humble supplication,  
Thanks, and praise, and veneration  
*To the blessed Trinity !*

5 Glory be to God the Father,  
 Glory be to God the Son,  
 Glory be to God the Spirit,  
 Great Jehovah, Three in One.  
 Praise from all in earth and heaven  
 Unto Thee be ever given,  
 Holy, blessed Trinity.

*Also the following :*

383 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.  
 384 God, my Father, hear me pray.  
 385 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.  
 386 Holy Father, great Creator.  
 388 Come, Thou almighty King.  
 389 Three in One, and One in Three.  
 546 Great Creator, Lord of all.  
 617 Glory be to God the Father.



## OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

143

*St. Andrew.*

8.7.

JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult  
 Of our life's wild, restless sea,  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me ;"

2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it  
 By the Galilean lake,  
 Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
 Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
     Of the vain world's golden store ;  
     From each idol that would keep us,  
     Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
     Days of toil and hours of ease,  
     Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
     "That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
     Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
     Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
     Serve and love Thee best of all.

144

St. Thomas.

C. M.

O THOU, Who didst, with love untold,  
     Thy doubting servant chide,  
     And bad'st the eye of sense behold  
     Thy wounded hands and side ;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,  
     To own Thee God and Lord,  
     And from this hour of darkness draw  
     A fuller faith's reward.

3 And while that wondrous record now  
     Of unbelief we hear,  
     Oh, let us only lowlier bow  
     In self-distrusting fear ;

4 And pray that we may never dare  
 Thy loving heart to grieve ;  
 But at the last their blessings share  
 Who see not, yet believe !

*Also the following :*

**426** We walk by faith, and not by sight.

**145**

**St. Stephen.**

L. M.

**O** SON of Man, Thyself once crossed  
 By every suffering here below,  
 Who taught'st Thy noble martyr-host  
 To follow in Thy path of woe :

2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast  
 Its light upon Thy champion's face,  
 Revealing to his eyes at last  
 The marvels of the holiest place :

3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand  
 Beside the throne of God on high,  
 To succor with Thy strong right hand  
 Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,  
 That trusts the spirit to Thy care,  
 That longs Thy face in heaven to seek,  
 And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the love, divine and free,  
 Which asks forgiveness for our foes ;  
 Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,  
 And, dying, finds in Thee repose.

146

## St. John the Evangelist.

L. M.

1 THOU, Who gav'st Thy servant grace  
On Thee the living Rock to rest,  
To look on Thine unveiled face,  
And lean on Thy protecting breast;

2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still  
To feel Thy presence from above,  
And in Thy word and in Thy will  
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;

3 And when the toils of life are done,  
And nature waits Thy just decree,  
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,  
And look in certain hope to Thee.

4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,  
Whom as their King the saints adore,  
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,  
Be laud and glory evermore.

147

## The Holy Innocents.

S. M.

1 GLORY to Thee, O Lord,  
Who, from this world of sin,  
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword  
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They passed unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gained the shore.

3 Glory to Thee for all  
 The ransomed infant band,  
 Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
 And reached the quiet land.

4 Oh, that our hearts within,  
 Like theirs, were pure and bright ;  
 Oh, that as free from deeds of sin  
 We shrank not from Thy sight.

5 Lord, help us every hour  
 Thy cleansing grace to claim ;  
 In life to glorify Thy power,  
 In death to praise Thy Name.

## The Circumcision.

S. M.

THE ancient law departs  
 And all its terrors cease ;  
 For Jesus makes with faithful hearts  
 A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light divine,  
 True Brightness undefiled,  
 He bears for us the shame of sin,  
 A holy, spotless child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,  
 At which we bend the knee ;  
 They call Thee Jesus, Child divine !  
 Our Jesus deign to be.

149

7s.

**J**ESUS ! Name of wondrous love !  
 Name all other names above !  
 Unto which must every knee  
 Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus ! Name decreed of old :  
 To the maiden mother told,  
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
 By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus ! Name of priceless worth  
 To the fallen sons of earth,  
 For the promise that it gave,  
 "Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild,  
 Given to the holy Child,  
 When the cup of human woe  
 First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus ! only Name that 's given  
 Under all the mighty heaven,  
 Wherby man, to sin enslaved,  
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !  
 Human Name of God above ;  
 Pleading only this we flee,  
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

*Also the following :*

**321** To the Name of our salvation.

**322** Conquering kings their titles take.

150

## The Conversion of St. Paul.

7.6.

WE sing the glorious conquest  
 Before Damascus gate,  
 When Saul, the Church's spoiler,  
 Came breathing threats and hate;  
 The ravening wolf rushed forward  
 Full early to the prey;  
 But lo! the Shepherd met him,  
 And bound him fast to-day.

2 Oh, glory most excelling  
 That smote across his path!  
 Oh, light that pierced and blinded  
 The zealot in his wrath!  
 Oh, voice that spake within him  
 The calm, reproofing word!  
 Oh, love that sought and held him  
 The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ordering all things  
 In order strong and sweet,  
 What nobler spoil was ever  
 Cast at the Victor's feet?  
 What wiser master-builder  
 E'er wrought at Thine employ  
 Than he, till now so furious  
 Thy building to destroy?

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,  
 Still in her darkest hour  
*Of weakness and of danger,*  
*To trust Thy hidden power:*

Thy grace by ways mysterious  
 The wrath of man can bind,  
 And in Thy boldest foeman  
 Thy chosen saint can find.

### The Purification.

151

8.7.

IN His temple now behold Him ;  
 See the long-expected Lord !  
 Ancient prophets had foretold Him ;  
 God hath now fulfilled His word.  
 Now to praise Him, His redeemed  
 Shall break forth with one accord.

- 2 In the arms of her who bore Him,  
 Virgin pure, behold Him lie,  
 While His aged saints adore Him,  
 Ere in perfect faith they die :  
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 Lo, the incarnate God most high !
- 3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,  
 Thou, Who didst for us endure,  
 Make us see Thy great salvation,  
 Seal us with Thy promise sure ;  
 And present us in Thy glory  
 To Thy Father cleansed and pure.
- 4 Prince and author of salvation,  
 Be Thy boundless love our theme !  
 Jesus, praise to Thee be given  
 By the world Thou didst redeem,  
 With the Father and the Spirit,  
 Lord of ~~majesty supreme~~ !

## 152

6.6.6.8.8.

REJOICE ye sons of men !  
 Your brightest praises yield !  
 The everlasting Son  
 See in the flesh revealed !

The world's Redeemer comes to-day  
 His own redemption's price to pay !

2      Lo ! Simeon's saintly arms  
       The holy burden bear ;  
       He sees with raptured eye  
       His true salvation there.

The weary waiting now is past :  
 The long-expected comes at last.

3      The agèd saint's embrace  
       The blessèd mother saw,  
       And on his words so strange  
       She mused with silent awe.

What conflict for her child is stored ?  
 And what for her this piercing sword ?

4      O Saviour, in Thy courts  
       We all our sins confess :  
       But Thou didst once for us  
       Fulfill all righteousness.

Impure, unclean, oh, may we be  
 Presented pure and clean in Thee !

5      And when, O God made Man,  
       Upon our waiting eye,  
       In glorious might revealed,  
       Salvation draweth nigh ;

*In that great day Thy servants bless,  
 And be "the Lord our Righteousness!"*

153

S. M.

**B**EHOLD a humble train  
 The courts of God draw near;  
 A virgin mother and her babe  
 Before the Lord appear.

- 2 O wondrous, blessed sight !  
 To faithful eyes made known,  
 That lowly babe—the mighty God,  
 The Prince of Peace, they own.
- 3 And now this temple shines  
 With glory far more bright  
 Than e'er the former temple saw,  
 E'en at its greatest height.
- 4 The cloud indeed was there,  
 The symbol of the Lord ;  
 But here the Lord Himself appears,  
 The true, incarnate Word.
- 5 Blest Saviour, come once more  
 With power and grace divine ;  
 Our hearts Thy living temples make,  
 Wholly and ever Thine.

154

6s.

**H**AIL to the Lord Who comes,  
 Comes to His temple gate ;  
 Not with His angel host,  
 Not in His kingly state ;  
*No shouts proclaim Him nigh,*  
*No crowds His coming wait ;*

2 But, borne upon the throne  
 Of Mary's gentle breast,  
 Watched by her duteous love,  
 In her fond arms at rest :  
 Thus to His Father's house  
 He comes, the heavenly guest.

3 Hail to the great First-born  
 Whose ransom-price they pay !  
 The Son, before all worlds ;  
 The Child of man, to-day ;  
 That He might ransom us  
 Who still in bondage lay.

4 O Light of all the earth,  
 Thy children wait for Thee !  
 Come to Thy temples here,  
 That we, from sin set free,  
 Before Thy Father's face  
 May all presented be !

*Also the following :*

**69** Within the Father's house.

PRAISE to the heavenly Wisdom  
 Who knows the hearts of all--  
 The saintly life's beginnings,  
 The traitor's secret fall ;  
 Our own ascended Master,  
 Who heard His Church's cry,  
 Made known His guiding presence,  
 And ruled her from on high.

2 Elect in His foreknowledge,  
 To fill the lost one's place ;  
 He formed His chosen vessel  
 By hidden gifts of grace ;  
 Then, by the lot's disposing,  
 He lifted up the poor,  
 And set him with the Princes  
 On high for evermore.

3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd.  
 Her losses still renew ;  
 Be Thy dread keys entrusted  
 To faithful hands and true ;  
 Apostles of Thy choosing  
 May all her rulers be,  
 That each with joy may render  
 His last account to Thee !

156

## The Annunciation.

8.7.

THE angel sped on wings of light,  
 With wondrous tidings laden ;  
 He came from heaven's unclouded height  
 To greet a lowly maiden :

2 For God upon her low estate  
 Had looked with royal favor ;  
 And all earth's kindreds celebrate  
 The mighty gift He gave her.

3 Oh, awful bliss ! that from her womb  
 Should spring the Uncreated,  
*The great and holy One, for Whom*  
*The world so long had waited.*

4 O Son divine ! we fain would trace  
 Thy mother's steps so lowly,  
 Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,  
 Her life so calm and holy.

5 But lo ! as all too near we press,  
 A veil the scene enfoldeth !  
 No tongue may sing its loveliness,  
 No eye its peace beholdeth !

6 And as we read with kindling eye  
 This day's all-gracious story,  
 The blessed mother passeth by,  
 And Thine is all the glory !

157

6.5.

**N**OW, the blessed Dayspring  
 Cometh from on high ;  
 Now, the world's Redeemer,  
 To her aid, draws nigh ;  
 Bearer of the tidings,  
 From the throne of light,  
 To a lowly maiden,  
 Speeds an angel bright.

2 In the chosen daughter  
 Of King David's line,  
 God fulfills the promise  
 Of King Ahaz' sign :  
 Gabriel hath spoken ;  
 Mary hath believed ;  
 And, behold a virgin  
 Hath a Son conceived.

3 Though He take our nature  
    Linked to low estate,  
Though He stoop to suffer,  
    Yet shall He be great;  
Though His crown and sceptre  
    Be of thorn and reed,  
His shall be the kingdom  
    Sworn to David's Seed.

4 Light to light the Gentiles  
    Bending at His throne;  
Glory of His people,  
    When His sway they own;  
He shall reign forever,  
    King of kings confessed,  
And all tribes and kindreds  
    Shall, in Him, be blest.

158

S. M.

PRAISE we the Lord this day,  
    This day so long foretold,  
Whose promise shone with cheering ray  
    On waiting saints of old.

2 The prophet gave the sign  
    For faithful men to read;  
A virgin born of David's line  
    Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,  
    But worship and adore,  
*Like her whom heaven's majesty*  
*Came down to shadow o'er.*

4 Meekly she bowed her head  
 To hear the gracious word,  
 Mary, the pure and lowly maid,  
 The favored of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name  
 In all the Church on earth,  
 Through whom that wondrous mercy came,  
 The incarnate Saviour's birth.

159

## St. Mark.

7.6.

WE praise Thy grace, O Saviour,  
 That beareth with us long,  
 And ever out of weakness  
 Thy servants maketh strong.

2 The saint, who left his comrades,  
 And turned back from the fight,  
 Behold at last victorious  
 In Thy prevailing might !

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,  
 Once more to front the host :  
 Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,  
 In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy love Saint Mark hath numbered  
 Among the blessed Four,  
 And all the world rejoiceth  
 To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness  
 With pitying eye behold;  
 Uplift the fainting spirit,  
 And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesu, glorious Victor  
 O'er all the hosts of sin,  
 In us Thy strength make perfect,  
 In us the victory win.

160

St. Philip and St. James.

L. M.

**T**HREE is one way, and only one,  
 Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,  
 To that fair land where shines no sun  
 Because the face of God is there.

2 There is one truth, the truth of God,  
 That Christ came down from heaven to show,  
 One life that His redeeming blood  
 Has won for all His saints below.

3 The lore, from Philip once concealed,  
 To us is fully known in Christ;  
 In Him the Father is revealed,  
 And all our longing is sufficed.

4 And still unwavering faith holds sure  
 The words that James wrote sternly down;  
 Except we labor and endure,  
 We cannot win the heavenly crown.

5 O Way divine, through gloom and strife,  
     Bring us Thy Father's face to see ;  
     O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,  
         At last, at last, to rest in Thee.

*Also the following :*

**424** O Light Whose beams illumine all.  
**425** Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

**161**

**St. Barnabas.**

11.10.11.10.

O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,  
     Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,  
     We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,  
         Who follow in the steps of Thee their chief ;

2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,  
     To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host ;  
     Whose toilsome years are spent in brave en-  
         deavors  
     To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast ;

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts  
         grow stronger,  
     And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
     Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
         And wins the sundered to be one again ;

4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,  
     Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
     Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
     Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's  
         mirth.

5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation  
 To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet ;  
 He whose new name, through every Christian  
 nation,  
 From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,  
 Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Com-  
 fort ye ;"  
 Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,  
 And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

162

7.6.

THE son of Consolation !  
 Of Levi's priestly line,  
 Filled with the Holy Spirit  
 And fervent faith divine,  
 With lowly self-oblation,  
 For Christ an offering meet,  
 He laid his earthly riches  
 At the Apostles' feet.

2 The son of Consolation !  
 Oh, name of soothing balm !  
 It fell on sick and weary  
 Like breath of heaven's own calm !  
 And the blest son of comfort,  
 With fearless, loving hand,  
 The Gentiles' great Apostle  
 Led to the faithful band.

3 The son of Consolation !  
 Drawn near unto his Lord,  
 He won the martyr's glory,  
 And passed to his reward.

With him is faith now ended,  
 Forever lost in sight,  
 But love, made perfect, fills him  
 With praise, and joy, and light.

4 The son of Consolation !  
 Lord, hear our humble prayer,  
 That each of us Thy children  
 Such blessed name may bear !  
 That we, sweet comfort shedding  
 O'er homes of pain and woe,  
 Midst sickness and in prisons,  
 May seek Thee here below.

5 The sons of Consolation !  
 Oh, what their bliss will be,  
 When Christ the King shall tell them  
 "Ye did it unto Me!"  
 The merciful and loving  
 The Lord of life shall own,  
 And as His priceless jewels  
 Shall set them round His throne.

### The Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

163

S. M.

THE heavenly King must come  
 His desert realm to see ;  
 Must leave His own eternal home,  
 And all His majesty.

2 And lo ! before Him sent  
 His herald, who must cry  
 And never spare, "Repent, repeat !  
 Your King, your God, is nigh !"

3 He, when his work is done,  
     Must see his light decay,  
     Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,  
     The glorious King of day.

4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,  
     Whose messenger he came,  
     Baptize us all, most holy One,  
     In Thy refining flame.

5 Give us Thy grace, that we  
     All evil may forsake,  
     May boldly speak the truth for Thee,  
     The lowest place may take.

6 So, when Thou com'st again,  
     Thy realm redeemed to see,  
     Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men  
     A way made straight for Thee.

164

## St. Peter.

6.6.6.8.8.

“**T**HOU art the Christ, O Lord,  
     The Son of God most high !”  
     Forever be adored  
     That Name in earth and sky,  
     In which, though mortal strength may fail,  
     The saints of God at last prevail !

2 Oh, surely he was blest  
     With blessedness unpriced,  
     Who, taught of God, confessed  
     The Godhead in the Christ !  
     For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own  
     Thy saint a true foundation-stone.

3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored !  
 The bitter lesson learnt,  
 That heart for Thee, O Lord,  
 With triple ardor burnt.  
 The cross he took he laid not down  
 Until he grasped the martyr's crown.

4 Oh bright triumphant faith !  
 Oh courage void of fears !  
 Oh love, most strong in death !  
 Oh penitential tears !  
 By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,  
 And make us go where Thou shalt call.

FOR all Thy saints, a noble throng,  
 Who fell by fire and sword,  
 Who soon were called, or waited long,  
 We praise Thy Name, O Lord.

2 For him who left his father's side,  
 Nor lingered by the shore,  
 When, softer than the weltering tide,  
 Thy summons glided o'er;

3 Who stood beside the maiden dead,  
 Who climbed the mount with Thee,  
*And saw the glory round Thy head,*  
*One of Thy chosen three;*

4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,  
 Who drank Thy cup of pain,  
 And passed from Herod's flashing blade  
 To see Thy face again.

5 Lord, give us grace, and give us love,  
 Like him to leave behind  
 Earth's cares and joys, and look above  
 With true and earnest mind.

6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
 So, meek and firm be found,  
 When Thou shalt come to take us up  
 Where Thine elect are crowned.

166

## The Transfiguration.

8s.

L ORD, it is good for us to be  
 High on the mountain here with Thee :  
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
 Those glorious saints of other days ;  
 Who once received on Horeb's height  
 The eternal laws of truth and right ;  
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 Lord, it is good for us to be  
 Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee ;  
 And watch Thy glistering raiment glow  
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
 The human lineaments that shine  
 Irradiant with a light divine :  
 Till we *too* change from grace to grace,  
*Gazing on that transfigured face.*

3 Lord, it is good for us to be  
 Here on the holy mount with Thee ;  
 When darkling in the depths of night,  
 When dazzled with excess of light,  
 We bow before the heavenly voice  
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
 Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,  
 "This is My Son ; Oh, hear ye Him !"

167

L.

O WONDROUS type ! O vision fair  
 Of glory that the Church shall share,  
 Which Christ upon the mountain shows,  
 Where brighter than the sun He glows !

2 From age to age the tale declare,  
 How with the three disciples there,  
 Where Moses and Elias meet,  
 The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,  
 Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
 What glory shall be theirs above,  
 Who joy in God with perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
 By this great vision's mystery ;  
 For which in joyful strains we raise  
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5 O Father, with the eternal Son,  
*And Holy Spirit ever One,*  
*Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace*  
*To see Thy glory face to face.*

168

## St. Bartholomew.

8.7.

KING of saints, to Whom the number  
Of Thy starry host is known,  
Many a name, by man forgotten,  
Lives forever round Thy throne :  
Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,  
There are shining full and clear,  
Princes in the court of heaven,  
Nameless, unremembered here.

2 In the roll of Thine apostles  
One there stands, Bartholomew,  
He for whom to-day we offer,  
Year by year, our praises due :  
How he toiled for Thee and suffered  
None on earth can now record ;  
All his saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of his Lord ;

3 None can tell us : all is written  
In the Lamb's great book of life,  
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,  
All the toiling, and the strife :  
There are told Thy hidden treasures ;  
Number us, O Lord, with them,  
When Thou makest up the jewels  
Of Thy living diadem.

169

St. Matthew.

L. M.

**B**EHOLD, the Master passeth by!  
 Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye ?  
 With low sad voice He calleth thee,  
 "Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

- 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,  
 Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare ?  
 From earthly toils lift up thine eye ;  
 Behold, the Master passeth by !
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,  
 And straightway left all things below,  
 Counting his earthly gain as loss  
 For Jesus and His blessed cross.
- 4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear  
 Seemed every day afresh to hear :  
 Its echoes stirred his spirit still,  
 And fired his hope, and nerved his will.
- 5 God gently calls us every day :  
 Why should we then our bliss delay ?  
 He calls to heaven and endless light :  
 Why should we love the dreary night ?
- 6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,  
 At which he rose and left his all :  
 Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me ;  
 I will leave all, and follow Thee.

170      **St. Michael and all Angels.**      10s.

**S**TARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,  
Filled with celestial splendor and light,  
These that, where night never followeth day,  
Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye :

- 2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,  
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne ;  
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,  
Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.
- 3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,  
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,  
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,  
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.
- 4 Still let them succor us ; still let them fight,  
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right ;  
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
We with the angels may bow and adore.

## 171      8.7.

**W**HERE the angel-hosts adore Thee,  
Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign ;  
At Thy word they rose around Thee,  
And Thy word doth them sustain.

- 2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending  
At Thy throne, their homage pay ;  
*Flames of fire in strength excelling,*  
*Swift Thy pleasure to obey.*

3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,  
 Thee they serve, their Lord and King ;  
 Grant that in our cares and dangers  
 They may timely succor bring.

4 Praise to Thee Who hast created  
 Earth and heaven with all their host ;  
 Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

172

**St. Luke.**

L. M.

WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,  
 O Priest and Sacrifice divine,  
 For Thy dear saint through whom we know  
 So many a gracious word of Thine ;

2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale  
 Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,  
 And for a moment lift the veil  
 That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

3 And still the Church through all her days  
 Uplifts the strains that never cease,  
 The blessed Virgin's hymn of praise,  
 The aged Simeon's words of peace.

4 O happy saint ! whose sacred page,  
*So rich in words of truth and love,*  
*Pours on the Church from age to age*  
*This healing unction from above ;*

5 The witness of the Saviour's life,  
     The great apostle's chosen friend  
     Through weary years of toil and strife,  
     And still found faithful to the end.

6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,  
     Beloved by man, approved by Thee,  
     Till Thou at last the summons give,  
     And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

173

## St. Simon and St. Jude.

8.7.

THOU Who sentest Thine apostles  
     Two and two before Thy face,  
     Partners in the night of toiling,  
     Heirs together of Thy grace,  
     Throned at length, their labors ended,  
     Each in his appointed place;

2 Praise to Thee for those Thy champions  
     Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;  
     One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened  
     Burned anew with nobler flame;  
     One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,  
     Brought at last to know Thy Name.

3 Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them  
     Spake in love, and wrought in power;  
     Seen in mighty signs and wonders  
     In Thy Church's morning hour;  
     Heard in tones of sternest warning  
     When the storms began to lower.

4 Once again those storms are breaking ;  
 Hearts are failing, love grows cold ;  
 Faith is darkened, sin abounding ;  
 Grievous wolves assail Thy fold :  
 Save us, Lord, our one Salvation ;  
 Save the faith revealed of old.

5 Call the erring by Thy pity ;  
 Warn the tempted by Thy fear ;  
 Keep us true to Thine allegiance,  
 Counting life itself less dear ;  
 Standing firmer, holding faster,  
 As we see the end draw near :

6 Till, with holy Jude and Simon  
 And the thousand faithful more,  
 We, the good confession witnessed  
 And the lifelong conflict o'er,  
 On the sea of fire and crystal  
 Stand, and wonder, and adore.

174

General for Saints' Days.

7.6.

FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy  
 saints at rest,  
 To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be ad-  
 dressed.  
 Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might  
 conquerors be ;  
 Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays  
*from Thee.*

*Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.*

## ST. ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

## ST. THOMAS.

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fullness of Thy love.  
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,  
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

## ST. STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,  
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.  
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,  
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

## ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;  
*Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy God-head bore,*

Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us  
revealed.  
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect  
be sealed.

#### THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with  
tenderest love  
Called early from the warfare to share the rest  
above.  
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from  
pains and cares.  
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as  
bright as theirs.

#### THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the  
voice of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;  
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's  
ray.

#### ST. MATTHIAS.

8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the won-  
drous choice;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore  
*defend,*  
*And by Thy parting promise be with her to the*  
*end.*

## ST. MARK.

9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,  
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.  
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

## ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,  
And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

## ST. BARNABAS.

11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.  
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,  
That Thy true consolations may through the *world extend*.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawn-ing ray:  
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

## ST. PETER.

13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold ;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.  
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,  
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

## ST. JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,  
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.  
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, *and true,*  
*Whom underneath the fig-tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.*

Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites  
indeed,  
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls  
may feed.

## ST. MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human  
life declared,  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of  
suffering shared.  
From all unrighteous mammon, oh, give us  
hearts set free,  
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and  
follow Thee.

## ST. LUKE.

17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose  
Gospel shows  
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our  
woes.  
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts  
deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever-  
more.

## ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who sealed  
their faith to-day:  
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the  
sacred way.  
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ  
maintain,  
*And, bound in love as brethren, at length The  
rest attain.*

## GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,  
 Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;  
 For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,  
 And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;  
 Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,  
 And honor, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

THE saints of God ! Their conflict past,  
 And life's long battle won at last,  
 No more they need the shield or sword,  
 They cast them down before their Lord :  
 O happy saints ! forever blest,  
 At Jesus' feet how safe you rest !

2 The saints of God ! Their wanderings done,  
 No more their weary course they run,  
 No more they faint, no more they fall,  
 No foes oppress, no fears appall :  
 O happy saints ! forever blest,  
 In that dear home how sweet your rest !

3 The saints of God ! Life's voyage o'er,  
 Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
 No stormy tempests now they dread,  
 No roaring billows lift their head :  
 O happy saints ! forever blest,  
 In that calm haven of your rest !

4 The saints of God their vigil keep,  
 While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
 Till from the dust they too shall rise  
 And soar triumphant to the skies :  
 O happy saints ! rejoice and sing :  
 He quickly comes, your Lord and King !

5 O God of saints ! To Thee we cry ;  
 O Saviour ! plead for us on high ;  
 O Holy Ghost ! our guide and friend,  
 Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;  
 That with all saints our rest may be  
 In that bright Paradise with Thee !

176

P. M.

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
 Who Thee by faith before the world con-  
 fessed,  
 Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.

Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their  
 Might :  
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought  
 fight ;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.  
 Alleluia.

## 178

8.7.8.7.7.7.

WHO are these like stars appearing,  
 These, before God's throne who stand ?  
 Each a golden crown is wearing ;  
 Who are all this glorious band ?  
 Alleluia ! hark they sing,  
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

- 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
 These in God's own truth arrayed,  
 Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
 Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
 Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand ?  
 Whence comes all this glorious band ?
- 3 These are they who have contended  
 For their Saviour's honor long,  
 Wrestling on till life was ended,  
 Following not the sinful throng :  
 These, who well the fight sustained,  
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
 Who in prayer full oft have striven  
 With the God they glorified :  
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
 God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, like priests, have watched and waited,  
 Offering up to Christ their will,  
 Soul and body consecrated,  
*Day and night* they serve Him still.  
 Now in God's most holy place,  
 Blest they stand before His face.

179

8.7.

**H**ARK! the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee :  
Multitude which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist ;  
Saintly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King.  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite :

Love and peace they taste forever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the beatific vision  
 Of the blessed Trinity.

WHO are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar, night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song ?  
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,  
 New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with His eternal Name ;  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
 And forever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

181

S. M.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

- 2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in Thee to die,  
Who counted Thee their great reward,  
Accept our thankful cry.
- 3 Thine earthly members fit  
To join Thy saints above,  
In one communion ever knit,  
One fellowship of love.
- 4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
Who lived and died for Thee.

*Also the following :*

- 390 Oh, what, if we are Christ's.
- 391 Let saints on earth in concert sing.
- 392 Not to the terrors of the Lord.
- 394 O Paradise, O Paradise.
- 396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
- 397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
- 400 Blessèd city, heavenly Salem.
- 401 O heavenly Jerusalem.
- 404 I heard a sound of voices.
- 462 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.
- 549 King of glory ! Saviour dear !

182

## Ember Days.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

LORD of the Church, we humbly pray  
 For those who guide us in Thy way,  
 And speak Thy holy word;  
 With love divine their hearts inspire,  
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire,  
 And needful strength afford.

2 Help them to preach the truth of God,  
 Redemption through the Saviour's blood;  
 Nor let the Spirit cease  
 On all the Church His gifts to shower;  
 To them a messenger of power,  
 To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to Thee alone;  
 Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"  
 And take their crown above;  
 Enter into their Master's joy,  
 And all eternity employ  
 In praise, and bliss, and love.

183

L. M.

LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,  
 And Thine ordained servants bless;  
 Graces and gifts to each supply,  
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,  
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
 Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
 Firmness and meekness from above,  
 To bear Thy people in their heart,  
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
 By day and night strict guard to keep,  
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
 To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,  
 They may in hope their charge resign;  
 So, when their Master shall appear,  
 They may with crowns of glory shine.

184

8s.

THOU Who the night in prayer didst spend,  
 And then Thy twelve apostles send;  
 And bidd'st us pray the harvest's Lord  
 To send forth sowers of Thy word,  
 Hear, and Thy chosen servants bless  
 With seven-fold gifts of holiness.

2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,  
 Not laboring for themselves, but Thee;  
 Give grace to feed with wholesome food  
 The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood;  
 To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove  
 How dearly they the Shepherd love!

3 Oh, may Thy people faithful be,  
 And in Thy pastors honor Thee,  
 And with them work, and for them pray,  
 And gladly Thee in them obey;  
 Receive the prophet of the Lord,  
 And gain the prophet's own reward!

4 So may we, when our work is done,  
 Together stand before the throne ;  
 And joyful hearts and voices raise  
 In one united song of praise,  
 With all the bright celestial host,  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

185

S. M.

**L**ORD of the harvest, hear  
 Thy needy servants' cry ;  
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
 And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
 Our wants are in Thy view :  
 The harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
 The laborers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more  
 Into Thy Church abroad,  
 And let them speak Thy word of power,  
 As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread Thy Name,  
 Their mission fully prove :  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thine all-redeeming love.

186

S. M.

**Y**E servants of the Lord,  
 Each in your office, wait,  
 Observant of His heavenly word,  
 And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
     And trim the golden flame ;  
     Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
     For awful is His Name.

3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,  
     And while we speak He's near ;  
     Mark the first signal of His hand,  
     And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he  
     In such a posture found ;  
     He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
     And be with honor crowned.

187

## Rogation Days.

6.6.6.8.8.

TO Thee our God we fly  
     For mercy and for grace ;  
     Oh, hear our lowly cry,  
     And hide not Thou Thy face.  
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
     And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts ;  
     Be jealous for Thy Name,  
     And drive from out our coasts  
     The sins that put to shame.  
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
     And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high  
     In rich abundance pour,  
     That we may magnify  
     And praise Thee more and more.  
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand.  
     And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth  
 By sun and moon below,  
 That Thee, in Thy new heavens and earth,  
 We never may forego.

190

## Thanksgiving Day.

8.8.8.4.4.8.

LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail !  
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
 The varying seasons haste their round ;  
 With goodness all our years are crowned ;  
 Our thanks we pay,  
 This holy day ;  
 Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
 When summer warms the fruitful earth,  
 When autumn yields its ripened grain,  
 Or winter sweeps the naked plain,  
 We still do sing  
 To Thee our King ;  
 Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
 Bestows new plenty o'er the land,  
 When sounds of music fill the air,  
 As homeward all their treasures bear ;  
 We too will raise  
 Our hymn of praise,  
 For we Thy common bounties share.

4 *Lord of the harvest, all is Thine :  
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,*

The seed once hidden in the ground,  
 The skill that makes our fruits abound :  
     New every year,  
     Thy gifts appear ;  
 New praises from our lips shall sound.

191

8.7.

TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise  
     In hymns of adoration,  
 To Thee bring sacrifice of praise  
     With shouts of exultation :  
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,  
     The hills with joy are ringing,  
 The valleys stand so thick with corn  
     That even they are singing.

- 2 And now on this our festal day,  
     Thy bounteous hand confessing,  
     Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
         The first-fruits of Thy blessing.  
     By Thee the souls of men are fed  
         With gifts of grace supernal,  
     Thou Who dost give us daily bread,  
         Give us the Bread eternal.
- 3 We bear the burden of the day,  
     And often toil seems dreary ;  
     But labor ends with sunset ray,  
         And rest is for the weary.  
     May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
         Stand at the last accepted,  
     Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
         To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessecèd is that land of God,  
 Where saints abide forever;  
 Where golden fields spread fair and broad,  
 Where flows the crystal river:  
 The strains of all its holy throng  
 With ours to-day are blending;  
 Thrice blessecèd is that harvest-song  
 Which never hath an ending.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days;  
 Bounteous source of every joy,  
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ;  
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours;  
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
 Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
 Private bliss, and public wealth,  
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,  
 Pure religion's holier beams:  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,  
 May we give Thee of our best ;  
 And by deeds of kindly love  
 For Thy mercies grateful prove ;  
 Singing thus through all our days,  
 Praise to God, immortal praise.

.93

7s.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest-home :  
 All is safely gathered in,  
 Ere the winter storms begin ;  
 God, our Maker, doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied ;  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
 Wheat and tares together sown,  
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
 First the blade, and then the ear,  
 Then the full corn shall appear :  
 Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
 And shall take His harvest home ;  
 From His field shall in that day  
 All offences purge away ;  
 Give His angels charge at last  
 In the fire the tares to cast,  
 But the fruitful ears to store  
 In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
 To Thy final harvest-home;  
 Gather Thou Thy people in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
 There, forever purified,  
 In Thy presence to abide:  
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
 Raise the glorious harvest-home.

: *Also the following:*

461 The strain upraise of joy and praise.  
 466 Now thank we all our God.  
 472 O come, loud anthems let us sing.  
 473 Before Jehovah's awful throne.  
 477 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

194

## National Days.

10s.

GOd of our fathers, Whose almighty hand  
 Leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
 Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,  
 Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
 Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,  
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
*Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;*  
*Thy true religion in our hearts increase,*  
*Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.*

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,  
 Lead us from night to never-ending day ;  
 Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
 And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

95

5.4.

**G**OD of our fathers,  
 Bless this our land ;  
 Ocean to ocean  
 Owneth Thy hand.  
 Home of all nations  
 From far and near,  
 Give, to unite us,  
 Thy faith and fear.  
 God of our fathers,  
 Failing us never,  
 God of our fathers,  
 Be ours forever.

2 Lord God of Sabaoth,  
 Mighty in war,  
 Boundless and numberless  
 Thine armies are.  
 Thy right hand conquereth  
 All that oppose ;  
 Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,  
 Smite down our foes ;  
 Lord God of Sabaoth,  
 Failing us never,  
 Lord God of Sabaoth,  
***Fight for us ever.***

4 God of all nations ! Sovereign Lord !  
 In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,  
 We lift the starry flag on high  
 That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
 Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,  
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
 Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee !

## 198

11.10.11.9.

**G**OD the all-merciful ! earth hath forsaken  
 Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word ;  
 Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken ;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the all-righteous One ! man hath defied Thee ;  
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,  
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee ;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise ! by the fire of Thy chastening,  
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored ;  
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is  
 hastening ;  
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
 Praise Him Who saved them from peril and  
 sword,  
*Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,*  
*Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.*

199

L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,  
 Make wars throughout the world to cease;  
 The wrath of sinful man restrain,  
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !

- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
 The wonders that our fathers told ;  
 Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord ?  
 Where rest but on Thy faithful word ?  
 None ever called on Thee in vain,  
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,  
 All hearts are knit in holy love ;  
 Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain !  
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !

200

P. M.

LORD God, we worship Thee !  
 In loud and happy chorus  
 We praise Thy love and power,  
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.  
 To heaven our song shall soar,  
 Forever shall it be  
 Resounding o'er and o'er,  
 Lord God, we worship Thee !

- 2 Lord God, we worship Thee !  
 For Thou our land defendest ;  
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
 And strife and war Thou endest.

Since golden peace, O Lord,  
 Thou grantest us to see,  
 Our land, with one accord,  
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee !

3 Lord God, we worship Thee !  
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,  
 Yet still Thy anger spares,  
 And still Thy mercy tries us :  
 Once more our Father's hand  
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,  
 And peace rejoice our land :  
 Lord God, we worship Thee !

## 201

8.7.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,  
 From Thy temple in the skies,  
 Hear Thy people's supplications,  
 Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;  
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning :  
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
 Long and loud for vengeance call,  
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
 Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
 Let that blood our guilt efface :  
 Save Thy people from oppression,  
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

202

## The Old Year.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

ACROSS the sky the shades of night  
 A This winter's eve are fleeting :  
 We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light,  
 In solemn worship meeting :  
 And as the year's last hours go by,  
 We lift to Thee our earnest cry,  
 Once more Thy love entreating.

- 2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,  
 To Thee our prayers addressing ;  
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
 And all our sins confessing ;  
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
 And crown us with Thy blessing.
- 3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
 To dear ones gone before us,  
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradisc,  
 Whose peace descendeth o'er us :  
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
 To re-unite us all, at last,  
 And to our lost restore us.
- 4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
 The memory of Thy mercies :  
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,  
 Our grateful song rehearses :  
 For Thou hast been our strength and stay,  
 In many a dark and dreary day  
 Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,  
 Like evil spells have bound us,  
 And clouds were gathering overhead,  
 Thy providence hath found us :  
 In many a night when waves ran high,  
 Thy gracious presence drawing nigh  
 Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O great God, in years to come,  
 Whatever fate betide us,  
 Right onward through our journey home  
 Be Thou at hand to guide us :  
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

203

D. S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest  
 Asleep within the tomb ;  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that great day ;  
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set  
 O'er these dark hills of time,  
 And we shall be where suns are not,  
 A far serener clime :  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that blest day ;  
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

3      A few more storms shall beat  
          On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
          And surges swell no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that calm day ;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
          And take my sins away.

4      A few more struggles here,  
          A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
          And we shall weep no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that bright day ;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
          And take my sins away.

5      'Tis but a little while  
          And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
          That we with Him may reign :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that glad day ;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
          And take my sins away.

*Also the following :*

**417** O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.  
**418** O God, our help in ages past.  
**420** Jesu, still lead on.  
**422** Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.  
**621** Days and moments quickly flying.  
**623** I'm but a stranger here.

204

*The New Year.*

7s.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness ;  
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

- 2 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own,  
Help, oh, help us to endure ;  
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords and King of kings.

---

205

7.6.

FROM glory unto glory ! Be this our joyous  
song ;  
As on the King's own highway, we bravely march  
along.  
From glory unto glory ! O word of stirring cheer,  
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad  
New Year.

- 2 From glory unto glory ! What great things He  
hath done,  
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs  
He hath won !  
From glory unto glory ! What mighty blessings  
crown  
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own  
so freely down !
- 3 The fullness of His blessing encompasseth our  
way ;  
The fullness of His promises crowns every bright-  
ening day ;  
The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know the full-  
ness of His love.
- 4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall  
be,  
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity ;  
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory  
glow,  
As more and more are taught of God that mighty  
love to know.

5 Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done,  
 Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and  
 life are one ;  
 And let our consecration be real, deep, and true :  
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful  
 vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to  
 strength we go,  
 While grace for grace abundantly shall from His  
 fullness flow,  
 To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
 Until His very presence crown our happiest New  
 Year.

*Also the following :*

510 Go forward, Christian soldier  
 541 Now a new year opens.  
 626 My times are in Thy hand.  
 628 Though faint yet pursuing.  
 666 Jesus, I live to Thee.



### III. THE CHURCH.

FATHER of heaven, Who hast created all  
 In wisest love, we pray,  
 Look on this child, who at Thy gracious call  
 Is entering on life's way !  
*Oh, make it Thine, Thy blessing give,*  
*That to Thy glory it may live,*  
*Father of heaven !*

2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold  
 We bring this child to Thee ;  
 Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,  
 Forever Thine to be :  
 Defend it through this earthly strife,  
 And lead it in the path of life,  
 O Son of God !

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave.  
 Descend upon this child ;  
 Give it undying life, its spirit lave  
 With waters undefiled ;  
 And make it evermore to be  
 A child of God, a home for Thee,  
 O Holy Ghost !

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done ;  
 We speak : but Thine the might ;  
 This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,  
 Yet pour on it Thy light  
 Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,  
 Thou Sun of all below, above,  
 O Triune God.

207

8.7.

SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,  
 With the shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,  
 Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm ;  
 There we know, Thy word believing,  
 Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving  
     Let *them* be the lion's prey ;  
     Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
     Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
     Let *them* find a resting-place ;  
     Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
     Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

208

7.6.

O FATHER, bless the children  
     Brought hither to Thy gate ;  
     Lift up their fallen nature,  
     Restore their lost estate ;  
     Renew Thy image in them,  
     And own them, by this sign,  
     Thy very sons and daughters,  
     New born of birth divine.

2 O Jesu, Lord, receive them ;  
     Thy loving arms of old  
     Were opened wide to welcome  
     The children to Thy fold ;  
     Let these, baptized, and dying,  
     Then rising from the dead,  
     Henceforth be living members  
     Of Thee, their living Head.

3 O Holy Spirit, keep them ;  
     Dwell with them to the last,  
     Till all the fight is ended,  
     And all the storms are past.

Renew the gift baptismal,  
 From strength to strength, till each,  
 The troublous waves o'ercoming,  
 The land of life shall reach.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 O Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
 We wait the promised blessing  
 In this accepted hour!  
 We name upon the children  
 The Threefold Name divine;  
 Receive them, cleanse them, own them,  
 And keep them ever Thine.

209

C. M.

**I**N token that thou shalt not fear  
 Christ crucified to own,  
 We print the cross upon thee here,  
 And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush  
 To glory in His Name,  
 We blazon here upon thy front  
 His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread  
 The path He travelled by,  
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
 And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly  
 We seal thee for His own:  
*And may the brow that wears His cross*  
*Hereafter share His crown.*

Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness

212

S. M.

THE cross is on our brow,  
Redemption's awful sign :  
Come Thou, O Holy Spirit, now,  
To seal the work divine.

- 2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,  
O Comforter most sweet :  
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,  
And guide the trembling feet.
- 3 With Pentecostal force  
Thy presence let us feel :  
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,  
Inspire us as we kneel.
- 4 Confirm in us to-day  
The work that Thou hast wrought :  
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,  
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.
- 5 No earth-forged arms we bear :  
Strength, weapons, all are Thine :  
Accept each vow and hear each prayer  
*Blest Trinity divine.*

213

7s.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of love,  
Thou Who camest from above,  
Gifts of blessing to bestow  
On Thy waiting Church below;  
Once again in love draw near  
To Thy children gathered here.

- 2 From their bright baptismal day,  
Through their childhood's onward way,  
Thou hast been their constant guide,  
Watching ever by their side;  
May they now till life shall end,  
Choose and know Thee as their friend.
- 3 Give them light Thy truth to see,  
Give them life to live for Thee,  
Daily power to conquer sin,  
Patient faith the crown to win;  
Shield them from temptation's breath,  
Keep them faithful unto death.
- 4 When the holy vow is made,  
When the hands are on them laid,  
Come, in this most solemn hour,  
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,  
Come, Thou blessed Spirit, come,  
Make each heart Thy happy home.

214

L. M.

**D**RRAW, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil  
 Between us and the fires of youth ;  
 Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale  
 Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

2 Forever on our souls be traced  
 This blessing from the Saviour's hand,  
 A sheltering rock in memory's waste,  
 O'ershadowing all the weary land.

215

8.7.

**H**OLY Spirit, Lord of glory,  
 Look on us Thy flock to-day,  
 Meekly kneeling at Thy footstool  
 For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray ;  
 Guide us all our earthly journey  
 In the true and narrow way.

2 Foes on every hand are round us,  
 And our hearts are weak and frail ;  
 Gird us with Thy heavenly armor ;  
 Never let us yield or quail ;  
 Give us victory in the struggle,  
 When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessed Jesus, draw Thou near us,  
 As before Thy cross we bow ;  
 Help us to be true and faithful,  
 Seal our sacramental vow ;  
 We Thy soldiers are, and servants ;  
 Hear our solemn promise now.

4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence  
Through the waste, with danger rife ;  
Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
That we faint not in the strife ;  
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,  
From the living well of life.

5 Looking ever unto Jesus,  
Leaning on His staff and rod ;  
May we follow in His footsteps,  
Tread the path that He has trod,  
Till we dwell with Him forever  
In the Paradise of God.

6

7s.

THINE forever ! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above ;  
Thine forever may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

2 Thine forever ! Oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end !

3 Thine forever ! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife :  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine forever ! Shepherd, keep  
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let them all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,  
 All our wants by Thee supplied;  
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

217

C. M.

**W**ITNESS, ye men and angels; now  
 Before the Lord we speak;  
 To Him we make our solemn vow,  
 A vow we dare not break:

- 2 That long as life itself shall last,  
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
 Nor from His cause will we depart,  
 Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
 But on His grace rely,  
 That, with returning wants, the Lord  
 Will all our needs supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
 And keep us in Thy ways;  
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

218

L. M.

**O**HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God;  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
    Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;  
Who with the world would grieve to part  
    When called on angels' food to feast ?

3 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
    That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
    And bless in death a bond so dear.

### Holy Communion.

219

10s.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
    Here would I touch and handle things  
    unseen ;  
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,  
    And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
    Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
    Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
    Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
    My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness :  
    Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;  
    Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God !

## 220

10s.

DRAW nigh and take the Body of the Lord,  
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

- 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offered by the law of old,  
That in a type celestial mysteries told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields  
To all believers life eternal yields ;
- 9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger  
whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 10 *Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow  
All nations at the doom, is with us now.*

21

C. M.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.

- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love,  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food;  
Our meat the Body of the Lord,  
Our drink His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine ;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

22

7s.

JESU, to Thy table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the true and living bread.

- 2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy blest presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
*Mourning* o'er our sinful ways,  
*Turn our* sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release ;  
Cold and wavering faith increase ;  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

O BREAD of Life from heaven,  
To saints and angels given ;  
O manna from above !  
The souls that hunger, feed Thou,  
The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou,  
With Thy sweet, tender love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,  
O river ever streaming  
From Jesus' holy side !  
Come Thou, Thyselv bestowing  
On thirsting souls, and flowing  
Till all are satisfied.

3 Jesu, this feast receiving,  
Thy word of truth believing,  
    We Thee unseen adore ;  
Grant, when the veil is rended,  
That we, to heaven ascended,  
    May see Thee evermore.

24

7s.

**B**R EAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,  
For Thy flesh is meat indeed :  
Ever may our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread ;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,  
To Thy cross we look and live :  
Jesu, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

25

P. M.

**B**R EAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By Whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in Whose death our sins are dead ;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
    Look on the tears by sinners shed ;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
    That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

## 226

7s.

**S**AVIOUR, Who didst come to give  
 Living bread, that all might live;  
 Grant me grace on Thee to feed,  
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed.

2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,  
 Help me on the heavenward way;  
 Vine of strength, supply my need,  
 For Thy blood is drink indeed.

## 227

L. M.

**O** SAVING Victim, opening wide  
 The gate of heaven to man below,  
 Our foes press on from every side,  
 Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend  
 For evermore, blest One in Three;  
 Oh, grant us life that shall not end,  
 In our true native land with Thee.

## 228

10s.

**A**ND now, O Father, mindful of the love  
 That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's  
 tree,  
 And having with us Him that pleads above,  
 We here present, we here spread forth to Thee  
 That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,  
 The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

2 *Look, Father, look on His anointed face,  
 And only look on us as found in Him;*

Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
 Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim ;  
 For lo ! between our sins and their reward,  
 We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
     By this prevailing presence we appeal ;  
     Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast !  
     Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal !  
     From tainting mischief keep them white and  
         clear,  
     And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come ; Oh draw us to Thy feet,  
     Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still !  
     And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,  
         Deliver us from every touch of ill :  
     In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
     And grant us never more to part with Thee.

229

8s.

O THOU, before the world began  
 Ordained a sacrifice for man,  
 And by the eternal Spirit made  
 An offering in the sinner's stead ;  
 Our everlasting Priest art Thou,  
 Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new  
     Before the righteous Father's view ;  
     Thyself the Lamb forever slain,  
     Thy priesthood doth unchanged remain ;  
     Thy years, O God, can never fail,  
     Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

3 Oh, that our faith may never move,  
 But stand unshaken as Thy love !  
 Sure evidence of things unseen,  
 Now let it pass the years between,  
 And view Thee bleeding on the tree,  
 My Lord, my God, Who dies for me.

## 230

10s.

THOU, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray,  
 That all Thy Church might be forever one,  
 Grant us at every Eucharist to say  
 With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be  
 done."  
 Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
 Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede ;  
 Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease ;  
 Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,  
 By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace ;  
 Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
 Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold ;  
 Oh, bring them back, good Shepherd of the  
 sheep,  
 Back to the faith which saints believed of old,  
 Back to the Church which still that faith doth  
 keep ;  
*Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,*  
*Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.*

So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,  
May we be one with all Thy Church above,  
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,  
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love ;  
More blessed still, in peace and love to be  
One with the Trinity in Unity.

31

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,  
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow,  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood :  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests :  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come ;  
And gather from their Father's board  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run :  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

232

P. M.

O HOLY Jesu, Prince of Peace !  
Thy peace be with us gathering round  
Thy board,

Here, where the presence of an unseen Lord  
Waits to be gracious, charged with full release  
To every heavy-laden soul  
Which here remembers Thee.

2 Once more, as in that upper room,  
Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,  
Thou Whose dear voice to every sorrowing friend  
Spoke the great promise through the deepening  
gloom,  
Thou bidd'st us, Master of the feast,  
To-day remember Thee !

3 And e'en as in our hands we take  
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,  
Thy dying testament, which from above  
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,  
A fount of grace and life to all ;  
We do remember Thee !

4 Ours is the bond of love divine,  
Which knits us each to all and all to each ;  
That love whose ever-lengthening cords can reach  
*From the white choir around Thy heavenly shrine*  
*To those who come in faith to-day*  
*Here to remember Thee.*

5 Thy banquet over, as we go,  
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,  
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,  
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,  
Abide with us, O Lord, that still  
We may remember Thee!

## 233

C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
A In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget ?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eycs,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me.

## 234

C. M.

I AM not worthy, holy Lord,  
 That Thou shouldst come to me;  
 Speak but the word: one gracious word  
 Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare  
 The lodging of my soul;  
 How canst Thou deign to enter there?  
 Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,  
 How can I say Thee nay;  
 Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood  
 My ransom-price to pay?

4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour  
 Feed me with food divine;  
 And fill with all Thy love and power  
 This worthless heart of mine.

## 235

C. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless  
 Thy chosen pilgrim flock,  
 With manna in the wilderness,  
 With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
 As Thou when here below,  
 Our souls the joys celestial seek  
 Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,  
 But by that word of grace,  
 In strength of which we travel on  
 To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
 But do not then depart ;  
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread  
 Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine ;  
 Thy body and Thy blood,  
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,  
 Be our immortal food.

236

8.8.8.4.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
 We keep the memory adored,  
 And show the death of our dear Lord,  
 Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead  
 Is here, in this memorial bread ;  
 And so our feeble love is fed,  
 Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,  
 His life-blood shed for us we see :  
 The wine shall tell the mystery,  
 Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,  
 With the last Advent we unite—  
 The shame, the glory, by this rite,  
 Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
 And with the great commanding word,  
 The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,  
 Let not our hearts be desolate,  
 But strong in faith, in patience wait,  
 Until He come!

237

## Holy Matrimony.

D. C. M.

LORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast  
 Didst as a guest appear,  
 Thou dearer far than earthly guest  
 Vouchsafe Thy presence here;  
 For holy Thou indeed dost prove  
 The marriage vow to be,  
 Proclaiming it a type of love  
 Between the Church and Thee.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,  
 The golden thread in life,  
 The bond that none may dare to break,  
 That bindeth man and wife;  
 Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,  
 No evil shall destroy,  
 Through care-worn days each care divides,  
 And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,  
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
 That each may wake the other's zeal  
 To love Thee more and more:

Oh, grant them here in peace to live,  
 In purity and love,  
 And, this world leaving, to receive  
 A crown of life above!

## 238

11.10.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,  
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,  
 That theirs may be the love that knows no ending,  
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
 Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor  
 death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly  
 strife,  
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

## 239

8s.

TO Thee, O Father throned on high,  
 Our marriage hymn we duly sing;  
 Knit Thou the sacred bond we tie,  
 And do Thou bless the wedding ring.  
 Thy love, at first, in Paradise,  
 It was that made one flesh of twain;  
 Work Thou, while here our prayers arise,  
 That sacred mystery again.

241

## Burial of the Dead.

7

BLESSING, honor, thanks, and praise,  
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee :  
Thou in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory.  
True and faithful to Thy word,  
Thou hast glorified Thy Son :  
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,  
Has for us the victory won.

- 2 Happy are the faithful dead,  
Blessèd who in Jesus die ;  
They from all their toils are freed,  
In God's keeping safely lie.  
These the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest,  
Jesus is their great reward,  
Jesus is their endless rest.
- 3 Absent from our loving Lord  
We shall not continue long ;  
Join we then with one accord  
In the new, the joyful song ;  
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise ;  
Triune God, we pay to Thee,  
Who in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory !

242

7.7.7.7.8.8.

NOW the laborer's task is o'er;  
 Now the battle day is past;  
 Now upon the farther shore  
 Lands the voyager at last.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

- 2 There the tears of earth are dried;  
 There its hidden things are clear;  
 There the work of life is tried  
 By a juster Judge than here.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the penitents, that turn  
 To the cross their dying eyes,  
 All the love of Jesus learn  
 At His feet in Paradise.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 There no more the powers of hell  
 Can prevail to mar their peace;  
 Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
 He Who died for their release.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
 Calmly now the words we say,  
 Left behind, we wait in trust  
 For the resurrection-day.  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

## 243

8.7.8.3.

ON the resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again;  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
No more pain.

- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.
- 3 For a space the tired body  
Lies with feet toward the dawn;  
Till there breaks the last and brightest  
Easter morn.
- 4 But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong;  
Breaking at the resurrection  
Into song.
- 5 Soul and body reunited,  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,  
Satisfied.
- 6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness  
Of that resurrection-day!  
Which shall not, through endless ages,  
Pass away!
- 7 On that happy Easter morning  
*All the graves their dead restore,*  
*Father, sister, child and mother,*  
*Meet once more.*

3. 8 To that brightest of all meetings  
 Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;  
 To Thy cross, through death and judgment,  
 Holding fast.

244

L. M.

**A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
 From which none ever wakes to weep;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
 To be for such a slumber meet;  
 With holy confidence to sing  
 That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be!  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

## 245

## FOR A CHILD.

7s

LET no hopeless tears be shed,  
Holy is this narrow bed.

Alleluia.

2 Death eternal life bestows,  
Open heaven's portal throws.

Alleluia.

3 And no peril waits at last  
*Him* who now away hath past.

Alleluia.

4 Not salvation hardly won,  
Not the meed for race well run :

Alleluia.

5 But the pity of the Lord  
Gives His child a full reward ;

Alleluia.

6 Grants the prize without the course,  
Crowns, without the battle's force.

Alleluia.

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,  
Join us to Thy little one ;

Alleluia.

8 And in Thine own tender love,  
*Bring* us to the ranks above.

Alleluia.

**46**

7s.

**S**AFELY, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin,  
No more childish griefs or fears,  
No more sadness, no more tears ;  
For the life so young and fair  
Now hath passed from earthly care ;  
God Himself the soul will keep,  
Giving His beloved sleep.

- 2 Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin ;  
Passed beyond all grief and pain,  
Death for thee is truest gain ;  
For our loss we may not weep,  
Nor our loved ones long to keep  
From the home of rest and peace,  
Where all sin and sorrow cease.
  
- 3 Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin ;  
God has saved from weary strife,  
In its dawn, this fresh young life ;  
Now it waits for us above,  
Resting in the Saviour's love ;  
Jesu, grant that we may meet  
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

## 247

7s.

SAVIOUR, for the little one,  
 Safely gathered in Thine arms,  
 Ere the battle had begun,  
 Victor, spared from war's alarms,  
 We who toil and struggle sing  
 Praise to Thee, the children's King.

2 First of all Thy martyr-band,  
     Infants for Thy sake were slain ;  
     Day by day, from every land,  
     Infants swell the guileless train,  
     Who, this vale of tears untrod,  
     Stand before the throne of God.

3 Thou dost give and take away,  
     Full of love, in all Thy ways :  
     Be each mourner's heart to-day  
     Full of loving trust and praise,  
     In the midst of grief to bring  
     Thanks to Thee, the children's King.

## 248

7.8.7.8.7.7.

TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
     Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping :  
     Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild  
     In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping !  
     And no sigh of anguish sore  
     Heaves that little bosom more.

2 *In this world of care and pain,  
     Lord, Thou wouldest no longer leave it ;*

To the sunny heavenly plain  
 Thou dost now with joy receive it ;  
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
 Where it lives may soon be living,  
 And the lovely pastures see  
 That its heavenly food are giving ;  
 Then the gain of death we prove,  
 Though Thou take what most we love.

*Also the following :*

108 The grave itself a garden is.  
 119 Lift up, lift up your voices now.  
 120 Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky.  
 121 The strife is o'er, the battle done.  
 122 Jesus lives ! thy terrors now.  
 124 Sing, with all the sons of glory.  
 176 For all the saints, who from their labors  
     rest.  
 181 For all Thy saints, O Lord.  
 348 When our heads are bowed with woe.  
 396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.  
 397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.  
 399 Light's abode, celestial Salem.  
 404 I heard a sound of voices.  
 406 Brief life is here our portion.  
 419 It is not death to die.  
 626 My times are in Thy hand.  
 627 O Love divine, that stooped to share.  
 667 My God, my Father, while I stray.  
 688 Whate'er my God ordains is right.  
 679 There is a blessed home.

249

## Missions.

P. M.

O SION haste, thy mission high fulfilling,  
 To tell to all the world that God is Light ;  
 That He Who made all nations is not willing  
 One soul should perish, lost in shades of night :  
 Publish glad tidings ;  
 Tidings of peace ;  
 Tidings of Jesus,  
 Redemption and release.

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying  
 Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,  
 With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,  
 Or of the life He died for them to win.  
 Publish, etc.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition  
 The souls for whom the Lord His life laid  
 down ;  
 Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,  
 Thou lose one jewel that should deck His  
 crown.  
 Publish, etc.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation  
 That God, in Whom they live and move, is  
 love :  
*Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,*  
*And died on earth that man might live above.*  
 Publish, etc.

M.  
at :  
at :  
5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious ;  
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way ;  
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious ;  
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.  
Publish, etc.

6 He comes again—O Sion, ere thou meet Him,  
Make known to every heart His saving grace ;  
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet  
Him,  
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.  
Publish, etc.

## 250

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Saints of God ! the dawn is brightening,  
Token of our coming Lord ;  
O'er the earth the field is whitening ;  
Louder rings the Master's word :  
Pray for reapers  
In the harvest of the Lord !

2 Now, O Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with Pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land ;  
Faithful reapers  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam ;  
Lo ! they wait for Thy salvation ;  
Come, Lord Jesus ! quickly come !  
By Thy Spirit  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come;  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest Home.  
Saints and angels  
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

## 251

L. M.

LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,  
O God of mercy and of might!  
In pity look on those who stray,  
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
*Shall grow with living waters green,*  
*And lift to heaven the voice of praise.*

252

7.6.

THE morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Sion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

## 253

L. M.

**F**LING out the banner! let it float  
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
 The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
 The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
 In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
 And vainly seek to comprehend  
 The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
 And nations, crowding to be born,  
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
 That sink and perish in the strife,  
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
 And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
 Our glory, only in the cross;  
 Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
 We conquer only in that sign.

## 254

7.6.

**F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
*From* India's coral strand,  
*Where* Afric's sunny fountains  
*Roll* down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Crâator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

**H**ASTEN the time appointed,  
 By prophets long foretold,  
 When all shall dwell together,  
 One Shepherd and one Fold.  
 Let every idol perish,  
 To moles and bats be thrown,  
 And every prayer be offered  
 To God in Christ alone.

- 2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting  
 From many a distant shore,  
 Around one altar kneeling,  
 One common Lord adore.  
 Let all that now divides us  
 Remove and pass away,  
 Like shadows of the morning  
 Before the blaze of day.
- 3 Let all that now unites us  
 More sweet and lasting prove,  
 A closer bond of union,  
 In a blest land of love.  
 Let war be learned no longer,  
 Let strife and tumult cease,  
 All earth His blessed kingdom,  
 The Lord and Prince of Peace.
- 4 O long-expected dawning,  
 Come with thy cheering ray!  
 When shall the morning brighten,  
 The shadows flee away?

O sweet anticipation !  
 It cheers the watchers on,  
 To pray, and hope, and labor,  
 Till the dark night be gone.

256

8.7.8.7.4.7.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,  
 Where no light has broken through,  
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,  
 Whom His soul in travail knew :  
 Thousand voices  
 Call us, o'er the waters blue.

- 2 Christians, hearken ! None has taught them  
 Of His love so deep and dear ;  
 Of the precious price that bought them ;  
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;  
 Ye who know Him,  
 Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Haste, Oh haste, and spread the tidings  
 Wide to earth's remotest strand ;  
 Let no brother's bitter chidings  
 Rise against us, when we stand  
 In the Judgment,  
 From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,  
 All along each distant shore ;  
 Seaward far the islands brighten ;  
 Light of nations ! lead us o'er :  
 When we seek them,  
 Let Thy Spirit go before.

257

8.7.

**S**AVIOUR, sprinkle many nations ;  
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;  
 By Thy pains and consolations  
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee !

- 2 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,  
 Be it to the nations told ;  
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory  
 And Thy mercy manifold.
- 3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast,  
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.
- 4 Thirsting as for dews of even,  
 As the new-mown grass for rain,  
 Thee they seek as God of heaven,  
 Thee as Man for sinners slain.
- 5 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting !  
 Stretched the hand and strained the sight,  
 For Thy Spirit, new creating,  
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
- 6 Give the word, and of the preacher  
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
 Till on earth by every creature  
*Glory to the Lamb* be sung !

8

8.7.

**L**ORD, a Saviour's love displaying,  
 Show the heathen lands Thy way;  
 Thousands still like sheep are straying  
 In the dark and cloudy day.

2 Shades of death are gathering o'er them,  
     Lord, they perish from Thy sight !  
     Let Thine angel go before them ;  
     Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

3 Fetch them home from every nation,  
     From the islands of the sea ;  
     By the word of Thy salvation  
     Call the wanderers back to Thee.

4 Thou their pasture hast provided,  
     Grant the blessing long foretold ;  
     Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,  
     Find at last the one true fold.

59

6.6.6.6.8.8.

**A**RISE, O Lord, and shine  
     In all Thy saving might,  
     And prosper each design  
     To spread Thy glorious light :  
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Oh, bring the nations near,  
 That they may sing Thy praise ;  
 Let all the people hear  
 And learn Thy holy ways :  
 Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,  
 And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power :  
 The nations then shall see,  
 And earth present her store,  
 In converts born to Thee :  
 God, our own God, His Church shall bless,  
 And earth be filled with righteousness.

**L**ORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping :  
 When shall earth Thy rule obey ?  
 When shall end the night of weeping ?  
 When shall break the promised day ?  
 See the whitening harvest languish,  
 Waiting still the laborers' toil ;  
 Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish ?  
 Shall the Strong retain the spoil ?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,  
 Millions yet have never heard :  
 Can they hear without a preacher ?  
 Lord almighty, give the word !  
 Give the word ! in every nation  
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
 Witnessing a world's salvation,  
 To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end ! Thy Church completed,  
 All Thy chosen gathered in,  
 With their King in glory seated,  
 Satan bound, and banished sin ;  
 Gone forever parting, weeping,  
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain ;  
 Lo ! her watch Thy Church is keeping ;  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign !

261

L. M.

**J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And praises throng to crown His head ;  
 His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
 The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our King ;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

262

10.10.7.

L ORD of the harvest, it is right and meet  
That we should lay oblations at Thy feet,  
With joyful Alleluia !

- 2 Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer ;  
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,  
Who sing the Alleluia !
- 3 We toiled and prayed and Thou hast heard on  
high ;  
Hast cheered our hearts and changed our sup-  
pliant cry  
To festal Alleluia !
- 4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,  
That all the age of ages shall prolong,  
The endless Alleluia !
- 5 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,  
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,  
We sing our Alleluia !
- 6 O Christ, Who in the wide world's fallow lea,  
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee  
We sing our Alleluia !
- 7 To Thee, O Holy Ghost, Whose gracious rain  
And living breath hath fed the ghostly grain,  
We sing our Alleluia !
- 8 Yea, West and East, the Harvest men went  
forth :  
“We come” has sounded to the South and  
*North.*  
At morn sing Alleluia !

9 In fields of home, in fields the far away,  
Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.  
At noon sing Alleluia !

0 The winds of God have blown with living  
breath,  
His dews have fallen on the plains of death.  
At eve sing Alleluia.

1 Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,  
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,  
Adoring Alleluia.

2 Glory to God ! the Church in patience cries ;  
Glory to God ! the Church in bliss replies,  
With endless Alleluia !

263

L. M.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim  
Salvation in Emmanuel's Name :  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then may we meet to part no more,  
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

264

8.7.8.7.4.7.

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them ;  
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;  
 They were bound, but Thou hast freed them ;  
 Now they go to free the slaves ;  
 Be Thou with them :  
 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
 Lord, they go at Thy command,  
 As their stay Thy promise taking,  
 While they traverse sea and land :  
 Oh, be with them !  
 Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,  
 And the prospect dark appears,  
 Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
 Be Thou with them ;  
 Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
 And they seem to toil in vain :  
 Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
 Then their sinking hopes sustain :  
 Thus supported,  
 Let their zeal revive again.

5 *In the midst of opposition,  
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;*

When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humbler be ;  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in heaven they see :

6 There to reap in joy forever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;  
There to be with Him, Who never  
Ceases to preserve His own ;  
And with gladness  
Give the praise to Him alone.

265

L. M.

**A**RM of the Lord, awake ! awake !  
Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake !  
And let the world adoring see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone :  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favor come ;  
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home ;  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime, of every name ;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

*Also the following:*

**62** From the eastern mountains.  
**288** O Spirit of the living God.  
**328** Hail to the Lord's Anointed.  
**327** Thou, Whose almighty word.  
**328** Lord of all power and might.  
**329** Thy kingdom come, O God !  
**380** Blow ye the trumpet, blow !  
**382** God of mercy, God of grace.  
**468** From all that dwell below the skies.  
**579** O brothers, lift your voices.  
**580** Christ for the world we sing !  
**581** Soldiers of the cross, arise !

**266**

FOR THE JEWS.

7.6.

**O**H, that the Lord's salvation  
 Were out of Sion come,  
 To heal His ancient nation,  
 To lead His outcasts home !

**2** How long the holy city  
 Shall heathen feet profane ?  
 Return, O Lord, in pity ;  
 Rebuild her walls again.

**3** Let fall Thy rod of terror ;  
 Thy saving grace impart ;  
 Roll back the veil of error ;  
 Release the fettered heart.

**4** Let Israel, home returning,  
 Her lost Messiah see ;  
 Give oil of joy for mourning,  
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

C. M.

WAKE, harp of Sion, wake again  
 Upon thine ancient hill,  
 On Jordan's long-deserted plain,  
 By Kedron's lowly rill.

2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,  
 That sounds Messiah's praise,  
 And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,  
 As once in ancient days.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King,  
 For her salvation waits,  
 And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,  
 With praise in all her gates.

4 Oh, hasten, Lord, these promised days,  
 When Israel shall rejoice;  
 And Jew and Gentile join in praise,  
 With one united voice!

3

Almsgiving.

S. M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,  
 Whate'er the gift may be:  
 All that we have is Thine alone,  
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
 As stewards true receive,  
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,  
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
 If given for the Saviour's sake,  
 They lose not their reward.

*Also the following :*

477 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.  
 478 Holy offerings, rich and rare.

271

**Charities.**

8.8.6

O GOD of mercy, God of might,  
 In love and pity infinite,  
 Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,  
 To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,  
 That fallen man might live thereby,  
 Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
 In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
 To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,  
 That every word, and deed, and thought  
 May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,  
 Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died ;  
 Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
 To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
*Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share ;*  
*May we, where help is needed, there*  
*Give help as unto Thee.*

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who give to Thee.

272

L. M.

O THOU through suffering perfect made,  
On Whom the bitter cross was laid ;  
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,  
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind ;  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure ;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God !

5 Oh, heal the bruisèd heart within !  
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin !  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we *may* praise Thee evermore !

## 273

D. C. M.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old  
Was strong to heal and save ;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave.  
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

- 2 And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;  
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.  
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Though love and might no longer heal  
By touch, or word, or look ;  
Though they who do Thy work must read  
Thy laws in nature's book :  
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,  
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,  
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,  
And strength, where all is faint.
- 4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,  
*Thou Lord of life and death,*  
*Restore and quicken, soothe and bless*  
*With Thine almighty breath.*

To hands that work and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore.

274

8.7.8.7.7.7

**T**HOU to Whom the sick and dying  
Ever came, nor came in vain,  
Still with healing words replying  
To the wearied cry of pain;  
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

2 Every care, and every sorrow,  
Be it great, or be it small,  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
When, where'er, it may befall,  
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care;  
On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
Bringing all our offerings meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Ever comfort to impart;  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,  
 To Thy healing virtue yield,  
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,  
 One in Thee together meet,  
 Pardonèd at Thy judgment seat.

275

L. M.

O GOD of mercy ! hearken now :  
 Before Thy throne we humbly bow ;  
 With heart and voice to Thee we cry  
 For all on earth who suffering lie.

2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,  
 Beyond the glittering, starry sky :  
 We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below  
 Beside the beds of want and woe.

3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless  
 The sorrowing sons of wretchedness ;  
 Send Thou the help we cannot give ;  
 Bid dying souls arise and live.

4 Oh, let the healing waters spring,  
 Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing ;  
 With quickening power new strength impart  
 To palsied will, to withered heart.

5 Where poverty in pain must lie,  
 Where little suffering children cry,  
*Bid us haste* forth as called by Thee,  
*And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.*

6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,  
 Thy holy Name on earth confest !  
 Echo Thy praise from every shore  
 Forever and for evermore.

276

## Orphans.

8s.

O THOU, Who madest land and sea,  
 And guidest all, in all their ways,  
 Who hearest those who bring to Thee  
 Their sacrifice of prayer and praise ;  
 Oh, hear Thy children as they bring  
 Themselves a lowly offering !

2 Great God, Who with a Father's love  
 Dost watch o'er all created things,  
 And gatherest all, below, above,  
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings ;  
 Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless  
 Thy children who are fatherless.

3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,  
 And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,  
 Thy listening ear doth heed on high,  
 And hearken to the raven's call ;  
 Then, heavenly Father, hear and bless  
 Thy children who are fatherless.

4 Come, heavenly Father, come to-day,  
 For we Thy children come to Thee,  
 And Thou wilt never say us, nay,  
 If come we in humility ;

New-born in Thee, O Father, bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

5 Cast forth upon the barren strand  
    Of this lone world, to Thee we fly ;  
In faith and hope, we fain would stand  
    Beneath Thy sheltering arm for aye ;  
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless  
    Thy children who are fatherless.

6 And may we all with joyful mind  
    Our hearts as living offerings bring,  
The first-fruits of our life, to find  
    A Father in our heavenly King ;  
And learn in life and death to bless  
    Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

## 277

6s.

THOU Who with dying lips  
    Thy mother didst commend  
Unto the tender care  
    Of Thy belovèd friend ;  
Thou Who by Lazarus' grave  
    In human grief didst groan,  
Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those  
    Left in the world alone.

2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve  
    Their home and friends to leave,  
And in Thy kingdom all,  
    Yea, more than all, receive,  
To those bereft of all,  
    Thy pitying love extend,  
*And let them find in Thee*  
*Father, and home, and friend.*

3 Thou Who didst say of old,  
 “Thine orphans lend to Me ;  
 Unto the fatherless  
 I will a Father be ;”  
 Thy promises are sure ;  
 Help us to trust Thee still ;  
 To those who need Thee sore,  
 That faithful word fulfill.

4 Thou Who in Thy still rest  
 Our dear ones safe dost keep ;  
 Thou Who shalt bring them back  
 One day from their long sleep,  
 Oh, keep us by Thy grace,  
 That we at last may be,  
 When that bright morning dawns,  
 At home with them and Thee.

## Temperance.

O LORD, our strength in weakness,  
 We pray to Thee for grace ;  
 For power to fight the battle,  
 For speed to run the race ;  
 When Thy baptismal waters  
 Were poured upon our brow,  
 We then were made Thy children,  
 And pledged our earliest vow ;

2 We then were sealed and hallowed  
 By Thy life-giving word ;  
 Were made the Spirit's temples,  
 And members of the Lord ;

With His own blood He bought us,  
 And made the purchase sure ;  
 His are we : may He keep us  
 Sober, and chaste, and pure.

3 Conformed to His own likeness  
 May we so live and die,  
 That in the grave our bodies  
 In holy peace may lie ;  
 And at the resurrection  
 Forth from those graves may spring,  
 Like to the glorious body  
 Of Christ, our Lord and King.

4 The pure in heart are blessed,  
 For they shall see the Lord  
 Forever and forever  
 By seraphim adored ;  
 And they shall drink the pleasures,  
 Such as no tongue can tell,  
 From the clear crystal river,  
 And life's eternal well.

WHEN, doomed to death, the apostle lay  
 At night in Herod's dungeon cell,  
 A light shone round him like the day,  
 And from his limbs the fetters fell.

2 A messenger from God was there,  
 To break his chain and bid him rise ;  
 And lo ! the saint, as free as air,  
 Walked forth beneath the open skies.

- 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind  
The victims of that deadly thirst  
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind  
Blots the bright image stamped at first.
- 4 O God of love and mercy, deign  
To look on those with pitying eye  
Who struggle with that fatal chain,  
And send them succor from on high !
- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,  
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,  
And lead the captive forth to light,  
A rescued soul, a slave no more !

280

## Divinity Schools.

10s.

God of the prophets ! Bless the prophets' sons :  
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast ;  
Each age its solemn task may claim but once :  
Make each one nobler, stronger than the last !

- 2 Anoint them prophets ! Make their ears attend  
To Thy divinest speech ; their hearts awake  
To human need ; their lips make eloquent  
To assure the right, and every evil break.
- 3 Anoint them priests ! Strong intercessors they  
For pardon, and for charity and peace !  
*Ab, if with them the world might pass, astray,*  
*Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice !*

4 Anoint them kings ! Aye kingly kings, O Lord !  
 Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son :  
 Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood stained  
 sword ;  
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

5 Make them apostles ! Heralds of Thy cross,  
 Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace ;  
 Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,  
 And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return !  
 O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time !  
 Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn :  
 A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime !



#### IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

281

C. M.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
 Our path when wont to stray ;  
 Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
 Brook by the traveller's way ;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
 True manna from on high ;  
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
 Of realms beyond the sky ;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
 And radiant cloud by day ;  
 When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
 Our anchor and our stay :

4 Word of the everlasting God,  
 Will of His glorious Son ;  
 Without thee how could earth be trod,  
 Or heaven itself be won ?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
 The wisdom it imparts ;  
 And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
 With simple, childlike hearts.

32

6s.

LORD, Thy Word abideth,  
 And our footsteps guideth ;  
 Who its truth believeth  
 Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,  
 Then Thy Word doth cheer us,  
 Word of consolation,  
 Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,  
 And dark clouds before us,  
 Then its light directeth,  
 And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
 Who recount the treasure,  
 By Thy Word imparted  
 To the simple-hearted ?

5 Word of mercy, giving  
 Succor to the living ;  
 Word of life, supplying  
 Comfort to the dying !

6 Oh, that we discerning  
 Its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear Thee !  
 Evermore be near Thee !

283

C. M.

FATHER of mercies ! in Thy Word  
 What endless glory shines !  
 Forever be Thy Name adored  
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
 And life and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
 My ever dear delight ;  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be Thou forever near ;  
 Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

284

7.6.

O WORD of God incarnate,  
 O Wisdom from on high,  
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
 O Light of our dark sky ;

We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled ;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world ;  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old ;  
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this, their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

*Also the following :*

**72** *Not by Thy mighty hand.*  
**497** *Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.*

## V. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

285

Ordination.

7.6.

LORD of the living harvest  
That whitens o'er the plain,  
Where angels soon shall gather  
Their sheaves of golden grain;  
Accept these hands to labor,  
These hearts to trust and love,  
And deign with them to hasten  
Thy kingdom from above.

- 2 As laborers in Thy vineyard  
Still faithful may they be,  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
To ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call them home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,  
And fill their souls with light;  
Clothe them in spotless raiment,  
In vesture clean and white;  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with them where they stand,  
*To guide and teach Thy people*  
*Throughout our native land.*

4 Be with them, God the Father !  
 Be with them, God the Son !  
 And God the Holy Spirit !  
 Most blessed Three in One !  
 Make them a holy priesthood,  
 Thee humbly to adore,  
 And fill them with Thy fullness  
 Both now and evermore !

286

L. M.

BOW down Thine ear, almighty Lord,  
 And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry  
 For all who preach Thy saving word,  
 And wait upon Thy ministry.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,  
 And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath  
 On those whom Thou dost call to feed  
 Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand  
 Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine :  
 That those who in Thy presence stand  
 May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,  
 And give them grace to watch and pray;  
 That as they seek Thy flock to guide,  
 Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send  
 To shield them in their strife with sin ;  
 Grant them, enduring to the end,  
 The crown of life at last to win.

287

L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
We plead for those who plead for Thee ;  
Successful pleaders may they be !

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !  
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge :  
Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be Thine ;  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
And feel Thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressèd souls forget their pains ;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
*And Sion rear her drooping head.*

38

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,  
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
 To preach the reconciling word ;  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;  
 Confusion, order, in Thy path ;  
 Souls without strength inspire with might,  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ! far and nigh  
 The triumphs of the cross record ;  
 The Name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till every people call Him Lord.

39

P. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire.

- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 3 Thy blessed unction from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 4 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dullness of our blinded sight.

- 5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home :  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both to be but One,
- 8 That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song :
- 9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

*Also the following :*

**497** Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.  
**581** Soldiers of the cross, arise !  
**584** Go, labor on ! spend and be spent !  
**586** Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.

**H**EAVENLY Shepherd, Thee we pray  
For Thy servant here to-day :  
By the cross upon his brow,  
By his ordination vow,  
By the prayers which we have prayed  
For the Holy Spirit's aid,  
By the deep and fervent love  
*Owing to his Lord above,*  
*Grant him faithful watch to keep,*  
*Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.*

2 From the silent power of sin  
Lurking secretly within,  
May the grace that flows from Thee,  
Heavenly Shepherd, set him free ;  
By the blessing on him breathed,  
By the charge to him bequeathed,  
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Gird him for the sacred strife,  
Aye his faithful watch to keep,  
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

3 Speed him on his life-long way,  
Speed him whom we speed to-day ;  
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,  
Give him souls for his reward :  
Till he win the promised crown,  
When he lays his burden down  
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,  
Low before the mercy-seat :  
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,  
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 To the blessed Trinity  
Now let praise and glory be,  
In Whose Name we meet to-day  
For our guidance, as we pray  
That we may, in all we do,  
Pastor, and his flock, be true ;  
True to man in heavenly love,  
True to Thee, our God, above,  
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,  
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat.

291

**Laying of a Corner-Stone.**

L. M

**O** LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

- 2 Grant that all we who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.
- 4 To Thee they all belong ; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea ;  
And when we bring them to Thy throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.
- 5 The minds that guide, endue with skill ;  
The hands that work, preserve from ill ;  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.
- 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect ;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
*O ever blessed Trinity !*

292

8.7.

**I**N the Name which earth and heaven  
Ever worship, praise, and fear,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Shall a house be builded here :  
Here with prayer its deep foundations,  
In the faith of Christ, we lay,  
Trusting by His help to crown it  
With the top-stone in its day.

- 2 Here as in their due succession  
Stone on stone the workmen place,  
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,  
Jesu, build us up in grace ;  
Till, within these walls completed,  
We complete in Thee are found ;  
And to Thee, the one Foundation,  
Strong and living stones, are bound.
- 3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple :  
Here the careless passer-by  
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,  
Of the holier House on high ;  
Weary hearts and troubled spirits  
Here shall find a still retreat ;  
Sinful souls shall bring their burden  
Here to the Absolver's feet.
- 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,  
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,  
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemed,  
Robes her for her marriage morn ;

Clothed in garments of salvation,  
 Rich with gems of heavenly grace,  
 Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting  
 Till she may behold His face.

5 Here in due and solemn order  
 May her ceaseless prayer arise ;  
 Here may strains of holy gladness  
 Lift her heart above the skies ;  
 Here the word of life be spoken ;  
 Here the child of God be sealed ;  
 Here the Bread of Heaven be broken,  
 "Till He come," Himself revealed.

6 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,  
 Maker of the earth and skies ;  
 Praise to Thee, in Whom Thy temple  
 Fitly framed together lies ;  
 Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,  
 Binding all that lives in one :  
 Till our earthly praise be ended,  
 And the eternal song begun !

293

L. M.

O THOU, in Whom alone is found  
 The strength by which our toil is blest,  
 Upon this consecrated ground  
 Now bid Thy cloud of glory rest.

2 In Thy great Name we place this stone ;  
 To Thy great truth these walls we rear :  
 Long may they make Thy glory known,  
 And long our Saviour triumph here.

3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,  
     Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,  
     Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,  
     With living fire touch every tongue.

4 Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;  
     Let sin and error pass away,  
     Till truth's full influence from above  
     Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

294

6.6.6.8.8.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,  
     On Him alone we build :  
     With His true saints alone  
     The courts of heaven are filled ;  
     On His great love our hopes we place,  
     Of present grace and joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise  
     These hallowed courts shall ring ,  
     Our voices we will raise  
     The Three in One to sing,  
     And thus proclaim in joyful song,  
     Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
     For evermore draw nigh ;  
     Accept each faithful vow,  
     And mark each suppliant sigh ;  
     In copious shower on all who pray,  
     Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
 The grace which we implore ;  
 And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us evermore ;  
 Until that day when all the blest  
 To endless rest are called away.

295

## Consecration of Churches.

L. M.

THY Temple is not made with hands,  
 'Tis lit by many a golden star ;  
 The purple heights of mountain lands  
 Its everlasting pillars are.

2 Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,  
 Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea !  
 Yet enter in, and bless the fane  
 Adoring hands have reared for Thee.

3 [\* Unworthy gift and touched with fears,  
 And memories of our loved at rest ;  
 Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,  
 And be Thy presence here confess.]

4 For welcome to the babe new-born,  
 For strengthening hands on bended head,  
 For blessings on the marriage morn,  
 And sweet words whispered o'er the dead ;

5 For food divine to souls sufficed,  
 For words that warn, for prayers that press,  
 Arise and enter in, O Christ !  
 And with Thy presence all things bless.

\* To be used of a memorial Church.

6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise  
 Up from these walls, this sacred floor,  
 Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies  
 Forever and for evermore.

296

L. M.

**J**ESU ! where'er Thy people meet,  
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;  
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
 And every place is hallowed ground.

2 And since within no walls confined,  
 Thou dwellest in the humble mind :  
 Let all within Thy house who come,  
 Departing, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own  
 To raise for Thee an earthly throne ;  
 And where Thy Name Thou dost record,  
 There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord !

4 [\*Behold, at Thy commanding word,  
 We stretch the curtain and the cord ;  
 Come Thou and fill this wider space,  
 And bless us with a large increase.]

5 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew ;  
 And here to wayward hearts proclaim  
 The sweetness of Thy saving Name !

\* For enlargement of the Church.

6 Here may we prove the might of prayer,  
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care :  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes !

7 Here to the babe new-born on earth,  
 Grant Thou the newer, better birth ;  
 By water and the Holy Ghost  
 Restoring all that Adam lost.

8 Here to the weary, hungry soul,  
 Give Thou the gift that maketh whole ;  
 The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,  
 The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

9 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
 Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
 And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

COME, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,  
 Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face,  
 Enter this temple, now Thine own,  
 And let Thy glory fill the place.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see  
 Its sacred walls before Thee stand ;  
 'Tis Thine for us : 'tis ours for Thee ;  
 Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,  
     Let heartfelt worship here ascend ;  
     With Thine own joy fill every breast,  
     With Thine own power Thy word attend.

4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,  
     Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still ;  
     Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,  
     And give new strength to meet Thy will.

5 When round this Board Thine own shall meet,  
     And keep the feast of dying love,  
     Be our communion ever sweet  
     With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep ;  
     In Thine own arms the lambs enfold ;  
     Give help to climb the heavenward steep,  
     Till Thy full glory we behold.

298

8.7.

**G**OD of love, our Father, Saviour,  
     Holy Spirit, Thee we praise !  
     Triune God, all thought transcending  
     Fain would we a temple raise  
     Worthy of Thy loving-kindness,  
     Hallowed through all earthly days !

2 Make these stones a hallowed symbol,  
     Saints of God who run may read,  
     Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,  
     Thou from sin and woe hast freed,  
     *Pillars* Thou hast hewn and shapen,  
     *Thine* elect in very deed !

3 Lord ! restore the gates of Sion,  
 Let her courts with praise resound !  
 May Thy light and love descending  
 Shed their radiant joys around,  
 So shall man reveal Thy glory :  
 Earth, like heaven, be hallowed ground !

*Also the following :*

382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
 479 Oh, with due reverence let us all.  
 482 In loud exalted strains.  
 483 Christ is made the sure foundation.  
 484 We love the place, O God.  
 489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.

299

### Restoration of a Church.

8.7.

LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving !  
 Tread with songs the hallowed way !  
 Praise our fathers' God, for mercies  
 New to us their sons to-day :  
 Here they built for Him a dwelling,  
 Served Him here in ages past,  
 Fixed it for His sure possession,  
 Holy ground, while time shall last.

2 When the years had wrought their changes,  
 He, our own unchanging God,  
 Thought on this His habitation,  
 Looked on His decayed abode ;  
 Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,  
 Blessed the silver and the gold,  
 Till once more His house is standing  
 Firm and stately as of old.

3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,  
 Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer :  
 "Rise into Thy place of resting,  
 Show Thy promised presence there!"  
 Let the gracious word be spoken  
 Here, as once on Sion's height,  
 "This shall be My rest forever,  
 This My dwelling of delight."

4 Fill this latter house with glory  
 Greater than the former knew ;  
 Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,  
 Guide us all to reverence true ;  
 Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
 Here its sevenfold blessing shed ;  
 Spread for us the heavenly banquet,  
 Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,  
 Praise to Thee, eternal Son,  
 Praise to Thee, all-quickenèd Spirit,  
 Ever blessèd Three in One :  
 Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom,  
 Molding out of sinful clay,  
 Living stones for that true temple  
 Which shall never know decay.

### Dedication of Houses, Places and Things.

300

HOSPITAL.

S. M.

SPIRIT of truth, we call  
 On Thee this house to bless,  
 Give wisdom, strength and grace to all  
 Who here Thy Name confess.

2 Spirit of mercy, bring  
 Thy balm the sick to heal ;  
 And make the weary ones to sing,  
 Who shall Thy presence feel.

3 Spirit of peace, descend,  
 Thyself the heavenly Dove ;  
 Let care for souls and bodies blend  
 In ministries of love.

4 Spirit of Christ, abide  
 In every heart alway ;  
 And crown, O Jesus crucified,  
 The work begun to-day.

## 301

## HOME FOR THE AGED.

7s.

LORD of life, of love, of light,  
 Clothed in mercy, armed with might,  
 Worship centres at Thy throne,  
 Praise belongs to Thee alone !  
 Be this house forever Thine ;  
 Through it let Thy favor shine ;  
 Feed the souls that here shall meet,  
 From Thy bounty pure and sweet.

2 Write salvation on these walls ;  
 Succor those whom sin entralls ;  
 Lightened with celestial rays,  
 Let these gates reflect Thy praise.  
 Thou Who dwellest where is sung  
 Praise to Thee by human tongue,  
*With the presence of Thy grace*  
*Dwell henceforth within this place.*

3 On Thine agèd servants pour  
 Richest mercies from Thy store,  
 And till life's brief hour shall end,  
 Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend.  
 Father holy ! Christ most blest !  
 Evermore within us rest !  
 Spirit pure, illume our ways  
 With Thy bright, celestial rays !

302

BURIAL GROUND.

8s.

O THOU, in Whom Thy saints repose,  
 When life's brief conflict finds its close ;  
 Behold us met before Thy face  
 To hallow this their resting-place :  
 Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep ;  
 And safely here their dust shall sleep.

2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept  
 Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—  
 What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,  
 When here we sow the precious seed :  
 Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,  
 Thy garden grave and sealed stone.

3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around  
 This chosen spot of holy ground :  
 Here let calm hope with memory dwell,  
 And faith of heavenly comfort tell :  
*No thought of ill, no footstep rude*  
*Profane the sacred solitude.*

4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair  
 In lonely grief and trembling prayer,  
 Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes  
 To those fair glades of Paradise,  
 Where safe within the guarded gate  
 Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

5 And when the valley, thick with corn,  
 Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,  
 Here may the angel-reapers find  
 Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,  
 And in Thy golden garner store,  
 Our fruit of tears for evermore.

## 303

## CHURCH BELLS.

8.7.

**R**AISED between the earth and heaven,  
 Now our bells are set on high ;  
 In the Name of Him Who giveth  
 Skill, and strength, and industry.

2 For His praise we meekly lay them  
 As a gift beneath His throne ;  
 All their sweet and noblest music  
 Shall resound for Him alone.

3 Faithful men afar shall listen,  
 'Mid their daily toil or rest,  
 While the melody shall bid them  
 Love the Church where all are blest.

4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,  
 Shall be signed with joyful peal ;  
 And the music from the steeple  
 Shall our faith and love reveal.

5 They who languish, sick and lonely,  
 Shall be minded, as they sigh,  
 Of the Church's one communion,  
 God's true home and family.

6 When the spirits of the faithful  
 Pass away to light and peace ;  
 Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,  
 Soon our life and work must cease.

7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,  
 Pealing forth in grand accord,  
 Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow  
 To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

24

AN ORGAN.

P. M.

**A**NGEL-VOICES, ever singing  
 Round Thy throne of light :  
 Angel-harps, forever ringing,  
 Rest not day nor night ;  
 Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
 And confess Thee  
 Lord of might !

2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices  
 O'er each work of Thine ;  
 Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices  
 For Thy praise combine ;  
 Craftsman's art and music's measure  
 For Thy pleasure  
 Didst design.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee;  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
 Thine shall ever be!  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Blessed Trinity!  
 Of the best that Thou hast given,  
 Earth and heaven  
 Render Thee!

O LORD, be with us when we sail  
 Upon the lonely deep,  
 Our guard, when on the silent deck  
 The nightly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,  
 'Mid rising winds, we hear  
 The multitude of waters surge;  
 For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
 The ocean and the land,  
 All, all are Thine, and held within  
 The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth  
 Rose high the angry wave,  
 And Thy disciples quailed in dread,  
 One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise  
 From man's unbridled will,  
 Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts  
 To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 \*If duty calls, from threatened strife  
 To guard our native shore,  
 And shot and shell are answering  
 The booming cannon's roar;

7 Be Thou the mainguard of our host  
 Till war and dangers cease,  
 Defend the right, put up the sword,  
 And through the world make peace.

8 Across this troubled tide of life  
 Thyself our pilot be,  
 Until we reach that better land,  
 The land that knows no sea.

\* To be added in time of war.

**E**TERNAL Father! strong to save,  
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
 Its own appointed limits keep;  
*Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee*  
*For those in peril on the sea!*

2 O Christ ! Whose voice the waters heard  
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
 Who walked'st on the foaming deep,  
 And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;  
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
 For those in peril on the sea !

3 Most Holy Spirit ! Who didst brood  
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
 And bid its angry tumult cease,  
 And give, for wild confusion, peace ;  
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
 For those in peril on the sea !

4 O Trinity of love and power !  
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;  
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;  
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

**A**LMIGHTY Father, hear our cry,  
 As o'er the trackless deep we roam ;  
 Be Thou our haven always nigh,  
 On homeless waters, Thou our home.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice  
*The tempest sank to perfect rest,*  
*Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,*  
*And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.*

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power  
The ocean woke to life and light,  
Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee  
We love, we worship, we adore ;  
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

308

L. M.

WHILE o'er the deep Thy servants sail,  
Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale ;  
And on their hearts, where'er they go,  
Oh, let Thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,  
They will not pass beyond Thine eye :  
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st to hear,  
And faith exults to know Thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,  
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark !  
When in the tempting port they ride,  
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side !

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,  
Still guide them to the heavenly shore ;  
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,  
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,  
 To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,  
 Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,  
 And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,  
 Thine is the quickening power that gives increase :  
 From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,  
 Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,  
 Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days ;  
 Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring  
 Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true, the only light,  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night !  
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;  
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
 Joyless is the day's return,  
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;  
 Till Thou inward light impart,  
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine !  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief !  
Fill me, Radiancy divine !  
Scatter all my unbelief !  
More and more Thyselv display,  
Shining to the perfect day !

313

L. M.

LORD of all being ; throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;  
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign ;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
*Till all Thy living altars claim*  
*One holy light, one heavenly flame.*

## 314

8s.

O H, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Light of Light !  
 Oh, who like Thee did ever go  
 So patient through a world of woe !  
 So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
 So glorious in humility.

2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be  
 Still more and more conformed to Thee ;  
 Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
 That burns these fevered veins within ;  
 And learn of Thee, the lowly One,  
 And like Thee all our journey run.

3 Oh, grant us ever on the road  
 To trace the footsteps of our God ;  
 That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed  
 In light to judge the quick and dead,  
 We may to life immortal soar,  
 Through Thee, Who livest evermore.

## 315

L. M.

W HERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet,  
 Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,  
 Where men in busy concourse meet,  
 Or in the lonely wilderness.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
 With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
 With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
 With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Where'er Thou art may we remain ;  
 Where'er Thou goest may we go :  
 With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;  
 Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh, may we in each holy Tide,  
 Each solemn season, dwell with Thee !  
 Content if only by Thy side  
 In life or death we still may be.

316

8.8.8.8.11.

**H**OSANNA to the living Lord !  
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound ;  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,  
 Return to this Thy house of prayer :  
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
 Where we Thy parting promise claim :  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
 Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

5 So in the last and dreadful day,  
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

THOU art coming, O my Saviour !  
 Thou art coming, O my King !  
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
 In Thy glory all-transcendent ;  
 Well may we rejoice and sing ;  
 Coming : in the opening east  
 Herald brightness slowly swells ;  
 Coming : O Thou glorious Priest !  
 Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming ;  
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way ;  
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
 All our hearts could never say ;  
 What an anthem that will be,  
 Music rapturously sweet,  
 Pouring out our love to Thee  
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming ; at Thy table  
 We are witnesses for this ;  
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest  
 In communion clearest, sweetest,  
 Earnest of our coming bliss ;

Showing not Thy death alone,  
 And Thy love exceeding great,  
 But Thy coming, and Thy throne,  
 All for which we long and wait.

I.

4 Thou art coming ; we are waiting  
 With a hope that cannot fail ;  
 Asking not the day or hour,  
 Resting on Thy word of power,  
 Anchored safe within the veil.  
 Time appointed may be long,  
 But the vision must be sure ;  
 Certainty shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee, our own belovèd Lord !  
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing,  
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing  
 Brought to Thee with one accord ;  
 Thee, our Master, and our Friend,  
 Vindicated and enthroned ;  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned !

318

8.7.

JESUS came, the heavens adoring,  
 Came with peace from realms on high ;  
 Jesus came for man's redemption,  
 Lowly came on earth to die ;  
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
 When our hearts are bowed with care ;  
 Jesus comes again in answer  
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer ;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
 Bringing news of sins forgiven ;  
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven ;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
 Shares alike our hopes and fears ;  
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,  
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears ;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
 When the heavens shall pass away ;  
 Jesus comes again in glory ;  
 Let us then our homage pay,  
Alleluia ! ever singing,  
 Till the dawn of endless day.

319

P. M.

**T**HOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly  
 crown,  
 When Thou camest to earth for me ;  
 But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room  
*For Thy holy Nativity.*  
*Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !*  
*There is room in my heart for Thee.*

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
 And in great humility.  
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest  
 In the shade of the forest tree;  
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
 In the desert of Galilee.  
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,  
 That should set Thy people free;  
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
 They bore Thee to Calvary.  
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !  
 Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing  
 At Thy coming to victory,  
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, " Yet there  
 is room,  
 There is room at My side for thee."  
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord,  
 Who wore the garb of flesh and blood;  
 And chose a manger for Thy throne,  
 While worlds on worlds were Thine alone.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow :  
 A virgin's arms contain Thee now ;  
 While angels who in Thee rejoice  
 Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little child, Thou art our guest,  
 That weary ones in Thee may rest :  
 Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
 That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
 To make us children of the light,  
 To make us, in the realms divine,  
 Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done ;  
 By this to Thee our love is won ;  
 For this our joyful songs we raise ;  
 For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.

## 321

8

TO the Name of our salvation,  
 Laud and honor let us pay,  
 Which for many a generation  
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;  
 But with holy exultation  
 We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure ;  
 Name beyond what words can tell ;  
 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
 Ear and heart delighting well ;  
 Name of sweetness, passing measure,  
 Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 Name for songs of victory,  
 Name for holy meditation  
 In this vale of misery,  
 Name for joyful veneration  
 By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
 Speaks like music to the ear ;  
 Who in prayer this Name beseecheth  
 Sweetest comfort findeth near ;  
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,  
 Heavenly joy possessth here.

5 Therefore we in love adoring,  
 This most blessed Name revere ;  
 Holy Jesus, Thee imploring  
 So to write it in us here,  
 That hereafter, heavenward soaring,  
 We may sing with angels there.

322

7s.

CONQUERING kings their titles take  
 From the foes they captive make :  
 Jesus, by a nobler deed,  
 From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes : none other Name is given  
 Unto mortals under heaven,  
 Which can make the dead arise,  
 And exalt them to the skies.

3 We would gladly for that Name  
 Bear the cross, endure the shame :  
 Joyfully for Him to die,  
 Is not death but victory.

4 Jesus, Who dost condescend  
 To be called the sinner's Friend,  
 Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
 Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

323

7.6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
 Great David's greater Son !  
 Hail, in the time appointed,  
 His reign on earth begun !  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free :  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy  
 To those who suffer wrong,  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong ;  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light,  
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
 Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth,  
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
 Spring in His path to birth :

Before Him on the mountains  
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
 And righteousness in fountains  
 From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,  
 And gold and incense bring ;  
 All nations shall adore Him,  
 His praise all people sing ;  
 To Him shall prayer unceasing  
 And daily vows ascend ;  
 His kingdom still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,  
 He on His throne shall rest ;  
 From age to age more glorious,  
 All-blessing and all-blest :  
 The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove ;  
 His Name shall stand forever,  
 His changeless Name of Love.

324

C. M.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come :  
 Let earth receive her King ;  
 Let every heart prepare Him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns :  
 Let men their songs employ ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

**L**IIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Jesus, now Thyself revealing,  
Scatter every cloud beneath.

- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering  
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show Thy power in every nation,  
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burdened soul release:  
By the presence of Thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace.

326

C. M.

O VERY God of very God,  
 And very Light of Light,  
 Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,  
 That so it might be bright;

7.

- 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
 Thick darkness blinds our eyes;  
 Cold is the night; Thy people long  
 That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.
- 3 And even now, though dull and gray,  
 The east is brightening fast,  
 And kindling to the perfect day,  
 That never shall be past.
- 4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,  
 And we have reached the shore  
 Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,  
 Art shining evermore!
- 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
 To where the daylight springs,  
 Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,  
 With healing in Thy wings.

327

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

THOU, Whose almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight;  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And, where the Gospel day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 Let there be light!

2 Thou Who didst come to bring  
 On Thy redeeming wing  
 Healing and sight,  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly-blind,  
 Oh, now, to all mankind,  
 Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight !  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Bearing the lamp of grace,  
 And, in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light !

4 Holy and blessed Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might ;  
 Boundless as ocean's tide,  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the world, far and wide,  
 Let there be light !

L ORD of all power and might,  
 Father of love and light,  
 Speed on Thy word !  
 Oh, let the Gospel sound  
 All the wide world around,  
 Wherever man is found !  
 God speed His word !

2 Hail, blessed Jubilee !  
 Thine, Lord, the glory be ;  
 Alleluia !  
 Thine was the mighty plan ;  
 From Thee the work began ;  
 Away with praise of man !  
 Glory to God !

3 Lo, what embattled foes,  
 Stern in their hate, oppose  
 God's holy word !  
 One for His truth we stand,  
 Strong in His own right hand,  
 Firm as a martyr-band :  
 God shield His word !

4 Onward shall be our course,  
 Despite of fraud or force ;  
 God is before.  
 His words ere long shall run  
 Free as the noon-day sun ;  
 His purpose must be done :  
 God bless His word !

6s.

THY kingdom come, O God !  
 Thy rule, O Christ, begin !  
 Break with Thine iron rod  
 The tyrannies of sin !

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,  
 And purity, and love ?  
 When shall all hatred cease,  
 As in the realms above ?

3 When comes the promised time  
 That war shall be no more,  
 Oppression, lust, and crime  
 Shall flee Thy face before ?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
 And come in Thy great might ;  
 Revive our longing eyes,  
 Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar  
 Thick darkness broodeth yet :  
 Arise, O morning Star,  
 Arise, and never set.

330

6.6.6.6.8.8

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !  
 The gladly solemn sound ;  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
 Hath full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest !  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad !  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God !  
 The all-atoning Lamb ;  
 Redemption by His blood  
 Through all the world proclaim !  
*The year of Jubilee is come ;*  
*Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !*

331

7s.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star.  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?  
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Traveller, ages are its own ;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight ;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

## 332

7s.

God of mercy, God of grace,  
 Show the brightness of Thy face ;  
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
 Fill Thy Church with light divine ;  
 And Thy saving health extend  
 Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
 Be by all that live adored ;  
 Let the nations shout and sing  
 Glory to their Saviour King ;  
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
 And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
 God to man His blessing give,  
 Man to God devoted live ;  
 All below, and all above,  
 One in joy, and light, and love.

## 333

S. M.

Far from my heavenly home,  
 Far from my Father's breast,  
 Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,  
 And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,  
 And fain would thither flee ;  
 My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
 When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,  
    A dark and toilsome road ;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
    And reach the saints' abode ?

4 God of my life, be near :  
    On Thee my hopes I cast :  
Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
    And bring me home at last !

## 334

S. M.

MY soul with patience waits  
    For Thee, the living Lord ;  
My hopes are on Thy promise built,  
    Thy never-failing word.

2 My longing eyes look out  
    For Thy enlivening ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
    To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God ;  
    No bounds His mercy knows ;  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
    Eternal succor flows ;

4 Whose friendly streams to us  
    Supplies in want convey ;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
    And wash our guilt away.

## 335

JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

336

7s.

**R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 All for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone ;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

337

C. M.

**O**H, help us, Lord ; each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succor give :  
 Help us in thought, in word, and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live !

2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry  
 With contrite anguish sore ;  
 And when our hearts are cold and dry,  
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more !

2 With forbidden pleasures  
     Would this vain world charm ;  
     Or its sordid treasures  
     Spread to work me harm ;  
     Bring to my remembrance  
     Sad Gethsemane,  
     Or, in darker semblance,  
     Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me  
     Sorrow, toil, and woe ;  
     Or should pain attend me  
     On my path below ;  
     Grant that I may never  
     Fail Thy hand to see ;  
     Grant that I may ever  
     Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,  
     Fraught with strife and pain,  
     When my dust returneth  
     To the dust again ;  
     On Thy truth relying,  
     Through that mortal strife,  
     Jesu, take me, dying,  
     To eternal life.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,  
     For I am weary and opprest ;  
     I come to cast myself on Thee :  
     Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
 I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
 Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,  
 Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
 Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!  
 Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
 I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
 Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
 In that tremendous, latest strife,  
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
 Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
 Through life, in death, eternally,  
 Thou art my All.

342

P. M.

**A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distrest?  
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
 Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my guide?  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
 And His side."

3 There let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven ;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given ;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Altars I'll raise ;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

**M**Y faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine !  
 Now hear me while I pray ;  
 Take all my guilt away ;  
 Oh, let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine !

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire ;  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 Oh, may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my guide ;  
 Bid darkness turn to day ;  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away ;  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside !

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll ;  
 Blest Saviour, then in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove ;  
 Oh, bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul !

6

C. M.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
 And plead to be forgiven,  
 So let Thy life our pattern be,  
 And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
 Our daily cross to bear ;  
 Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
 Our brethren's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
 Our earthliness refine ;  
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
 As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
 And grief's dark day come on,  
 We in our turn would meekly cry,  
 "Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
 Forgiving and forgiven,  
 Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
 And follow Thee to heaven !

347

7s.

**S**INFUL, sighing to be blest ;  
 Bound, and longing to be free ;  
 Weary, waiting for my rest ;  
 God be merciful to me.

2 Goodness I have none to plead,  
 Sinfulness in all I see,  
 I can only bring my need ;  
 God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
 Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;  
 Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :  
 God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine  
 To Thy bosom I would flee :  
 I am not my own but Thine :  
 God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,  
 And my only hope and plea  
 Are in Him, and Him alone :  
 God be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,  
 My Interpreter will be ;  
 He's my all ; and for His sake  
 God be merciful to me.

348

7s.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;  
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
 For our own departing souls,  
 When our final doom is near,  
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;  
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

5 When the heart is sad within  
 With the thought of all its sin,  
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
 Though the sins were not Thine own ;  
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;  
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !

349

S. M.

OUT of the deep I call  
 To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;  
 Before Thy throne of grace I fall ;  
 Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,  
 The woful deep of sin,  
 Of evil done in days gone by,  
 Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,  
 And dread of coming shame,  
 From morning watch till night is near  
 I plead the precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,  
 As ever was, with Thee ;  
 Before Thy throne of grace I bow ;  
 Be merciful to me.

350

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ESU, Lord of life and glory,  
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;  
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear :  
 By Thy mercy,  
 Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

- 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.
- 3 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.
- 4 When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.
- 5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When all human help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.
- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our hope and stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

351

S. M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
As Thou wert ever kind ;  
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Wash off my foul offense,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in Thy sight,  
Have I transgressed ; and, though condemned,  
Must own Thy judgment right.
- 4 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view :  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.
- 5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;  
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take  
His everlasting flight.
- 6 The joy Thy favor gives  
Let me, O Lord, regain ;  
And Thy free Spirit's firm support  
*My fainting soul sustain.*

352

S. M.

**I**N mercy, not in wrath,  
Rebuke me, gracious God !  
Lest, if Thy whole displeasure rise,  
I sink beneath Thy rod.

- 2 Touched by Thy quickening power,  
My load of guilt I feel ;  
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,  
Oh, let that Spirit heal.
- 3 In trouble and in gloom,  
Must I forever mourn ?  
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love return ?
- 4 Oh, come, ere life expire ;  
Send down Thy power to save ;  
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,  
Or praise Thee in the grave ?
- 5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,  
Or yield to dread despair ?  
Thou wilt fulfill Thy promised word,  
And grant me all my prayer.

353

L. M.

**M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee :  
*Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,*  
*Forgetful of my highest love.*

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
 Why should I cleave to things below,  
 And all my purest joys forego ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :  
 I would obey the voice divine,  
 And all inferior joys resign.

## 354

C. M.

L ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
 And our confessions pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;  
 True penitence impart ;  
 And let a kindling glance from Thee  
 Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 May we our wills resign ;  
 And not a thought our bosom share  
 Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
 And waft it to the skies,  
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
 That grants it, or denies.

7s.

SAVIOUR, Whom I fain would love,  
Jesus, crucified for me,  
Fix my roving heart above,  
Draw me nearer unto Thee.  
Thee to praise and Thee to know  
Make the joy of saints below :  
Thee to see and Thee to love  
Make the bliss of saints above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If Thy presence Thou deny :  
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die.  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Only from Thy love it flows ;  
Peace and happiness are Thine,  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

7s.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal ;  
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;  
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;  
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,  
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now ;  
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou ;  
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art ;  
 Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
 Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone ;  
 Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
 Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal ;  
 Heal me, as I suppliant kneel ;  
 To Thy mercy I appeal.

357

7.6.

O JESU, Thou art standing  
 Outside the fast-closed door,  
 In lowly patience waiting  
 To pass the threshold o'er :  
 Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
 His Name and sign who bear :  
 Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,  
 To keep Him standing there !

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking :  
 And lo ! that hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marred :  
 O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait !  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 "*I died for you, My children,*  
*And will ye treat Me so?*"

O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door :  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

3

8.7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee ;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be :  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition !  
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,  
Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me :  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
What a Father's smile is thine ;  
What a Saviour died to win thee ;  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,  
     Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,  
     Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
     God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
     Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
     Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

359

8.7.

**I**N the cross of Christ I glory,  
     Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
     All the light of sacred story  
     Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
     Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
     Never shall the cross forsake me :  
     Lo ! it glows with peace and joy

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
     Light and love upon my way,  
     From the cross the radiance streaming,  
     Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
     By the cross are sanctified ;  
     Peace is there that knows no measure,  
     Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
     Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
     All the light of sacred story  
     Gathers round its head sublime.

D

7.6.

O JESU ! Lord most merciful,  
Low at Thy cross I lie ;  
O sinner's friend, most pitiful,  
Hear my bewailing cry.  
I come to Thee with mourning,  
I come to Thee in woe ;  
With contrite heart returning,  
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor !  
O Priest within the veil !  
Plead, for a lost transgressor,  
The blood that cannot fail.  
I spread my sins before Thee,  
I tell them one by one ;  
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,  
Forgive all I have done !

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,  
Thy tears and agony,  
And crown of cruel fashion,  
And death on Calvary.  
By all that untold suffering  
Endured by Thee alone ;  
O Priest ! O spotless Offering !  
Plead, for Thou didst atone !

4 And in this heart now broken,  
Re-enter Thou and reign ;  
*And say, by that dear token,*  
*I am absolved again ;*

And build me up, and guide me,  
 And guard me day by day;  
 And in Thy presence hide me,  
 And keep my soul alway.

## 361

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.

CHRIST, the Life of all the living,  
 Christ, the Death of death our foe,  
 Who, Thyself for us once giving  
 To the darkened depths of woe,  
 Patiently didst yield Thy breath,  
 Man to save from sin and death:  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee  
 Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;  
 Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,  
 O Thou sinless Son of God;  
 Only thus for us to win  
 Rescue from the bonds of sin:  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only  
 That it might not fall on me;  
 Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,  
 That I might be safe and free;  
 Comfortless, that I might know  
 Comfort from Thy boundless woe:  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,  
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
 For Thine anguish in the garden,  
 I will thank Thee evermore ;  
 Thank Thee with the latest breath  
 For Thy sad and cruel death ;  
 For that last most bitter cry,  
 Praise Thee evermore on high.

362

6.5.

GLORY be to Jesus,  
 Who in bitter pains  
 Poured for me the life-blood  
 From His sacred veins !  
 Grace and life eternal  
 In that blood I find,  
 Blest be His compassion  
 Infinitely kind !

2 Blest through endless ages  
 Be the precious stream,  
 Which from sin and sorrow  
 Does the world redeem !  
 Abel's blood for vengeance  
 Pleaded to the skies ;  
 But the blood of Jesus  
 For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting  
 Wafts its praise on high,  
 Angel hosts, rejoicing,  
 Make their glad reply.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
    Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By Thy merit we find favor :  
    Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
    All our sins on Thee were laid :  
By almighty love anointed,  
    Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven  
    Through the virtue of Thy blood :  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
    Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
    There forever to abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
    Seated at Thy Father's side.  
There for sinners Thou art pleading :  
    There Thou dost our place prepare :  
Ever for us interceding,  
    Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing  
    Thou art worthy to receive :  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
    Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
    Bring your sweetest, noblest lays !  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits !  
    Help to chant Emmanuel's praise !

366

### 8.8.6.

367

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

**J**ESUS, our risen King,  
Glory to Thee we sing,  
Praising Thy Name :  
Thy love and grace adore,  
Which all our sorrows bore ;  
Singing for evermore,  
“ Worthy the Lamb.”

- 2 Oh, haste, ye ransomed race !  
For all His gifts of grace  
Praise ye His Name :  
He wondrous things hath done ;  
Triumph o'er death hath won ;  
Heaven's gate hath open thrown ;  
“ Worthy the Lamb.”
- 3 Come, all ye hosts above !  
Join in one song of love,  
Praising His Name :  
To Him ascribed be  
Honor and majesty  
Through all eternity :  
“ Worthy the Lamb.”
- 4 Blessèd and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Praise to Thy Name :  
Father, Thy love we bless ;  
Spirit of holiness,  
We praise Thee and confess,  
“ Worthy the Lamb.”

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368

8.7.

ALLELUIA ! sing to Jesus !  
A His the sceptre, His the throne ;  
Alleluia ! His the triumph,  
His the victory alone :  
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Sion  
Thunder like a mighty flood ;  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

2 Alleluia ! not as orphans  
Are we left in sorrow now ;  
Alleluia ! He is near us,  
Faith believes, nor questions how :  
Though the cloud from sight received Him,  
When the forty days were o'er :  
Shall our hearts forget His promise,  
"I am with you evermore" ?

3 Alleluia ! Bread of Heaven,  
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay !  
Alleluia ! here the sinful  
Flee to Thee from day to day :  
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,  
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
Where the songs of all the sinless  
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia ! King eternal,  
Thee the Lord of lords we own ;  
Alleluia ! born of Mary,  
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne :

Thou within the veil hast entered,  
 Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest ;  
 Thou on earth both Priest and Victim  
 In the Eucharistic feast.

5 Alleluia ! sing to Jesus !  
 His the sceptre, His the throne ;  
 Alleluia ! His the triumph,  
 His the victory alone ;  
 Hark ! the songs of holy Sion  
 Thunder like a mighty flood ;  
 Jesus out of every nation  
 Hath redeemed us by His blood.

369

S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb !  
 Wake every heart and every tongue  
 To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love !  
 Sing of His rising power !  
 Sing how He intercedes above  
 For those whose sins He bore !

3 Sing on your heavenly way !  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing !  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ, the eternal King !

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come :"  
 Soon will He call you hence away,  
 And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim,  
 And sweeter voices swell the song  
 Of glory to the Lamb.

370

L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, Thy work is done,  
 Thy toil is o'er, Thy victory won :  
 Oh, aid Thy servants in the strife ;  
 Help us to win the crown of life !

2 Presenting Thine own sacrifice,  
 Our prayers like incense round Thee rise ;  
 For "Thou art Priest forever," Thou  
 Art interceding for us now.

3 Oh, by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,  
 And by Thy bitter death on earth,  
 And by Thy rising from the grave,  
 Ascended Lord, Thy people save !

4 "Thou art the King of Glory," Thine  
 All honor, praise, and power divine ;  
 One with the Father now confess,  
 And with the Spirit ever blest.

371

8.7.

CHRIST, above all glory seated !  
 King eternal, strong to save !  
 Dying, Thou hast death defeated,  
 Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

2 Thou art gone, where now is given  
 What no mortal might could gain,  
 On the eternal throne of heaven  
 In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
 Heaven above and earth below ;  
 While the depths of hell before Thee  
 Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,  
 Follow Thee above the sky ;  
 Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,  
 Lift our souls to Thee on high ;

5 So, when Thou again in glory  
 On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
 We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
 Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,  
 Jesu, Thee shall all adore,  
 In Thy Father's might abiding  
 With one Spirit evermore !

372

C. M.

THE Head, that once was crowned with thorns,  
 Is crowned with glory now ;  
 A royal diadem adorns  
 The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
 Is His, is His by right,  
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
 And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above ;  
 The joy of all below,  
 To whom He manifests His love  
 And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
     With all its grace is given ;  
     Their name, an everlasting name,  
     Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
     They reign with Him above,  
     Their profit and their joy to know  
     The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
     Though shame and death to Him :  
     His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
     Their everlasting theme.

373

D. S. M.

THOU art gone up on high  
     To mansions in the skies ;  
     And round Thy throne unceasingly  
     The songs of praise arise :  
     But we are lingering here,  
     With sin and care opprest ;  
     Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
     And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high ;  
     But Thou didst first come down,  
     Through earth's most bitter agony,  
     To pass unto Thy crown ;  
     And girt with griefs and fears  
     Our onward course must be ;  
     But only let that path of tears  
     Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But Thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 Lord, by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
 At Thy right hand on high.

374

D. S. M.

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
 The Lamb upon His throne ;  
 Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
 All music but its own :  
 Awake, my soul, and sing  
 Of Him Who died for thee,  
 And hail Him as thy matchless King  
 Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God  
 Before the worlds began,  
 And ye, who tread where He hath trod,  
 Crown Him the Son of Man ;  
 Who every grief hath known  
 That wrings the human breast,  
 And takes and bears them for His own,  
 That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
 And rose victorious in the strife  
 For those He came to save ;

His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,  
Who over all doth reign,  
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,  
For ransomed sinners slain,  
Now lives in realms of light,  
Where saints with angels sing  
Their songs before Him day and night,  
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
Enthroned in worlds above ;  
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns,  
As thrones before Him fall,  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
For He is King of all.

375

8.6.8.4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
 Soft as the breath of even,  
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
 And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
 And every victory won,  
 And every thought of holiness  
 Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
 Our weakness, pitying, see :  
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
 And worthier Thee.

COME, Holy Spirit, come !  
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin ;  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part,  
 And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

377

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers ;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys :  
 Our souls, how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise :  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers ;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

378

7s.

COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come !  
 And from Thy celestial home  
 Shed a ray of light divine !  
 Come, Thou father of the poor !  
 Come, Thou source of all our store !  
 Come, within our bosoms shine !

2 Thou, of comforters the best ;  
 Thou, the soul's most welcome guest ;  
     Sweet refreshment here below ;  
 In our labor, rest most sweet ;  
 Grateful coolness in the heat ;  
     Solace in the midst of woe.

3 O most blessed Light divine,  
 Shine within these hearts of Thine,  
     And our inmost being fill !  
 Where Thou art not, man hath naught,  
 Nothing good in deed or thought,  
     Nothing free from taint of ill.

4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;  
 On our dryness pour Thy dew ;  
     Wash the stains of guilt away :  
 Bend the stubborn heart and will ;  
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;  
     Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore  
 And confess Thee, evermore  
     In Thy sevenfold gifts descend ;  
 Give them virtue's sure reward ;  
 Give them Thy salvation, Lord ;  
     Give them joys that never end.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,  
 O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fullness of joy forever there:  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him forever blest.

30

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,  
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;  
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,  
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

- 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;  
To Thee, the gift of God most High;  
The fount of life, the fire of love,  
The soul's anointing from above.
- 3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,  
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:  
The promise of the Father Thou!  
Who dost the tongue with power endow.
- 4 Thy light to every sense impart,  
And shed Thy love in every heart;  
Thine own unfailing might supply  
To strengthen our infirmity.

5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,  
 And Thine abiding peace bestow ;  
 If Thou be our preventing guide,  
 No evil can our steps betide.

381

8s.

CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every humble mind ;  
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete !  
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
 To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,  
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;  
 Make us eternal truth receive,  
 And practise all that we believe ;  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son by Thee.

382

C. M.

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,  
 And make this house Thy home ;  
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
 Oh, come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the light ; to us reveal  
 Our emptiness and woe :  
 And lead us in those paths of life,  
 Whereon the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
 Like sacrificial flame ;  
 Let our whole soul an offering be  
 To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,  
 The wings of peaceful love ;  
 And let Thy Church on earth become  
 Blest as the Church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers ;  
 Make a lost world Thy home ;  
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
 Oh, come, great Spirit, come !

383

P. M.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise  
 to Thee :  
 Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty !  
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! All the saints adore Thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the  
 glassy sea ;  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
 not see,  
 Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in  
 earth, and sky, and sea:  
 Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

384

7s.

God, my Father, hear me pray,  
 Wash my crimson guilt away;  
 Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,  
 Hear me for Thy blessed Son.  
 Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
 But eternal love is Thine.

2 God, my Saviour, look on me;  
 All my guilt I cast on Thee:  
 Give my troubled spirit peace;  
 Bid my fears and sorrows cease.  
 Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
 But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,  
 Strengthen me with holy might,  
 Make Thy dwelling in my heart:  
 Faith, and joy, and hope impart.  
 Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
 But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity !  
 Holy, everlasting Three !  
 Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,  
 And my soul for heaven prepare !  
 Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,  
 But eternal love is Thine.

5

7s.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord,  
 God of Hosts, eternal King,  
 By the heavens and earth adored ;  
 Angels and archangels sing,  
 Chanting everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
 And in Thee do all things live,  
 Be to Thee all honor paid,  
 Praise to Thee let all things give,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,  
 Spirits blest before Thy throne,  
 Speeding thence at Thy command ;  
 And when Thy command is done,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim  
 Veil their faces with their wings ;  
 Eyes of angels are too dim  
 To behold the King of kings,  
 While they sing eternally  
 To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,  
     Thee, the noble martyr band,  
     Praise with solemn jubilee,  
     Thee, the Church in every land ;  
     Singing everlastinglly  
     To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee,  
     Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
     Three in One, and One in Three,  
     Join we with the heavenly host,  
     Singing everlastinglly  
     To the blessed Trinity.

386

8.7.8.7.4.7

HOLY Father, great Creator,  
     Source of mercy, love, and peace,  
     Look upon the Mediator,  
     Clothe us with His righteousness ;  
     Heavenly Father,  
     Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,  
     Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
     While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
     Meet and worship in Thy Name,  
     Dear Redeemer,  
     In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
     Come with unction from above,  
     Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
     Fill them with the Saviour's love !  
     Source of comfort,  
     *Cheer us with the Saviour's love.*

4 God the Lord, through every nation  
 Let Thy wondrous mercies shine !  
 In the song of Thy salvation  
 Every tongue and race combine !  
 Great Jehovah,  
 Form our hearts and make them Thine.

37

8.7.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated  
 Cherubim and seraphim  
 Filled His temple, and repeated  
 Each to each the alternate hymn :  
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,  
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."  
 With His seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 Earth is with Thy fullness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."  
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
 With Thine angel hosts we cry  
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing  
 Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

388

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

COME, Thou almighty King,  
 Help us Thy Name to sing,  
 Help us to praise !  
 Father all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days !

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;  
 Our prayer attend !  
 Come, and Thy people bless ;  
 Come, give Thy word success ;  
 'Stablish Thy righteousness,  
 Saviour and Friend !

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour !  
 Thou, Who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power !

4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore ;  
 Thy sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

39

7.7.7.5.

THREE in One, and One in Three,  
 T Ruler of the earth and sea,  
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
 Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning-shine,  
 Lift on us Thy light divine;  
 And let charity benign  
 Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,  
 Let it close on sin forgiven;  
 Fold us in the peace of heaven;  
 Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Dimly here we worship Thee;  
 With the saints hereafter we  
 Hope to bear the palm.

40

S. M.

O H, what, if we are Christ's,  
 Is earthly shame or loss?  
 Bright shall the crown of glory be  
 When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
 Bitter the cup of woe,  
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
 Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,  
 Boundless their joy above,  
 Where, on the bosom of their God,  
 They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
 Like them in faith to bear  
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
 May be our portion here :

5 Enough if Thou at last  
 The word of blessing give,  
 And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
 Where saints and angels live.

391

C. M.

LET saints on earth in concert sing  
 With those whose work is done ;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
 One Church, above, beneath ;  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home  
 There pass some spirits blest ;  
 While others to the margin come,  
 Waiting their call to rest.

5 Jesus, be Thou our constant guide ;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to heaven.

92

C. M.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke :  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke :

- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God ;  
Where milder words declare His will,  
And spread His love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light :  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there  
Whose names are writ in heaven ;  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
- 5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,  
But one communion make :  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of His love partake.

393

C. M.

**L**O! what a cloud of witnesses  
Encompass us around!  
Men once like us with suffering tried,  
But now with glory crowned.

- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race;  
And, freed from every weight of sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path;  
Jesus, the author, finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith.
- 4 He, for the joy before Him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now He reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we to God's right hand;  
There, with the Saviour and His saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.

394

P. M.

**O** PARADISE, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
*All rapture, through and through,*  
*In God's most holy sight?*

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 The world is growing old ;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold ?  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 We long to sin no more ;  
 We long to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore ;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 We shall not wait for long ;  
 E'en now the loving ear may catch  
 Faint fragments of Thy song ;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 Oh, keep us in Thy love,  
 And guide us to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above ;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

THOSE eternal bowers  
 Man hath never trod,  
 Those unfading flowers  
 Round the throne of God :  
 Who may hope to gain them  
 After weary fight ?  
 Who at length attain them,  
 Clad in robes of white ?

2 He who wakes from slumber  
At the Spirit's voice,  
Daring here to number  
Things unseen his choice :  
He who casts his burden  
Down at Jesus' cross ;  
Christ's reproach his guerdon,  
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters  
All on earthly ground ;  
He who, like the martyrs,  
Says, " I will be crowned : "  
He whose one oblation  
Is a life of love,  
Knit in God's salvation  
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions  
Of the heavenly King,  
Citizens of regions  
Past imagining !  
What, with pipe and tabor  
Dream away the light !  
When He bids you labor,  
When He tells you, " Fight " ?

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,  
As we breast the tide,  
Whisper Thou the story  
Of the other side ;  
Where the saints are casting  
Crowns before Thy feet,  
Safe for everlasting,  
In Thyself complete.

396

P. M.

TEN thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light :  
'Tis finished ! all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin :  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky !  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore !  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more !  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late ;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign !

Appear, Desire of nations !  
 Thine exiles long for home :  
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign !  
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

## 397

10s.

O H, what the joy and the glory must be,  
 Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !  
 Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;  
 God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne ?  
 What are the peace and the joy that they own ?  
 Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,  
 All that they feel could as fully declare !
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
 Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;  
 Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
 Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,  
 We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing ;  
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise  
 Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;  
 One and unending is that triumph-song  
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,

We for that country must yearn and must sigh;  
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,  
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom  
are all;

Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;  
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

## 398

P. M.

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are  
swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus,

Angels of light,

Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus,

Angels of light,

Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus,  
Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
The pilgrims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus,  
Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
The pilgrims of the night.

5 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus,  
Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
The pilgrims of the night.

## 399

8.7.

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,  
Vision whence true peace doth spring,  
Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
Mansion of the highest King ;  
Oh, how glorious are the praises  
Which of Thee the prophets sing !

- 2 There forever and forever  
Alleluia is outpoured ;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the Lord ;  
All is pure and all is holy  
That within Thy walls is stored.
- 3 There no cloud nor passing vapor  
Dims the brightness of the air ;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there ;  
There no night brings rest from labor,  
For unknown are toil and care.
- 4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and free,  
Full of vigor, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally !
- 5 Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labors  
May with endless gifts be paid,  
And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

## 400

8.7.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,  
 Vision dear of peace and love,  
 Who of living stones art builded  
 In the height of heaven above,  
 And, with angel hosts encircled,  
 As a bride dost earthward move;

- 2 From celestial realms descending,  
 Bridal glory round thee shed,  
 Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led ;  
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
 Of pure gold are fashionèd.
- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
 They are open evermore ;  
 And by virtue of His merits  
 Thither faithful souls do soar,  
 Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world  
 Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture  
 Polished well those stones elect,  
 In their places now compacted  
 By the heavenly Architect,  
 Who therewith hath willed forever  
 That His palace should be decked.
- 5 Laud and honor to the Father,  
 Laud and honor to the Son,  
 Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three, and ever One,  
*Consubstantial, Co-eternal,*  
 While unending ages run.

401

7.6.

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,  
Of everlasting halls,  
Thrice blessed are the people  
Thou storrest in Thy walls.

- 2 Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where saints forever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the king.
- 3 There God forever sitteth,  
Himself of all the crown;  
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.
- 4 Naught to this seat approacheth  
Their sweet peace to molest;  
They sing their God forever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;  
Our longings thither tend;  
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.
- 6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens  
His Church above, below;  
To Father, and to Spirit  
All things created bow.

## 402

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
    Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labors have an end  
    In joy, and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
    And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
    And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
    Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
    I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
    Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
    And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
    Around my Saviour stand :  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
    Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
    My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
    When I thy joys shall see.

403

C. M.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to Thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;  
But every soul shines as the sun ;  
For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Thy joys when shall I see ?  
The King that sitteth on thy throne  
In His felicity ?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,  
The living waters flow,  
And on the banks, on either side,  
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring :  
There evermore the angels are,  
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 Would God I were in Thee !  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see !

## 404

P. M.

I HEARD a sound of voices  
 Around the great white throne,  
 With harpers harping on their harps  
 To Him that sat thereon :  
 "Salvation, glory, honor!"  
 I heard the song arise,  
 As through the courts of heaven it rolled  
 In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,  
 And nations from afar,  
 As serried ranks returning home  
 In triumph from a war,  
 I heard the saints upraising,  
 The myriad hosts among,  
 In praise of Him Who died and lives,  
 Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,  
 The New Jerusalem,  
 Come down from heaven, a bride adorned  
 With jewelled diadem ;  
 The flood of crystal waters  
 Flowed down the golden street ;  
*And nations brought their honors there,*  
*And laid them at her feet.*

4 And there no sun was needed,  
 Nor moon to shine by night,  
 God's glory did enlighten all,  
 The Lamb Himself, the light ;  
 And there His servants serve Him,  
 And, life's long battle o'er,  
 Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,  
 They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision !  
 The Lamb upon His throne ;  
 O wondrous sight for man to see !  
 The Saviour with His own :  
 To drink the living waters  
 And stand upon the shore,  
 Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death  
 Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest !  
 Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
 Whose glory lightens that new earth  
 Which now we see from far !  
 O worthy Judge eternal !  
 When Thou dost bid us come,  
 Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
 And call Thy servants home.

THE world is very evil ;  
 The times are waxing late ;  
 Be sober and keep vigil,  
 The Judge is at the gate ;

The Judge Who comes in mercy,  
The Judge Who comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed ;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead :  
To the home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that bear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn ;

3 'Mid power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
Where rests a peace untroubled,  
Peace holy and profound.  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure for all distrest !

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

**B**RIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there !  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest,  
For mortals and for sinners,  
A mansion with the blest !

- 2 There grief is turned to pleasure ;  
Such pleasure as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know ;  
And after fleshly weakness,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Are calm, and joy, and light.
- 3 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown ;  
And He Whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him,  
Shall have Him for their own.
- 4 And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Sion in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope ;

But there is David's Fountain,  
 And life in fullest glow;  
 And there the light is golden,  
 And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows flee away,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day;  
 For God our King and Portion,  
 In fullness of His grace,  
 We then shall see forever,  
 And worship face to face.

407

PART III.

7.6.

**F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
 For very love beholding  
 Thy holy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion !  
 O Paradise of joy !  
 Where tears are ever banished  
 And smiles have no alloy ;  
 Thy loveliness oppresses  
 All human thought and heart,  
 And none, O Peace, O Sion,  
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays;  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced;  
 The saints build up thy fabric,  
 And the corner stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,  
 The Crucified thy praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise:  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They build thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

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PART IV.

7.6.

**J**ERUSALEM, the golden!  
 With milk and honey blest;  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice opprest.  
 I know not, oh, I know not,  
 What joys await us there!  
 What radiancy of glory!  
 What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast.  
 And they, who with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 Forever and forever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

The following may be sung also at the end of the other parts preceding.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesu, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest!  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
 The brightness of the day,  
 The crimson of the sunset sky,  
 How fast they fade away!  
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!  
 Oh, for the golden floor!  
 Oh, for the Sun of righteousness  
 That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
     How fast they tire and faint !  
     How many a spot defiles the robe  
         That wraps an earthly saint !  
     Oh, for a heart that never sins !  
         Oh, for a soul washed white !  
     Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
         Nor weary day nor night !

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
     And grace to lead us higher ;  
     But there are perfectness, and peace,  
         Beyond our best desire.  
     Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
         And by Thy life laid down,  
     Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
         Nor cast away our crown !

410

S. M.

**B**LEST are the pure in heart,  
     For they shall see our God ;  
     The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
         Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, Who left the heavens  
     Our life and peace to bring,  
     To dwell in lowliness with men  
         Their pattern and their King :

3 He to the lowly soul  
     Doth still Himself impart ;  
     And for His dwelling and His throne  
         Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
 May ours this blessing be;  
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
 A temple meet for Thee.

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7s.

SHEPHERD, with Thy tenderest love,  
 Guide me to Thy fold above;  
 Let me hear Thy gentle voice;  
 More and more in Thee rejoice;  
 From Thy fullness grace receive,  
 Ever in Thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,  
 For Thy love no limit knows;  
 Guardian angels, ever nigh,  
 Lead and draw my soul on high:  
 Constant to my latest end,  
 Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesu, with Thy presence blest,  
 Death is life, and labor rest;  
 Guide me while I draw my breath;  
 Guard me through the gate of death,  
 And at last, oh, let me stand  
 With the sheep at Thy right hand!

412

P. M.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
 Whose goodness faileth never;  
 I nothing lack if I am His,  
 And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow  
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
 And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
 With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
 But yet in love He sought me,  
 And on His shoulder gently laid,  
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;  
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
 Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;  
 Thy unction grace bestoweth ;  
 And oh, what transport of delight  
 From Thy pure chalice floweth !

6 And so through all the length of days,  
 Thy goodness faileth never :  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
 Within Thy house forever.

413

8.6.8.4.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,  
 My gracious, constant guide ;  
 I shall not want, for I am His :  
 In all supplied.

2 In His green pastures do I feed,  
 And there lie down at will ;  
*He leads me in my thirsty need*  
*By waters still.*

3 His tenderness restores my soul,  
 When sick and faint I roam ;  
 Shows the right path and makes me whole,  
 Bearing me home.

4 Yea ! the dark valley when I tread,  
 No evil will I fear ;  
 Thy rod and staff dispel my dread ;  
 I feel Thee near.

5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes ;  
 The oil of grace is mine ;  
 My cup with mercy overflows,  
 And love divine.

6 Goodness and mercy all my days  
 My constant song shall be,  
 Till heavenly anthems fill with praise  
 Eternity.

414

8.7.

**G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land,  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty :  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains  
 Whence the living waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna  
 In this barren wilderness ;  
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,  
 Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
    Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
    Land me safe on Canaan's side.

415

8.7.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,  
    Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade ;  
In His secret habitation  
    Dwell, and never be dismayed.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
    Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
    In eternal safeguard there.

3 God shall charge His angel legions  
    Watch and ward o'er thee to keep :  
Though thou walk through hostile regions,  
    Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
    Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection,  
    He will shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
    He will hearken, He will save ;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
    Crown with life beyond the grave.

## 416

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

A TOWER of strength our God doth stand,  
A shield and sure defender :  
True help from all our woes, His hand  
Through life doth freely render.  
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell,  
With might and craft he's armed full well,  
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can :  
Full soon were we o'erridden :  
But for us fights the goodly Man  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye His Name ? 'Tis Christ our Lord,  
The God of Hosts alone adored,  
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

3 Should hell's whole legion round us press,  
All banded to devour us,  
Yet this should work us good success,  
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us :  
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,  
It matters not, his doom is told,  
A single word can foil him.

4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure ;  
No thanks for this they're reaping ;  
God's Spirit in His way secure,  
God's grace our souls is keeping ;  
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss ;  
*Let be !* they win no gain from this,  
God's kingdom still is left us.

17

C. M.

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led :

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace !
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

18

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home :

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
 And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone ;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
 And our eternal home.

IT is not death to die ;  
 To leave this weary road,  
 And 'midst the brotherhood on high  
 To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close  
 The eye long dimmed by tears,  
 And wake, in glorious repose  
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear  
     The wrench that sets us free  
     From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
     Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling  
     Aside this sinful dust,  
     And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
     To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life !  
     Thy chosen cannot die ;  
     Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
     To reign with Thee on high.

420

5.5.8.8.5.5.

**J**ESU, still lead on,  
     Till our rest be won ;  
     And, although the way be cheerless,  
     We will follow calm and fearless ;

    Guide us by Thy hand,  
     To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,  
     If the foe be near,  
     Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
     Let not faith and hope forsake us ;  
     For through many a woe  
     To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
     From a long-felt grief :  
     When temptation's come alluring,  
     Make us patient and enduring ;  
     Show us that bright shore  
     Where we ween no more.

4 Jesu, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won :  
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our Fatherland.

421

8.7.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
 For we have no help but Thee :  
 Yet possessing  
 Every blessing,  
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us ;  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
 Lone and dreary,  
 Faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy :  
 Thus provided,  
 Pardoned, guided,  
*Nothing* can our peace destroy.

## 422

10s.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace ;  
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,  
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase ;  
Lead us through Christ, the true and living  
Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth ;  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,  
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and  
hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may be,  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

## 423

P. M.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on !  
*Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see*  
*The distant scene ; one step enough for me.*

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
     Shouldst lead me on ;  
     I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
     Lead Thou me on !  
     I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,  
     Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
     Will lead me on  
     O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
     The night is gone ;  
     And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
     Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## 424

8s.

O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all  
     From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
     Shine Thou before the shadows fall,  
     That lead our wandering feet astray :  
     At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
     That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near  
     To yon eternal home of peace,  
     Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
     And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;  
     In strength or weakness may we see  
     Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
     Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
     To Thee our earliest strength we vow ;  
     Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;  
     When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
     Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows  
 To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
 Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?  
 Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?  
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
 Be Thou our conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
 O Jesus, born mankind to save,  
 Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;  
 Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;  
 Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
 Lord of the living and the dead.

425

C. M.

THOU art the Way, to Thee alone  
 From sin and death we flee;  
 And he who would the Father seek,  
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone  
 True wisdom can impart;  
 Thou only canst inform the mind  
 And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
 And those who put their trust in Thee  
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
 Grant us that way to know,  
 That truth to keep, that life to win,  
 Whose joys eternal flow.

426

C. M.

WE walk by faith, and not by sight;  
 No gracious words we hear  
 From Him Who spake as man ne'er spake;  
 But we believe Him near.

2 We may not touch His hands and side,  
 Nor follow where He trod;  
 But in His promise we rejoice,  
 And cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;  
 And may our faith abound,  
 To call on Thee when Thou art near,  
 And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,  
 In realms of clearer light  
 We may behold Thee as Thou art,  
 With full and endless sight.

427

C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform:  
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
 With never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up His bright designs,  
 And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace ;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour :  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain ;  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

O THOU, Who hast at Thy command  
 The hearts of all men in Thy hand,  
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
 To have no other will but Thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
 Mold every purpose of the soul ;  
 O'er all may we victorious prove  
 That stands between us and Thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,  
 When we can look through them to Thee ;  
 When each glad heart its tribute pays  
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to Thy glory live,  
 May we to Thee all glory give,  
 Until the final summons come,  
 That calls Thy willing servants home.

429

C.

**M**Y God, accept my heart this day,  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from Thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him Who died,  
 Behold, I prostrate fall ;  
 Let every sin be crucified,  
 And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace  
 And seal me for Thine own ;  
 That I may see Thy glorious face,  
 And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
 To Thee be ever given ;  
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of heaven !

430

L.

**J**ESU, Thou joy of loving hearts !  
 Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men  
*From the best bliss that earth imparts*  
*We turn unfilled to Thee again.*

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;  
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
 To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread !  
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
 And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay !  
 Make all our moments calm and bright !  
 Chase the dark night of sin away !  
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

431

6s.

O LOVE that casts out fear,  
 O love that casts out sin,  
 Tarry no more without,  
 But come and dwell within !

2 True sunlight of the soul,  
 Surround us as we go ;  
 So shall our way be safe,  
 Our feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in !  
 Well-spring of heavenly peace ;  
 Thou Living Water, come !  
 Spring up, and never cease.

434

C. M.

**J**ESU, the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills the breast;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,  
 The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
 O joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be;  
 In Thee be all our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

435

C. M.

**E**TERNAL God, we look to Thee,  
 To Thee for help we fly;  
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,  
 Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,  
 Thy love our footsteps guide :  
 That love will all vain love expel ;  
 That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
 Oh, let Thy grace supply !  
 The good unasked in mercy grant ;  
 The ill, though asked, deny.

## 436

8.7.

LABORING and heavy laden,  
 Wanting help in time of need,  
 Fainting by the way from hunger,  
 "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters  
 That, by love's eternal law,  
 From the stricken Rock are flowing,  
 "Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,  
 Where no human eye can see,  
 Light to those who sit in darkness,  
 "Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,  
 Thou the crown of life wilt give ;  
 Dead to sin, and daily dying,  
 "Life of life!" in Thee we live.

437

7.6.

“COME unto Me, ye weary,  
 And I will give you rest.”  
 Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to hearts opprest !  
 It tells of benediction,  
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
 Of joy that hath no ending,  
 Of love that cannot cease.

2 “Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
 And I will give you light.”  
 Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to cheer the night !  
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
 And we had lost our way,  
 But He has brought us gladness,  
 And songs at break of day.

3 “Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
 And I will give you life.”  
 Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to aid our strife !  
 The foe is stern and eager,  
 The fight is fierce and long ;  
 But Thou hast made us mighty,  
 And stronger than the strong.

4 “And whosoever cometh,  
 I will not cast him out.”  
 Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
 Which drives away our doubt !

Which calls us, very sinners,  
 Unworthy though we be  
 Of love so free and boundless,  
 To come, O Lord, to Thee.

438

7s.

SING, my soul, His wondrous love,  
 Who, from yon bright throne above,  
 Ever watchful o'er our race,  
 Still to man extends His grace.

- 2 Heaven and earth by Him were made ;  
 All is by His sceptre swayed ;  
 What are we that He should show  
 So much love to us below ?
- 3 God, the merciful and good,  
 Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;  
 And, to make our safety sure,  
 Guides us by His Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name !  
 Let His glory be thy theme :  
 Praise Him till He calls thee home ;  
 Trust His love for all to come.

439

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free !  
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
 So freely shed for me ;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My dear Redeemer's throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean ;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine,  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
 Come quickly from above ;  
 Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best Name of Love.

O H, for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My blest Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace !

2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks ; and listening to His voice,  
 New life the dead receive,  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim  
And spread through all the world abroad  
The honors of Thy Name.

441

C. M.

**M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
*For Thou hast stooped to ask of me*  
*The love of my poor heart.*

442

8.7.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to grateful lays :  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
     Sung by raptured saints above ;  
     Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
     While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
     Wandering from the fold of God ;  
     Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
     Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
     Safe through life thus far I've come ;  
     Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
     Bring me to my heavenly home.

443

8.7.

ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee  
 For the bliss Thy love bestows,  
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
 And the peace that from it flows :  
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;  
 This dull soul to rapture raise :  
 Thou must light the flame, or never  
 Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
     Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
     *Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee*  
     *From the paths of death away ;*

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express :  
 Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

44

7.6.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
 Whom yet unseen we love !  
 O Name of might and favor,  
 All other names above !  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our holy Lord and King.

2 O bringer of salvation,  
 Who wondrously hast wrought,  
 Thyself the revelation  
 Of love beyond our thought ;  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power divine;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is Thine;  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, O Christ, we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration,  
 And everlasting love!  
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
 And evermore confess Thee  
 Our Saviour and our King.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
 My heart awaking cries,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Alike at work and prayer  
 To Jesus I repair;  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell  
 Peals over hill and dell,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Oh, hark to what it sings,  
 As joyously it rings,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 3 My tongue shall never tire  
Of chanting with the choir,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !  
This song of sacred joy,  
It never seems to cloy,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 4 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 5 Does sadness fill my mind ?  
A solace here I find,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !  
Or fades my earthly bliss ?  
My comfort still is this,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 6 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 7 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised !  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
*From depth to height reply,*  
    *May Jesus Christ be praised !*

8 Be this, while life is mine,  
 My canticle divine,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised !  
 Be this the eternal song  
 Through ages all along,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised !

446

6.6.4.6.6.4.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,  
 Guiding in love and truth  
 Through devious ways ;  
 Christ our triumphant King,  
 We come Thy Name to sing ;  
 Hither our children bring  
 Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
 The all-subduing Word,  
 Healer of strife :  
 Thou didst Thyself abase,  
 That from sin's deep disgrace  
 Thou mightest save our race,  
 And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High-Priest ;  
 Thou hast prepared the feast  
 Of heavenly love ;  
 While in our mortal pain  
 None calls on Thee in vain ;  
 Help Thou dost not disdain,  
 Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,  
 Our shepherd and our pride,  
 Our staff and song :

Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
 By Thy perennial word  
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
 Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
 And joyful sing.  
 Let all the holy throng  
 Who to Thy Church belong,  
 Unite and swell the song  
 To Christ our King !

447

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne !  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus :"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and power divine ;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, forever Thine !

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
 And speak Thine endless praise !

5 The whole creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred Name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

## 448

L. M.

COME, let us sing the song of songs!  
 The saints in heaven began the strain :  
 The homage which to Christ belongs :  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,  
 To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
 And make us kings and priests to God :  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,  
 Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,  
 Blessing, and praise, and glory be :  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,  
 All power in heaven and earth proclaim,  
 Honor, and majesty, and might :  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
 And while in heaven with Him we reign,  
 This song, our song of songs shall be :  
 " Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

449

8.7.8.7.7.7.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,  
 All His raiment stained with blood,  
 To the captive speaking freedom,  
 Bringing and bestowing good ;  
 Glorious in the garb He wears,  
 Glorious in the spoil He bears ?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Travelling onward in His might ;  
 'Tis the Saviour ; Oh, how glorious,  
 To His people, is the sight !  
 Satan conquered, and the grave,  
 Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining ?  
 'Tis the blood of many slain ;  
 Of His foes there's none remaining,  
 None, the contest to maintain :  
 Fallen they are, no more to rise :  
 All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign forever ;  
 Wear the crown so dearly won ;  
 Never shall Thy people, never,  
 Cease to sing what Thou hast done ;  
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes ;  
 Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

450

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all !

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from His altar call :  
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown Him Lord of all !

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
 Whom David, Lord did call ;  
 The God incarnate ! Man divine !  
 And crown Him Lord of all !

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
 Ye ransomed of the fall,  
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all !

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of all !

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 Before Him prostrate fall !  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all !

## 451

C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious Name  
 Awake the sacred song ;  
 Oh, may His love (immortal flame !)  
 Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
*What mortal tongue display !*  
*Imagination's* utmost stretch  
*In wonder dies away.*

3 He left His radiant throne on high,  
 Left the bright realms of bliss,  
 And came to earth to bleed and die :  
 Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble thanks to Thee,  
 May every heart with rapture say,  
 "The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
 Fill every heart and tongue,  
 Till strangers love Thy charming Name,  
 And join the sacred song.

52

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing !  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in His works and ways !

2 We are travelling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod :  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !  
 Sion's city is in sight :  
 There our endless home shall be,  
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land ;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only Thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow Thee.

453

C. M.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height  
 And in the depth be praise;  
 In all His words most wonderful,  
 Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God !  
 When all was sin and shame,  
 A second Adam to the fight  
 And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,  
 Which did in Adam fail,  
 Should strive afresh against their foe,  
 Should strive and should prevail :

4 And that a higher gift than grace  
 Should flesh and blood refine ;  
 God's presence and His very Self,  
 And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love ! that He, Who smote  
 In Man for man the foe ;  
 The double agony in Man  
 For man should undergo ;

6 And in the garden secretly,  
 And on the cross on high,  
 Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
 To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

54

L. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates !  
Behold, the King of glory waits ;  
The King of kings is drawing near ;  
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;  
Mercy is ever at His side ;  
His kingly crown is holiness ;  
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confest !  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King of triumph comes !

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart !  
Make it a temple, set apart  
From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide  
My heart to Thce : here, Lord, abide !  
Let me Thy inner presence feel :  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign ! enter in !  
Let new and nobler life begin !  
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,  
*Until the glorious crown be won !*

## 455

L. M. D.

O GOD of God ! O Light of Light !  
 Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,  
 To Thee, where angels know no night,  
 The song of praise forever rings :  
 To Him Who sits upon the throne,  
 The Lamb once slain for sinful men,  
 Be honor, might ; all by Him won ;  
 Glory and praise ! Amen, Amen.

2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,  
 Grand in the poets' wingèd word,  
 Slowly in type, from age to age,  
 Nations beheld their coming Lord ;  
 Till through the deep Judean night  
 Rang out the song "Good-will to men !"  
 Hymned by the first-born sons of light,  
 Re-echoed now, "Good-will !" Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,  
 That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn ;  
 These all are past, and now above,  
 He reigns our King ! once crowned with thorn.  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
 So sang His hosts, unheard by men ;  
 Lift up your heads, for you He waits.  
 We lift them up ! Amen, Amen !

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep ;  
 Isles of the sea, where darkness lay ;  
 These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,  
 And throng with joy the upward way.

They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"  
 O Lamb, once slain for sinful men ;  
 Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might ;  
 Set all men free ! Amen, Amen !

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,  
 Sing to His Name, His love forth tell ;  
 Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong ;  
 Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell ;  
 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 From angels, praise ; and thanks from men ;  
 Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,  
 Glory and power ! Amen, Amen !

## 456

C. M.

THOU, God, all glory, honor, power,  
 Art worthy to receive ;  
 Since all things by Thy power were made,  
 And by Thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
 Honor, and wealth to gain,  
 Glory and strength ; Who for our sins  
 A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou ; Who hast redeemed  
 And ransomed us to God,  
 From every nation, every coast,  
 By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,  
 By all in earth and heaven,  
 To Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to the Lamb, be given.

457

6.6.6.6.8.8.

**R**EJOICE, the Lord is King !  
Your Lord and King adore !  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love :  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope !  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound : Rejoice !

458

8.7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Praise the everlasting King.

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Widely yet His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height adore Him :  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him :  
Gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Praise with us the God of grace.

## 459

10.10.11.11.

O H, worship the King, all glorious above !  
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love !  
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

- 2 Oh, tell of His might ! Oh, sing of His grace !  
Whose robe is the light ; Whose canopy, space.  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills ; it descends to the  
plain,  
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies, how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

460

P. M.

THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love:  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confess;  
I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
Forever blest.

- 2 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend,  
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.
- 3 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord, our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace;  
On Sion's sacred height  
His kingdom He maintains,  
And, glorious with His saints in light,  
Forever reigns.
- 4 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
They ever cry:

Hail, Abraham's God and mine !  
 I join the heavenly lays ;  
 All might and majesty are Thine,  
 And endless praise.

## 461

P. M.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia !  
 To the glory of their King Alleluia !  
 Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia !  
 And the choirs that dwell on high Alleluia !  
 Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia !

2 They through the fields of Paradise who roam,  
 The blessed ones repeat through that bright home Alleluia !  
 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,  
 The shining constellations, join and say Alleluia !

3 Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
 Ye winds on pinions light,  
 Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,  
 Ye lightnings, wildly bright,  
 In sweet consent unite your Alleluia !

4 Ye floods and ocean billows,  
 Ye storms and winter snow,  
 Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
*Hoar* frost and summer glow :  
 Ye groves that wave in spring,  
 And glorious forests, sing Alleluia !

5 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Alleluia !  
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,  
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again  
Alleluia !

6 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous  
Alleluia !  
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus  
Alleluia !  
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry Alleluia !  
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply  
Alleluia !

7 To God, Who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid : Alleluia !  
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord  
Almighty loves : Alleluia !  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ,  
the King, approves : Alleluia !  
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,  
Alleluia !  
And children's voices echo, answer making,  
Alleluia !

8 Now from all men be outpoured  
Alleluia to the Lord ;  
With Alleluia evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore.  
Praise be done to the Three in One,  
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

## 462

P. M.

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,  
Ye citizens of heaven; Oh, sweetly raise  
An endless Alleluia.

- 2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring  
The strains which tell the honor of your King,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back;  
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack  
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made,  
we praise  
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.
- 9 *Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia.*

## 463

L. M.

**A**LL praise to Him Who built the hills ;  
All praise to Him the streams Who fills ;  
All praise to Him Who lights each star  
That sparkles in the sky afar.

- 2 All praise to Him Who wakes the morn,  
And bids it glow with beams new-born ;  
Who draws the shadows of the night,  
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.
- 3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,  
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven ;  
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,  
And turns to day our deepest night.
- 4 All praise to Him in love Who came,  
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame ;  
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,  
The all-prevailing sacrifice.
- 5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad  
Within our hearts the love of God :  
The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
The fount of joy and holiness.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now  
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow :  
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise  
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.

## 464

D. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.  
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth ;  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
 Forever singing, as they shine,  
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

## 465

8.7.

GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,  
 Ever will I bless Thy Name ;  
 Day by day Thy throne addressing,  
 Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteh ;  
 Who His majesty can reach ?  
 Age to age His works transmitteth,  
 Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,  
 On Thy might and greatness dwell,  
 Speak of Thy dread acts the story,  
 And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,  
 Works by love and mercy wrought,  
 Works of love surpassing measure,  
 Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,  
 Slow to anger, vast in love,  
 God is good to all creation ;  
 All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee ;  
 Thee shall all Thy saints adore :  
 King supreme shall they confess Thee,  
 And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

NOW thank we all our God,  
 With heart and hands and voices !  
 Who wondrous things hath done,  
 In Whom His world rejoices ;  
 Who from our mother's arms  
 Hath blessed us on our way  
 With countless gifts of love ;  
 And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
 Through all our life be near us !  
 With ever joyful hearts  
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;  
 And keep us in His grace,  
 And guide us when perplexed,  
 And free us from all ills  
 In this world and the next.

467

5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

**H**OW wondrous and great  
 Thy works, God of praise !  
 How just, King of saints,  
 And true are Thy ways !  
 Oh, who shall not fear Thee,  
 And honor Thy Name ?  
 Thou only art holy,  
 Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark  
 Thy light shall be shown ;  
 Their worship and vows  
 Shall come to Thy throne :  
 Thy truth and Thy judgments  
 Shall spread all abroad,  
 Till earth's every people  
 Confess Thee their God.

468

L. M.

**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise !  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue !

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
 And truth eternal is Thy word :  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

469

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth  
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
 And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,  
 From Whom both we and all proceed ;  
 We, whom He chooses for His own,  
 The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,  
 Thence to His courts devoutly press ;  
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
 And still His Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
 His mercy is forever sure :  
 His truth, which always firmly stood,  
 To endless ages shall endure.

470

L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :  
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
 Without our aid He did us make:  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy His courts unto;  
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is forever sure;  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

471

5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

O H, praise ye the Lord!  
 Prepare your glad voice  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing:  
 In their great Creator  
 Let Israel rejoice;  
 And children of Sion  
 Be glad in their King.

2 Let them His great Name  
 Extol in their songs,  
 With hearts well attuned  
 His praises express;  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 To hear their glad tongues,  
 And waits with salvation  
 The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,  
 His people shall sing  
 To God, Who their heads  
 With safety doth shield ;  
 Such honor and triumph  
 His favor shall bring :  
 Oh, therefore forever  
 All praise to Him yield !

472

L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our almighty King,  
 And high our grateful voices raise,  
 As our Salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste  
 To thank Him for His favors past ;  
 To Him address, in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
 Is with unrivalled glory great ;  
 The depths of earth are in His hand,  
 Her secret wealth at His command.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there ;  
 Low on our knees with reverence fall,  
 And on the Lord our Maker call.

473

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid,  
     Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
     And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
         He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,  
     Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
     What lasting honors shall we rear,  
         Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;  
     High as the heaven our voices raise;  
     And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
         Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
     Vast as eternity Thy love;  
     Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
         When rolling years shall cease to move.

O H, bless the Lord, my soul!  
     His grace to thee proclaim!  
     And all that is within me join  
         To bless His holy Name!

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
     His mercies bear in mind!  
     Forget not all His benefits!  
         The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;  
     He will with patience wait;  
     His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
         And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins ;  
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
 He healeth thine infirmities,  
 And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love ;  
 Upholds thee with His truth ;  
 And like the eagle He renews  
 The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,  
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days !  
 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !

475

78.

MAGNIFY Jehovah's Name ;  
 For His mercies ever sure,  
 From eternity the same,  
 To eternity endure.

2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,  
 Gathered out of every land,  
 As the people of His choice,  
 Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,  
 In the lonely waste they roam,  
 Hungry, fainting by the way,  
 Far from refuge, shelter, home.

4 To the Lord their God they cry ;  
 He inclines a gracious ear,  
 Sends deliverance from on high,  
 Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow;  
Where from verdant hills, the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 Oh, that men would praise the Lord,  
For His goodness to their race!  
For the wonders of His word,  
And the riches of His grace.

## 476

**S**ONGS of praise the angels sang;  
Heaven with alleluias rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
*Still in songs of praise rejoice;*  
*Learning here, by faith and love,*  
*Songs of praise to sing above.*

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

477

8.8.8.4.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
 To Thee all praise and glory be ;  
 How shall we show our love to Thee,  
 Who givest all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,  
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
 Who givest all !

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
 For all the blessings earth displays,  
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
 Who givest all !

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
 And freely with that blessed One  
 Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
 Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
 Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
 O Lord, what can to Thee be given,  
 Who givest all ?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;  
 We have as treasure without end  
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
 Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee  
 Repaid a thousandfold will be ;  
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
 Who givest all ;

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive  
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
 Oh, may we ever with Thee live,  
 Who givest all !

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,  
 Offerings of praise and prayer,  
 Purer life and purpose high,  
 Clasped hands, uplifted eye,  
 Lowly acts of adoration  
 To the God of our salvation ;  
 On His altar laid, we leave them :  
 Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

2 Homage of each humble heart,  
 Ere we from Thy house depart ;  
 Worship fervent, deep and high,  
 Adoration, ecstasy ;  
 All that childlike love can render  
 Of devotion true and tender ;  
 On Thine altar laid, we leave them :  
 Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

3 To the Father, and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Though our mortal weakness raise  
 Offerings of imperfect praise,  
 Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
 Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !  
 On Thine altar laid, we leave them :  
 Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

479

C. M.

O H, with due reverence let us all  
 To God's abode repair ;  
 And prostrate at His footstool fall,  
 To breathe our humble prayer.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
 Thy constant place of rest ;  
 Be that not only with Thy ark,  
 But with Thy presence blest.

3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,  
 Make Thou Thy saints rejoice ;  
 And, for Thy servant David's sake,  
 Hear Thy Anointed's voice.

480

I. M.

FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise  
 In Sion waits, Thy chosen seat ;  
 Our promised altars there we'll raise,  
 And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer  
 Dost always bend Thy listening ear,  
 To Thee shall all mankind repair,  
 And at Thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain  
     To stop Thy flowing mercy try ;  
     Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
     And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,  
     Within Thy sacred dwelling lives !  
     'Tis there abundantly we taste  
     The vast delights Thy temple gives.

## 481

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
     From every swelling tide of woes,  
     There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
     'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
     The oil of gladness on our heads,  
     A place than all beside more sweet ;  
     It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
     Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
     Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
     Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,  
     And time and sense seem all no more ;  
     And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,  
     And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

482

6.6.6.8.8.

**I**N loud exalted strains,  
The King of glory praise;  
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,  
Through everlasting days;  
But Sion, with His presence blest,  
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

**2** O King of glory, come;  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

**3** Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies:  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

**4** Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above:  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

483

8.7.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,  
 Christ the head and corner-stone,  
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,  
 Binding all the Church in one ;  
 Holy Sion's help forever,  
 And her confidence alone.

- 2 All that dedicated city,  
 Dearly loved of God on high,  
 In exultant jubilation  
 Pours perpetual melody ;  
 God the One in Three adoring  
 In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day :  
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,  
 Hear Thy servants as they pray ;  
 And Thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
 What they ask of Thee to gain,  
 What they gain from Thee, forever  
 With the blessed to retain,  
 And hereafter in Thy glory  
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

484

6s.

WE love the place, O God,  
 Wherein Thine honor dwells ;  
*The joy of Thine abode*  
*All other joy excels.*

2 We love the house of prayer,  
 Wherein Thy servants meet ;  
 For Thou, O Lord, art there  
 Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,  
 Wherein the holy Dove  
 Bestows, as ever wont,  
 His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord,  
 Its mysteries revere ;  
 For there in faith adored,  
 We find Thy presence near.

5 We love Thy holy word,  
 The lamp Thou gav'st to guide  
 All wanderers home, O Lord,  
 Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love  
 To us so freely given,  
 Until we sing above  
 The triumph-song of heaven !

485

S. M.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of Thine abode,  
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
 With His own precious blood.

2 For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my prayers ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways,  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Thy hand from every snare and foe  
 Shall great deliverance bring.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
 To Sion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
 That soared the earth around,  
 But not a resting-place above  
 The cheerless waters found;

2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,  
 On restless wing to roam;  
 All the wide world, to either pole,  
 Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God;  
 Behold the open door;  
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
 And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
 There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
 And every longing satisfied,  
 With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire  
 Again the earth shall fill,  
 The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
 Then rest on Sion's hill.

487

10s.

**R**ISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !  
 Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes !  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
 kings,  
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;  
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

488

L. M.

**T**RIUMPHANT Sion, lift thy head  
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead !  
 Though humbled long, awake at length,  
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known :  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair :  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of life and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fullness, God of grace !

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
*No repose on earth around,*  
*They can to their ark repair*  
*And enjoy it ever there.*

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow  
 Ever in this vale of woe ;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies :  
 On they go from strength to strength  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;  
 Guide me through a world of sin ;  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
 Give me at Thy side a place,  
 Sun and shield alike Thou art ;  
 Guide and guard my erring heart.  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me !

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Sion, city of our God ;  
 He Whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode :  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters  
 Springing from central love,  
 Well nipp'd thy curse and灾害,  
 And all fear of want, remorse.

Who can faint, when such a river  
 Ever will their thirst assuage ?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Thus deriving from their banner,  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna,  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God.  
 'Tis His love His people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings :  
 And as priests, His solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

THE Church's one foundation  
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
 She is His new creation  
 By water and the word :  
 From heaven He came and sought her  
 To be His holy Bride ;  
 With His own blood He bought her,  
 And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,  
    Yet one o'er all the earth,  
    Her charter of salvation,  
    One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;  
One holy Name she blesses,  
    Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
    With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
    Men see her sore opprest,  
    By schisms rent asunder,  
    By heresies distrest ;  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
    Their cry goes up " How long ?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
    Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
    And tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation  
    Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
    Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
    Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
    With God the Three in One,  
    And mystic sweet communion  
    With those whose rest is won :  
O happy ones and holy !  
    Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
    On high may dwell with Thee.

## 492

6.6.6.8.8.

ONE sole baptismal sign,  
 One Lord, below, above,  
 One faith, one hope divine,  
 One only watchword, Love :  
 From different temples though it rise,  
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one,  
 One Priest before the throne,  
 The slain, the risen Son,  
 Redeemer, Lord alone !  
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,  
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,  
 The catholic, the true,  
 On all her members breathe,  
 Her broken frame renew !  
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
 When Christians love and live as one.

## 493

C. M.

OH, 'twas a joyful sound to hear  
 Our tribes devoutly say,  
 Up, Israel ! to the temple haste,  
 And keep your festal day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,  
 With our assembled powers,  
 In strong and beauteous order ranged,  
 Like her united towers.

3 Oh, ever pray for Salein's peace ;  
 For they shall prosperous be,  
 Thou holy city of our God,  
 Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls  
 A constant guest be found ;  
 With plenty and prosperity  
 Thy palaces be crowned.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends  
 No less than brethren dear,  
 I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers  
 A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,  
 And ever wish thee well,  
 For Sion and the temple's sake,  
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

194

L. M.

O HOLY Ghost, Thou God of peace,  
 Pity Thy Church, now rent in twain ;  
 Bid wrath, and strife, and variance cease,  
 And let us all be one again ;

2 One with our brethren here in love,  
 And one with saints that are at rest,  
 And one with angel hosts above,  
 And one with God forever blest.

3 Oh, make on earth all churches one,  
     One with the blessed gone before,  
     All knit in sweet communion,  
     To love Thee, worship, and adore.

4 For one the Lord on Whom we call,  
     The Spirit one Whom He hath given,  
     One God and Father of us all,  
     One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven.

495

8.8.8.4.

FATHER of all, from land and sea  
     The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,  
     Countless in number, but in Thee  
     May we be one."

2 O Son of God, Whose love so free  
     For men did make Thee Man to be,  
     United to our God in Thee  
     May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone :  
     Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
     Of their two walls the Corner Stone,  
     Making them one.

4 Thou art the fountain of all good,  
     Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,  
     And feeding us with angels' food,  
     Making us one.

5 Join high and low, join young and old,  
     *In love that never waxes cold* ;  
     Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,  
     Make us all one.

6 O Spirit blest, Who from above  
 Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
 Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
 Oh, make us one!

7 O Trinity in Unity,  
 One only God, in Persons Three,  
 Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee  
 May we be one.

8 So, when the world shall pass away,  
 May we awake with joy and say,  
 "Now in the bliss of endless day  
 We all are one."

## 496

11.11.11.5.

L ORD of our life, and God of our salvation,  
 Star of our night, and hope of every nation,  
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
 Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!  
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!  
 Lord, while their darts envenomed they are  
 hurling,  
 Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor  
 faileth;  
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;  
 Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell pre-  
 vail eth:  
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,  
 Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,  
 Peace, when the world its busy war is waging ;  
 Calm Thy foes raging !

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven ;  
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven ;  
 Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,  
 Peace in Thy heaven.

497

8.8.7.8.8.7.

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures  
 Sing of those who spread the treasures  
 In the holy gospels shrined !  
 Blessed tidings of salvation,  
 Peace on earth their proclamation,  
 Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden,  
 With their streams, the better Eden  
 Planted by our Lord most dear ;  
 Christ the fountain, these the waters ;  
 Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters !  
 Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,  
 And Thy holy word possessing,  
 Jesu, may Thy love adore !  
 Unto Thee our voices raising,  
 Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,  
 Ever and for evermore.

498

S. M.

**H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Sion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet their tidings are !  
“Sion, behold thy Saviour-King !  
He reigns and triumphs here.”

3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad :  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

499

L.

ALMIGHTY God, Whose only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need ;

- 2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, whereso'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honor Thee.
- 3 And some within Thy sacred fold,  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife ;
- 4 And many a quickened soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years :
- 5 Oh, give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep !  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire :
- 6 That so from angel hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the blest, adore  
*Thy Name, O God* for evermore.

500

S. M.

TO bless Thy chosen race;  
In mercy, Lord, incline;  
And cause the brightness of Thy face  
On all Thy saints to shine;

- 2 That so Thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Oh, let them shout and sing,  
With joy and pious mirth!  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 4 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate Thy fame!  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise Thy glorious Name!
- 5 Then God upon our land  
Shall constant blessings shower;  
And all the world in awe shall stand  
Of His resistless power.

501

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary age,  
 My calling to fulfill :  
 Oh, may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will !

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in Thy sight to live,  
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give !

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Steadfast to walk in Christ's dear way  
 And God to glorify.

502

S. M.

**H**EIRS of unending life,  
 While yet we sojourn here,  
 Oh, let us our salvation work  
 With trembling and with fear !

2 God will support our hearts  
 With might before unknown ;  
 The work to be performed is ours,  
 The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,  
 'Tis He that works to do ;  
 His is the power by which we act,  
 His be the glory too !

503

C. M.

**A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

504

S. M.

**M**Y soul, be on thy guard!  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
*Renew it boldly every day,*  
*And help divine implore.*

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down :  
 Thy arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God !  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath  
 Up to His blest abode.

## 505

L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;  
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;  
 Life with its way before us lies,  
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;  
 His boundless mercy will provide ;  
 Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near ;  
 He changeth not, and thou art dear ;  
 Only believe, and thou shalt see  
*That Christ is all in all to thee.*

506

7s.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,  
 Onward, Christians, onward go:  
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
 Strengthened with the Bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad :  
 March in heavenly armor clad :  
 Fight, nor think the battle long,  
 Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
 Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
 Let not fears your course impede,  
 Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,  
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
 Though opposed by many a foe,  
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

507

C. M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain :  
 His blood-red banner streams afar :  
 Who follows in His train ?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
 Triumphant over pain ;  
 Who patient bears his cross below,  
 He follows in His train.

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army: men and boys,  
The matron and the maid;  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
*And shall I fear to own His cause,*  
*Or blush to speak His Name?*

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
 Increase my courage, Lord ;  
 I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They view the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.

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S. M.

**S**OULS of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armor on ;  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
 Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
 And in His mighty power ;  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,  
 With all His strength endued ;  
 And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray :  
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
 And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
 And stand complete at last.

**G**O forward, Christian soldier,  
 Beneath His banner true !  
 The Lord Himself, thy Leader,  
 Shall all thy foes subdue.  
 His love foretells thy trials ;  
 He knows thine hourly need ;  
 He can with bread of heaven  
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

**2** Go forward, Christian soldier !  
 Fear not the secret foe ;  
 Far more o'er thee are watching  
 Than human eyes can know :  
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain ;  
 Cease not to watch and pray ;  
*Heed not the treacherous voices*  
*That lure thy soul astray.*

3 Go forward, Christian soldier !  
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
 Till Satan's host is vanquished  
 And heaven is all possessed ;  
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
 To lay thine armor by,  
 And wear in endless glory  
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier !  
 Fear not the gathering night :  
 The Lord has been thy shelter ;  
 The Lord will be thy light.  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past :  
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last !

511

7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
 If onward ye will tread  
 With Jesus as your Fellow  
 To Jesus as your Head !

2 Oh, happy if ye labor  
 As Jesus did for men !  
 Oh, happy if ye hunger  
 As Jesus hungered then !

3 The cross that Jesus carried,  
 He carried as your due :  
 The crown that Jesus weareth,  
 He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,  
     The hope in which ye yearn,  
     The love that through all troubles  
     To Him alone will turn ;

5 The trials that beset you,  
     The sorrows ye endure,  
     The manifold temptations  
     That death alone can cure ;

6 What are they but His jewels,  
     Of right celestial worth ?  
     What are they but the ladder  
     Set up to heaven on earth ?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,  
     Look upward to the skies,  
     Where such a light affliction  
     Shall win so great a prize !

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
     Thy better portion trace ;  
     Rise from transitory things,  
     Toward heaven, thy destined place.  
     Sun and moon and stars decay,  
     Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
     Rise, my soul, and haste away  
     To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn !  
     *Press onward to the prize ;*  
     *Soon thy Saviour will return,*  
     *To take thee to the skies :*

There is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;  
There will sorrow ever cease,  
And crowns of joy be given.

513

S. M.

O H, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in Thee  
*The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.*

## VII. PROCESSIONALS.

514

P. M.

WE march, we march to victory !  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

- 1 We come in the might of the Lord of light,  
In reverent train to meet Him ;  
And we put to flight the armies of night,  
That the sons of the day may greet Him.  
We march, we march, etc.
- 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,  
Our helmet is His salvation,  
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,  
Our watchword, the Incarnation.  
We march, we march, etc.
- 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
Our march to the golden Sion ;  
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
And burst the bars of iron.  
We march, we march, etc.
- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from above,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.  
We march, we march to victory !  
*With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.*

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6.5.

**B**RIGHTELY gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.  
Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united  
Take our heavenward way.  
Brightly gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with saints and angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy throne of love ;  
 When the toil is over,  
 Then comes rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.

516

6.5.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before !  
 Christ the royal Master  
 Leads against the foe ;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, His banners go.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before !

2 At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee ;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory !  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise ;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise !  
 Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;  
We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain ;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people !  
Join our happy throng !  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song !  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King ;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before !

517

8.7.

SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness !  
 Wake your noblest, sweetest strain !  
 With the praises of your Saviour  
 Let His house resound again !  
 Him let all your music honor,  
 And your songs exalt His reign !

- 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,  
 Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,  
 Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,  
 Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,  
 Passed within the gates of darkness,  
 Thence His banished ones to save !
- 3 So He tasted death for all men,  
 He of all mankind the Head,  
 Sinless One among the sinful,  
 Prince of life among the dead ;  
 So He wrought the full redemption,  
 And the captor captive led.
- 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,  
 From His Father's throne, the Son  
 Rules and guides the world He ransomed,  
 Till the appointed work be done,  
 Till He see, renewed and perfect,  
 All things gathered into one.
- 5 Day of promised restitution !  
 Fruit of all His sorrows past !  
 When the crown of His dominion  
 He before the throne shall cast,  
 And throughout the wide creation  
 God be "all in all" at last.

AT the name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him  
King of glory now;  
'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We should call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word.

- 2 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders,  
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners,  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height;

To the throne of Godhead,  
 To the Father's breast,  
 Filled it with the glory  
 Of that perfect rest.

5 In your hearts enthrone Him ;  
 There let Him subdue  
 All that is not holy,  
 All that is not true :  
 Crown Him as your Captain  
 In temptation's hour ;  
 Let His will enfold you  
 In its light and power.

6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
 Shall return again,  
 With His Father's glory,  
 With His angel train ;  
 For all wreaths of empire  
 Meet upon His brow,  
 And our hearts confess Him  
 King of glory now.

**S**AVIOUR, blessed Saviour,  
 Listen while we sing :  
 Hearts and voices raising  
 Praises to our King.  
 All we have we offer,  
 All we hope to be,  
 Body, soul, and spirit,  
 All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee :  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die :  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there ;  
Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known,  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven ;  
Life has lost its shadows ;  
Pure the light within ;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glows the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done ;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last !

6 Onward, ever onward,  
 Journeying o'er the road  
 Worn by saints before us,  
 Journeying on to God !  
 Leaving all behind us,  
 May we hasten on,  
 Backward never looking  
 Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,  
 When the ransomed soul,  
 Earthly toils forgetting,  
 Finds its promised goal ;  
 Where in joys unheard of  
 Saints with angels sing,  
 Never weary raising  
 Praises to their King.

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S. M.

**R**EJOICE, ye pure in heart !  
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing !  
 Your glorious banner wave on high,  
 The cross of Christ your King !

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,  
 Strong men and maidens meek :  
 Raise high your free, exulting song !  
 God's wondrous praises speak !

3 With all the angel choirs,  
 With all the saints of earth,  
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
 True rapture, noblest mirth !

- 4 Your clear hosannas raise,  
And alleluias loud !  
Whilst answering echoes upward float,  
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
- 5 Yes, on through life's long path !  
Still chanting as ye go ;  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.
- 6 Still lift your standard high !  
Still march in firm array !  
As warriors through the darkness toil,  
Till dawns the golden day !
- 7 At last the march shall end ;  
The wearied ones shall rest ;  
The pilgrims find their Father's house,  
Jerusalem the blest.
- 8 Then on, ye pure in heart !  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing !  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King !

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
*Singing songs of expectation,*  
*Marching to the promised land.*

Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding light :  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

- 2 One, the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread :  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One, the march in God begun :  
One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers !  
Onward, with the Cross our aid !  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade !  
Soon shall come the great awaking ;  
Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom !

22

6.5.

ON our way rejoicing,  
 As we homeward move,  
 Harken to our praises,  
 O Thou God of love !  
 Is there grief or sadness ?  
 Thine it cannot be !  
 Is our sky beclouded ?  
 Clouds are not from Thee !  
 On our way rejoicing,  
 As we homeward move,  
 Harken to our praises,  
 O Thou God of love !

2 If with honest-hearted  
 Love for God and man,  
 Day by day Thou find us  
 Doing what we can,  
 Thou Who giv'st the seed-time  
 Wilt give large increase,  
 Crown the head with blessings,  
 Fill the heart with peace.  
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing  
 Gladly let us go ;  
 Conquered hath our Leader !  
 Vanquished is our foe !  
 Christ without, our safety ;  
 Christ within, our joy ;  
 Who, if we be faithful,  
 Can our hope destroy ?  
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father  
 Joyful songs we sing ;  
 Unto God the Saviour  
 Thankful hearts we bring ;  
 Unto God the Spirit  
 Bow we and adore,  
 On our way rejoicing  
 Now and evermore !  
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

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6.<sup>2</sup>

**F**ORWARD ! be our watchword,  
 Steps and voices joined ;  
 Seek the things before us,  
 Not a look behind :  
 Burns the fiery pillar  
 At our army's head ;  
 Who shall dream of shrinking,  
 By our Captain led ?  
 Forward through the desert,  
 Through the toil and fight !  
 Jordan flows before us ;  
 Sion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories  
 Hath our God prepared,  
 By the souls that love Him  
 One day to be shared ;  
 Eye hath not beheld them,  
 Ear hath never heard ;  
*Nor of these hath uttered*  
*Thought or speech a word ;*

Forward ! marching eastward  
 Where the heaven is bright,  
 Till the veil be lifted,  
 Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon  
 Rise the city towers,  
 Where our God abideth ;  
 That fair home is ours :  
 Flash the streets with jasper,  
 Shine the gates with gold ;  
 Flows the gladdening river  
 Shedding joys untold.  
 Thither, onward thither,  
 In the Spirit's might !  
 Pilgrims to your country,  
 Forward into light !

4 To the eternal Father  
 Loudest anthems raise :  
 To the Son and Spirit  
 Echo songs of praise :  
 To the Lord of glory,  
 Blessèd Three in One,  
 Be by men and angels  
 Endless honor done.  
 Weak are earthly praises,  
 Dull the songs of night :  
 Forward into triumph !  
 Forward into light !

*Also the following :*

**311** Ancient of days.

**313** Lord of all being ; throned afar.

323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.  
365 Hail, Thou once despisèd Jésus.  
367 Jesus, our risen King.  
368 Alleluia ! sing to Jesus.  
374 Crown Him with many crowns.  
378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come !  
382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.  
385 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.  
395 Those eternal bowers.  
396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.  
397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.  
400 Blessèd city, heavenly Salem.  
403 O mother dear, Jerusalem.  
404 I heard a sound of voices.  
407 For thee, O dear, dear country.  
408 Jerusalem the golden.  
420 Jesu, still lead on.  
424 O Light, Whose beams illumine all.  
444 O Saviour, precious Saviour.  
445 When morning gilds the skies.  
446 Shepherd of tender youth.  
448 Come, let us sing the song of songs !  
453 Praise to the Holiest in the height.  
454 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.  
455 O God of God ! O Light of Light !  
458 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.  
459 Oh, worship the King.  
460 The God of Abraham praise.  
482 In loud exalted strains.  
483 Christ is made the sure foundation.  
484 We love the place, O God.  
489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.  
490 Glorious things of thee are spoken.

**491** The Church's one foundation.  
**496** Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.  
**507** The Son of God goes forth to war.  
**510** Go forward, Christian soldier.  
**511** O happy band of pilgrims.  
**579** O brothers, lift your voices.



### VIII. LITANIES.

#### **524** *Litany of the Holy Ghost.*

7.7.7.6.

**H**OLY Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 Dew descending from above,  
 Breath of life, and fire of love ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,  
 Wisdom, godliness sincere,  
 Understanding, counsel, fear ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,  
 Patience, pureness, faith's increase,  
 Hope and joy that cannot cease ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit guiding us aright,  
 Spirit making darkness light,  
 Spirit of resistless might ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,  
Sent our nature to restore ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,  
Gave to cheer and help His own,  
That they might not be alone ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,  
Showing her God's perfect will,  
Making Jesus present still ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Coming with Thy power to save,  
Moving on baptismal wave,  
Raising us from sin's dark grave ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed  
With the true and living Bread,  
Even Him Who for us bled ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,  
Gifts of wisdom God to know,  
Gifts of strength to meet the foe ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 All our evil passions kill,  
*Bend aright* our stubborn will,  
*Though* we grieve Thee, patient still ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Come to raise us when we fall,  
 And, when snares our souls enthrall,  
 Lead us back with gentle call ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Come to strengthen all the weak,  
 Give Thy courage to the meek,  
 Teach our faltering tongues to speak ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14 Come to aid the souls who yearn  
 More of truth divine to learn,  
 And with deeper love to burn ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15 Keep us in the narrow way,  
 Warn us when we go astray,  
 Plead within us when we pray ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,  
 Come, and live within our heart ;  
 Never more from us depart ;  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

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## Litany of the Church.

7.7.7.6.

JESU, with Thy Church abide,  
 Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,  
 While on earth her faith is tried :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,  
 Help her, patient to endure,  
 Trusting in Thy promise sure :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

- 3 Be Thou with her all the days,  
May she, safe from error's ways,  
Toil for Thine eternal praise :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 May her voice be ever clear,  
Warning of a judgment near,  
Telling of a Saviour dear :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 All her fettered powers release,  
Bid our strife and envy cease,  
Grant the heavenly gift of peace :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 May she one in doctrine be,  
One in truth and charity,  
Winning all to faith in Thee :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 May she guide the poor and blind,  
Seek the lost until she find,  
And the broken-hearted bind :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 8 Save her love from growing cold,  
Make her watchmen strong and bold,  
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 9 May her priests Thy people feed,  
*Shepherds of the flock indeed,*  
*Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead :*  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Judge her not for work undone,  
Judge her not for fields unwon,  
Bless her works in Thee begun :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 For the past give deeper shame,  
Make her jealous for Thy Name,  
Kindle zeal's most holy flame :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Raise her to her calling high,  
Let the nations far and nigh  
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May her lamp of truth be bright,  
Bid her bear aloft its light  
Through the realms of heathen night :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May her scattered children be  
From reproach of evil free,  
Blameless witnesses for Thee :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 Arm her soldiers with the cross,  
Brave to suffer toil or loss,  
Counting earthly gain but dross :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 May she holy triumphs win,  
Overthrow the hosts of sin,  
Gather all the nations in :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 May she soon all glorious be,  
 Spotless and from wrinkle free,  
 Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Fit her all Thy joy to share  
 In the home Thou dost prepare,  
 And be ever blessed there :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

JESU, from Thy throne on high,  
 Far above the bright blue sky,  
 Look on us with loving eye :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Little children need not fear,  
 When they know that Thou art near :  
 Thou dost love us, Saviour dear :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,  
 Little lips Thy love may tell,  
 Little hymns Thy praises swell :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Little lives may be divine,  
 Little deeds of love may shine,  
 Little ones be wholly Thine :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, once an infant small,  
Cradled in the oxen's stall,  
Though the God and Lord of all :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Once a child so good and fair,  
Feeling want, and toil, and care,  
All that we may have to bear :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,  
And it is Thy holy will  
That we should be safe from ill :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Be Thou with us every day,  
In our work and in our play,  
When we learn and when we pray :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 When we lie asleep at night,  
Ever may Thy angels bright  
Keep us safe till morning light :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Make us brave without a fear,  
Make us happy, full of cheer,  
Sure that Thou art always near :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 May we prize our Christian name,  
May we guard it free from blame,  
Fearing all that causes shame :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 May we grow from day to day,  
Glad to learn each holy way,  
Ever ready to obey:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we ever try to be  
From all sinful tempers free,  
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,  
May our words be true and mild,  
Make us each a holy child:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 Jesu, Son of God most high,  
Who didst in a manger lie,  
Who upon the cross didst die:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,  
Watching o'er each little one,  
Till our life on earth is done:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17 Jesu, Whom we hope to see  
Calling us in heaven to be  
Happy evermore with Thee:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

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**Litany of the Incarnate Life.**

7.7.7.5.

LORD of mercy and of might,  
 Of mankind the life and light,  
 Maker, Teacher infinite :  
 Jesu, hear and save.

- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
 Humbled to a mortal child,  
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled :  
 Jesu, hear and save.
- 3 Throned above celestial things,  
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
 Lord of lords, and King of kings :  
 Jesu, hear and save.
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,  
 Judge of angels and of men,  
 Hear us now, and hear us then :  
 Jesu, hear and save.

528

**Litany of the Incarnate Life.**

7.7.7.6.

GOD the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Hear us from Thy heavenly throne :  
 Spare us, Holy Trinity.

- 2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,  
 Camest here, an outcast lone,  
 That Thou mightest save Thine own :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,  
Who with loving words didst greet  
Mary weeping at Thy feet :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 4 Thou Whose saddened look did chide  
Peter when he thrice denied,  
Till with bitter tears he cried :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 5 Thou Who hanging on the tree  
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be  
To-day in Paradise with Me :"  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,  
And for man's transgressions bruised,  
Sinless, yet of sin accused :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,  
Dying there in bitter pain,  
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,  
Comforter of them that weep,  
Hear us crying from the deep :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 9 That in Thy pure innocence  
*We may wash our souls' offense,*  
*And find truest penitence :*  
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

10 That we give to sin no place,  
 That we never quench Thy grace,  
 That we ever seek Thy face :  
 We beseech Thee, Jesu.

11 That denying evil lust,  
 Living godly, meek, and just,  
 In Thee only we may trust :  
 We beseech Thee, Jesu.

12 That to sin forever dead,  
 We may live to Thee instead,  
 And the narrow pathway tread :  
 We beseech Thee, Jesu.

13 When shall end the battle sore,  
 When our pilgrimage is o'er,  
 Grant Thy peace for evermore :  
 We beseech Thee, Jesu.

### Litany of Penitence.

FATHER, hear Thy children's call :  
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall,  
 Prodigals, confessing all :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame  
 All our life of sin and shame ;  
 Penitent we breathe Thy Name :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

- 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,  
Oft forgotten and defied,  
Now we mourn our stubborn pride :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Love, that caused us first to be,  
Love, that bled upon the tree,  
Love, that draws us lovingly :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,  
Into paths of sin have strayed,  
And repentance have delayed :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,  
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,  
Evil, long to be made pure :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 Blind, we pray that we may see,  
Bound, we pray to be made free,  
Stained, we pray for sanctity :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,  
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,  
Willing not that one should die :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

## PART II.

- 9 By the gracious saving call,  
*Spoken tenderly to all*  
*Who have shared in Adam's fall,*  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 By the nature Jesus wore,  
By the stripes and death He bore,  
By His life for evermore,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,  
Pitying our sore distress,  
Leading us to holiness,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,  
Patient still to suffer wrong  
And our day of grace prolong,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love that speaks within,  
Calling us to flee from sin,  
And the joy of goodness win,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that bids Thee spare,  
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,  
By Thy promises to prayer,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

## PART III.

15 Teach us what Thy love has borne,  
That with loving sorrow torn  
Truly contrite we may mourn:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,  
Help us to resist the foe,  
Fearing what alone is woe:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Let not sin within us reign,  
May we gladly suffer pain,  
If it purge away our stain :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May we to all evil die,  
Fleshly longings crucify,  
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,  
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,  
And through trial persevere :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,  
And to strain with eager eyes  
Towards the promised heavenly prize :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us love Thy love to own,  
Love to live for Thee alone,  
And the power of grace make known :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 All our weak endeavors bless,  
As we ever onward press,  
Till we perfect holiness :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,  
*Till at last Thy face we see,*  
*Crowned with Thine own purity :*  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

## The Words on the Cross.

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PART I.

7.7.7.6.

“Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.”  
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 34.

JESU, in Thy dying woes,  
Even while Thy life-blood flows,  
Craving pardon for Thy foes :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,  
When our sins Thy pangs renew,  
For we know not what we do :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,  
Be like Thee in heart and deed,  
When with wrong our spirits bleed :  
Hear us. Holy Jesu.

PART II.

“To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.” ST. LUKE, xxiii. 43.

1 Jesu, pitying the sighs  
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,  
Promising him Paradise :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we, in our guilt and shame,  
Still Thy love and mercy claim,  
*Calling* humbly on Thy Name :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, remember us who pine,  
 Looking from our cross to Thine;  
 Cheer our souls with hope divine:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART III.

“Woman, behold thy son!” “Behold thy mother!”  
 ST. JOHN, xix. 26, 27.

1 Jesu, loving to the end  
 Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,  
 And Thy dearest human friend:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,  
 And for Thee all peril dare,  
 And enjoy Thy tender care:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,  
 All one holy family,  
 Loving for the love of Thee:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART IV.

“My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?”  
 ST. MATT. xxvii. 46.

1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,  
 With our evil left alone,  
 While no light from heaven is shown:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,  
 And our hope seems far away,  
 In the darkness be our stay :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,  
 Though no light our spirits cheer,  
 Tell our faith that God is near :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART V.

“ I thirst.”—ST. JOHN, xix. 28.

1 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,  
 While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,  
 Thirsting more our love to gain :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still ;  
 All Thy holy work fulfill :  
 Satisfy Thy loving will :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know ;  
 Lead us in our sin and woe  
 Where the healing waters flow :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VI.

“ It is finished.”—ST. JOHN, xix. 30.

1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,  
 All Thy Father’s will obeyed,  
 By Thy sufferings perfect made :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness :  
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.
  
- 3 Brighten all our heavenward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day :  
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART VII.

“Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.”—ST. LUKE, xxiii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, all Thy labor vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past,  
Yielding up Thy soul at last :  
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.
  
- 2 When the death shades round us lower,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour :  
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.
  
- 3 May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
Grace to reach the home on high :  
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.



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## IX. APPENDIX.

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### For Children.

6.5.

JESUS, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.  
Pardon our transgressions,  
Cleanse us from our sin;  
By Thy Spirit help us  
Heavenly life to win.  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,  
Bending low the knee  
In Thine earthly temple,  
Lord, we worship Thee;  
Celebrate Thy goodness,  
Mercy, grace, and truth,  
All Thy loving guidance  
Of our heedless youth.  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children,  
Who have come to Thee;  
*For the glad, bright spirits*  
*Who Thy glory see;*



For the loved ones resting  
In Thy dear embracé ;  
For the pure and holy  
Who behold Thy face,  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear our grateful cry.

4 For Thy faithful servants  
Who have entered in ;  
For Thy fearless soldiers  
Who have conquered sin ;  
For the countless legions  
Who have followed Thee,  
Heedless of the danger,  
On to victory ;  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,  
Show us, Lord, Thy way ;  
Through the darkness lead us  
To the heavenly day.  
When our course is finished,  
Ended all the strife,  
Grant us with the faithful,  
Palms and crowns of life.  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.

32

6s.

WITH gladsome hearts we come  
 Within our holy home,  
 Our Saviour's Name to sing.  
 Oh, well His House we love !  
 Oh, joy all joys above,  
 To praise the children's King !

- 2 The angels sing on high  
 Thy glory through the sky,  
 And then to earth they wing ;  
 To guard us while we sleep,  
 And, as their watch they keep,  
 To praise the children's King.
- 3 Oh, may we, while we live,  
 Such willing service give,  
 A holy offering !  
 And still Thy glory show  
 By deeds of love below,  
 To praise the children's King.
- 4 And may our hearts aspire  
 To join the heavenly choir,  
 Whose strains forever ring ;  
 And learn on earth their hymn,  
 The song of seraphim,  
 To praise the children's King.
- 5 O Light of Light, to Thee  
 Let earth and sky and sea  
 Eternal homage bring ;  
 And grant us through Thy love,  
 Before Thy throne above,  
 To praise the children's King.

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7.6.

COME, praise your Lord and Saviour  
 In strains of holy mirth !  
 Give thanks to Him, O children,  
 Who lived a child on earth !  
 He loved the little children,  
 And called them to His side,  
 His loving arms embraced them,  
 And for their sake He died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee  
 With songs of holy joy ;  
 For Thou on earth didst sojourn  
 A pure and spotless boy.  
 Make us like Thee, obedient,  
 Like Thee from sin-stains free,  
 Like Thee in God's own temple,  
 In lowly home like Thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,  
 The lowly maiden's son :  
 In Thee all gentlest graces  
 Are gathered into one.  
 Oh, give that best adornment  
 That Christian child can wear,  
 The meek and quiet spirit  
 Which shone in Thee so fair !

4 O Lord, with voices lifted  
 We sing our songs of praise ;  
 Be Thou the light and pattern  
 Of all our childhood's days ;

And lead us ever onward,  
 That while we stay below,  
 We may, like Thee, O Jesus,  
 In grace and wisdom grow.

## 534

8.7.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;  
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;  
 Through the darkness be Thou near me ;  
 Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;  
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me ;  
 Listen to my evening prayer !

3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;  
 Bless the friends I love so well :  
 Take us all at last to heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

## 535

6.5.

NOW the day is over,  
 Night is drawing nigh ;  
 Shadows of the evening  
 Steal across the sky ;

2 Jesus, give the weary  
 Calm and sweet repose ;  
 With Thy tenderest blessing  
 May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
 Visions bright of Thee ;  
 Guard the sailors tossing  
 On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer  
 Watching late in pain ;  
 Those who plan some evil  
 From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,  
 May Thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me,  
 Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
 In Thy holy eyes.

WE come, Lord, to Thy feet  
 On this Thy holy day :  
 Oh, come to us, while here we meet  
 To learn, and praise, and pray !

2 Our many sins forgive ;  
 The Holy Spirit send ;  
 And teach us to begin to live  
 The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love ;  
 Our teachers' labors own ;  
 That we and they may meet above,  
 To sing before Thy throne.

37

8.5.7.5.

**G**LORY to the blessed Jesus !  
Who for us was born,  
In the stable, cold and poor,  
On glad Christmas morn.

- 2 Glory to the blessed Jesus !  
Who was crucified  
On Good Friday for our sins :  
Loving us He died.
- 3 Glory to the blessed Jesus !  
Who for sinners lay  
In the tomb, and rose upon  
Happy Easter day.
- 4 Glory to the blessed Jesus !  
He, Who is our Way,  
Went up in a cloud to heaven,  
On Ascension day.
- 5 Glory to the blessed Jesus !  
Who, at Whitsuntide,  
Sent His Holy Spirit down,  
With us to abide.
- 6 Glory to the blessed Jesus !  
We will praise His love,  
All our days on earth below,  
And for aye above.

538

8.3.3.6.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,  
 As I hear,  
 Far and near,  
 Sweetest angel voices ;  
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,  
 Till the air  
 Everywhere  
 Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,  
 Soft and sweet,  
 Doth entreat,  
 "Flee from woe and danger !  
 Brethren, come ! from all doth grieve you,  
 You are freed ;  
 All you need  
 I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder !  
 Here let all,  
 Great and small,  
 Kneel in awe and wonder !  
 Love Him Who with love is yearning !  
 Hail the Star,  
 That from far  
 Bright with hope is burning !

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I 'll cherish,  
 Live to Thee,  
 And with Thee  
*Dying, shall not perish ;*

But shall dwell with Thee forever,  
 Far on high,  
 In the joy  
 That can alter never.

39

8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4.

**J**OY fills our inmost hearts to-day !  
 The royal Child is born ;  
 And angel hosts in glad array  
 His Advent keep this morn.  
 Rejoice, rejoice ! Th' incarnate Word  
 Has come on earth to dwell ;  
 No sweeter sound than this is heard,  
 Emmanuel !

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,  
 We wonder and adore ;  
 And feel no bliss can ours transcend,  
 No joy was sweet before.  
 Rejoice, etc.

3 For us the world must lose its charms  
 Before the manger shrine,  
 When, folded in Thy mother's arms,  
 We see Thee, Babe divine.  
 Rejoice, etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,  
 Shine on us, Holy Child ;  
 That we may keep Thy birthday bright,  
 With service undefiled.  
 Rejoice, etc.

540

8.7.8.7.7.7.

ONCE in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her baby,  
 In a manger for His bed;  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little child.

- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall;  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
 He would honor and obey,  
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
 In whose gentle arms He lay;  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern;  
 Day by day like us He grew;  
 He was little, weak and helpless,  
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
 And He feeleth for our sadness,  
 And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love;  
 For that child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him ; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high ;  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

## 541

6.5.

NOW a new year opens,  
Now we newly turn  
To the holy Saviour,  
Lessons fresh to learn.

2 This the holy lesson  
On the year's first day ;  
Jesus by obedience  
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy cross thus early,  
Tokens Thou dost give ;  
By Thy wounds Thou healest ;  
By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,  
Jesus, didst Thou come,  
But to leave us way-marks  
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps  
Ever may we tread ;  
Safe when keeping near Thee,  
By Thy Spirit led.

542

8.7

**S**AW you never, in the twilight,  
 When the sun had left the skies,  
 Up in heaven the clear stars shining  
 Through the gloom, like silver eyes ?  
 So of old the wise men, watching,  
 Saw a little stranger star,  
 And they knew the King was given,  
 And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story  
 How they crossed the desert wild,  
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
 Till they found the holy Child ?  
 How they opened all their treasure,  
 Kneeling to that infant King ;  
 Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
 Gave the myrrh in offering ?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby  
 Was the bright and morning Star ?  
 He Who came to light the Gentiles,  
 And the darkened isles afar ?  
 And, we too, may seek His cradle ;  
 There our hearts' best treasures bring ;  
 Love, and faith, and true devotion,  
 For our Saviour, God, and King.

543

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**L**AMB of God, for sinners slain ;  
 By Thy mercy born again,  
 For Thy guidance still we pray,  
 Lest from grace we fall away.

- 2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,  
By the Water and the Blood,  
Washed and sanctified to Thee,  
Holy may we ever be.
- 3 Aid us with Thy daily grace  
Steadfastly to run our race ;  
Grant us victory in the strife,  
And the prize of endless life.
- 4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,  
God, Who gavest us new birth ;  
Praise from all the heavenly host ;  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

544

C. M.

**T**HERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved !  
 And we must love Him too,  
 And trust in His redeeming blood,  
 And try His works to do.

545

6.5

GOLDEN harps are sounding,  
 Angel voices sing,  
 Pearly gates are opened,  
 Opened for the King ;  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Jesus, King of love,  
 Is gone up in triumph  
 To His throne above.  
 All His work is ended,  
 Joyfully we sing ;  
 Jesus hath ascended !  
 Glory to our King !

2 He Who came to save us,  
 He Who bled and died,  
 Now is crowned with glory,  
 At His Father's side.  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die ;  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Is gone up on high !  
 All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children  
 In that blessed place,  
 Calling them to glory,  
 Sending them His grace ;

His bright home preparing,  
 Faithful ones, for you ;  
 Jesus ever liveth,  
 Ever loveth too.  
 All His work, etc.

46

7.7.5.7.7.7.5.

**G**REAT Creator, Lord of all,  
 Father, Friend, on Thee we call ;  
 Hear Thy children's prayer.  
 Guide us, rule us, as is best,  
 With Thy loving favor blest,  
 Till we reach Thy home of rest,  
 And are with Thee there.

- 2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,  
 Who dost plead Thy death on high,  
 And our place prepare ;  
 From sin's bondage set us free,  
 Lead us onward after Thee,  
 Till with joy Thy face we see,  
 And Thy likeness wear.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,  
 Wisdom, Purity, Love, and Might  
 Fallen souls restore ;  
 Guide our spirits when we pray,  
 Cheer us, help us on our way,  
 Make us holier day by day,  
 Till we sin no more.
- 4 Ever blessed Three in One,  
 May Thy will in us be done,

Show in us Thy love;  
 Keep us Thine while here below,  
 Make us in Thy grace to grow,  
 And at last Thy glory know  
 In the world above.

547

7s.

GLORY to the Father give,  
 To God in Whom we move and live;  
 Children's prayers He deigns to hear,  
 Children's songs delight His ear.

- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 Children, raise your sweetest strain  
 To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!  
 Be this day a Pentecost;  
 Children's minds may He inspire,  
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
 To the blessed Trinity,  
 For the Gospel from above,  
 For the word that "God is love."

548

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GOD Almighty, in Thy temple  
 Low before Thy throne we bow;  
 From Thy dwelling-place in glory  
 Hear our supplications now,  
 While we offer  
 Earnest prayer and solemn vow.

2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest  
For the youngest of Thy fold,  
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,  
As Thou didst in days of old ;  
Priceless treasure,  
Richer far than gems or gold.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us ;  
Ever dwell our hearts within ;  
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,  
Give us grace to conquer sin,  
And, through Jesus,  
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us  
In a world with evil rife ;  
Let Thine angel-guards surround us  
In each sore and bitter strife :  
Oh, preserve us  
Unto everlasting life !

549

7s.

KING of glory ! Saviour dear !  
Grant us grace to persevere :  
Leader of the hosts of God,  
May we tread where Thou hast trod !

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,  
Many a faithful martyr died :  
*How can we, Thy children, show*  
*All our love, for all Thy woe?*

3 They for Thee faced ax and wheel,  
 Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel :  
 Like them, may we suffer shame,  
 Pain or loss for Thy dear Name ;

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord  
 Thoughtless jest or bitter word ;  
 Curbing angry speech and tear,  
 Strong in Thee to persevere.

5 Persevere ! Thy yoke is light.  
 Persevere ! Thy crown is bright.  
 Persevere, and we shall sing  
 In the palace of our King !

**J**ESUS, high in glory,  
 Lend a listening ear ;  
 When we bow before Thee,  
 Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,  
 Heaven's almighty King,  
 Thou wilt stoop to listen,  
 When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,  
 Weak and apt to stray ;  
 Saviour, guide and keep us  
 In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;  
 Watch us day by day;  
 Help us now to love Thee;  
 Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us  
 To our heavenly home,  
 We shall gladly answer,  
 Saviour, Lord, we come.

551

7s.

**G**OD of mercy, throned on high,  
 Listen from Thy lofty seat;  
 Hear, oh, hear our lowly cry!  
 Guide, oh, guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travellers, we  
 All our dangers do not know;  
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,  
 Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;  
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
 Make us, take us, keep us Thine.

4 When perplexed in dangers' snare,  
 Thou alone our guide canst be;  
 When oppressed with deepest care,  
 Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
 Ask Thy counsel every day:  
 Saints and angels will rejoice,  
 If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
 Hope and love on every soul ;  
 Hope, till time shall be no more ;  
 Love, while endless ages roll.

## 552

7s

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
 Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep ;  
 Nothing can Thy power withstand ;  
 None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give  
 Thine own life that we might live ;  
 And the hands outstretched to bless  
 Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 We would praise Thee every day,  
 Gladly all Thy will obey,  
 Like Thy blessed ones above  
 Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
 Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear ;  
 Suffer not our steps to stray  
 From the strait and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest we would go,  
 Walking in Thy steps below,  
 Till before our Father's throne  
 We shall know as we are known.

553

7.6.

**T**HREE'S a friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A friend Who never changes,  
Whose love will never die ;  
Our earthly friends may fail us,  
And change with changing years,  
This friend is always worthy  
Of that dear Name He bears.

- 2 There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry ;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy ;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare ;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.
- 4 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
*A song that will not weary,*  
*Though sung continually ;*

A song which even angels  
 Can never, never sing ;  
 They know not Christ as Saviour,  
 But worship Him as King.

5 There 's a crown for little children  
 Above the bright blue sky,  
 And all who look for Jesus  
 Shall wear it by and by ;  
 All, all above is treasured,  
 And found in Christ alone :  
 Lord, grant Thy little children  
 To know Thee as their own.

554

C. M.

COME, Christian children, come and raise  
 Your voice with one accord ;  
 Come, sing in joyful songs of praise  
 The glories of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,  
 And loudest praises give  
 To Him Who left His throne above,  
 And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,  
 And read in every page  
 The promise made to earliest youth,  
 Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,  
 Who with His own right arm  
 Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,  
 And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,  
 Who made and keeps you His,  
 And guides you to the appointed place  
 At His right hand in bliss.

555

8.7.

**G**RACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
 Children all are dear to Thee ;  
 Gathered with Thine arms and carried  
 In Thy bosom may we be ;  
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,  
 From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
 From Thy fold to go astray ;  
 By Thy look of love directed  
 May we walk the narrow way ;  
 Thus direct us, and protect us,  
 Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,  
 In the stream Thy love supplied,  
 Mingled stream of blood and water,  
 Flowing from Thy wounded side ;  
 And to heavenly pastures lead us,  
 Where Thy own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us ;  
 Guide us daily by its light ;  
 Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
 To approve whate'er is right ;  
 Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
 Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
 Which on earth Thy children sing,  
 Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,  
 May we our thank-offerings bring ;  
 Then with all the saints in glory  
 Join to praise our Lord and King.

556

8.7.

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing  
 On Thy children gathered here,  
 May they all, Thy Name confessing,  
 Be to Thee forever dear ;  
 May they be like Joseph, loving,  
 Dutiful, and chaste, and pure ;  
 And their faith, like David, proving,  
 Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,  
 Bless and make them like to Thee.  
 Bear Thy lambs when they are weary  
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast ;  
 Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
*Holy Spirit* from above ;  
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
 Give them peace, and joy, and love :

Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
May they with Thy presence shine,  
And immortal bliss inherit,  
And for evermore be Thine.

557

8.8.8.8.7.

WHEN in the Lord Jehovah's Name,  
The Saviour lowly riding came,  
Loudest and first an infant throng,  
Greeted His coming with their song,  
Hosanna in the highest !

- 2 We too are taught to know the Lord,  
To fear His Name, to read His Word ;  
And though we simple are and young,  
Can praise Him with our joyful song,  
Hosanna in the highest !
- 3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by  
To judgment from His throne on high ;  
And from the saints' assembled throng  
Shall burst upon the world the song,  
Hosanna in the highest !
- 4 Then may our youthful band be found  
With coronals of triumph crowned ;  
Raising, the heavenly hosts among,  
Our chorus of eternal song,  
Hosanna in the highest !

558

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.8.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,  
 To Sion Jesus came,  
 The children all stood singing  
 Hosanna to His Name ;  
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
 But as He rode along,  
 He let them still attend Him,  
 And smiled to hear their song.  
 Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love to children still,  
 Though now as King He reigneth  
 On Sion's heavenly hill ;  
 We'll flock around His banner,  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 And cry aloud, Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son :  
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Might well hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words ?  
 No ; while our hearts are tender,  
 They too shall be the Lord's.  
 Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

559

C. M.

**H**OSANNA ! Raise the pealing hymn  
 To David's Son and Lord :  
 With cherubim and seraphim,  
 Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue  
 No lofty strains can raise ;  
 But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
 Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
 How vast Thy gifts, how free !  
 Thy Blood, our life ; Thy Word, our feast ;  
 Thy Name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna ! Once Thy gracious ear  
 Approved a lisping throng ;  
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
 Our ever grateful song.

560

P. M.

**H**OSANNA we sing, like the children dear,  
 In the olden days when the Lord lived  
 here ;  
 He blessed little children, and smiled on them,  
 While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.

2 Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,  
 With their harps of gold and their raiment white,  
 As they follow their Shepherd, with loving eyes,  
 Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,  
 And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;  
 We know that His heart will never wax cold  
 To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

4 Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,  
 Alleluia resounds in the Church above;  
 To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be  
 given,  
 That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

## 561

C. M.

WHEN Jesus left His Father's throne,  
 He chose an humble birth;  
 Like us, unhonored and unknown,  
 He came to dwell on earth.  
 Like Him may we be found below,  
 In wisdom's path of peace;  
 Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,  
 As years and strength increase.

2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,  
 When mothers round Him pressed;  
 Their infants in His arms He took,  
 And on His bosom blessed.  
 Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
 Beneath His watchful eye,  
 Thus in the circle of His arms  
 May we forever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,  
*The children sang around;*  
*For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed*  
*Their garments on the ground.*

Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King !  
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing.

## 562

P. M.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His  
fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my  
head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when  
He said,  
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children shall be with Him there,  
For “of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and  
fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I wish they could know there is room for  
them all,  
*And that Jesus has bid them to come.*

563

7s.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,  
 Love's sweet lesson to obey ;  
 Sweeter lessons cannot be,  
 Loving Him Who first loved me.

- 2 With a childlike heart of love,  
   At Thy bidding may I move ;  
   Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
   Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
   Strong to follow in Thy grace ;  
   Learning how to love from Thee ;  
   Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ,  
   In obedience all her joy ;  
   Ever new that joy will be,  
   Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
   That I feel the love I owe ;  
   Singing, till Thy face I see,  
   Of His love Who first loved me.

564

C. M.

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,  
   How loving Thou must be,  
 To leave Thy home in heaven to guard  
   A little child like me.

- 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me as my mother did,  
When I was but a child :
- 3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
Rebuking sin for me ;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from Thee.
- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me Thou art there.
- 5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too :  
Thy prayer is all for me ;  
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

565

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
*The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.*

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found  
 Within Thy Father's shrine,  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike divine :

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
 To keep us still Thine own.

## 566

7s.

LAMB of God, I look to Thee :  
 Thou shalt my example be ;  
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild ;  
 Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art ;  
 Give me Thy obedient heart ;  
 Thou art pitiful and kind,  
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill  
 God my heavenly Father's will,  
 Never His good Spirit grieve,  
 Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy gracious hands I am ;  
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,  
 Live Thyself within my heart.

---

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days ;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ the holy Child in me.

17

6.5.

JESUS, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love ;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

568

6.6.6.6.8.8.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,  
 The temple courts were dark,  
 The lamp was burning dim,  
 Before the sacred ark :  
 When suddenly a voice divine  
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

- 2 The old man, meek and mild,  
 The priest of Israel, slept ;  
 His watch the temple-child,  
 The little Levite, kept ;  
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,  
 The open ear, O Lord,  
 Alive and quick to hear  
 Each whisper of Thy word !  
 Like him to answer at Thy call,  
 And to obey Thee first of all.
- 4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,  
 A lowly heart, that waits  
 Where in Thy house Thou art,  
 Or watches at Thy gates !  
 By day and night, a heart that still  
 Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
- 5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,  
 A sweet, unmurmuring faith,  
 Obedient and resigned  
 To Thee in life and death !  
 That I may read with childlike eyes  
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

569

S. M.

FAIR waved the golden corn  
 In Canaan's pleasant land,  
 When, full of joy, some shining morn,  
 Went forth the reaper-band.

- 2 To God, so good and great,  
 Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
 Then carry to His temple-gate  
 The choicest of their store.
- 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give  
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
 And pray that, long as we shall live,  
 We may Thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime,  
 And life and all its powers;  
 Be with us in our morning time,  
 And bless our evening hours.
- 5 In wisdom let us grow,  
 As years and strength are given,  
 That we may serve Thy Church below,  
 And join Thy saints in heaven.

570

6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,  
 In heaven's bright abode,  
 The angel host on high  
 Sing praises to their God :  
 Alleluia !  
 They love to sing  
 To God their King  
 Alleluia !

2 But God from children's tongues  
 On earth receiveth praise ;  
 We then our cheerful songs  
 In sweet accord will raise :  
 Alleluia !

We too will sing  
 To God our King  
 Alleluia !

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth  
 To all Thy flock impart,  
 And teach us in our youth  
 To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia !  
 Then shall we sing  
 To God our King  
 Alleluia !

4 Oh, may Thy holy Word  
 Spread all the world around !  
 And all with one accord  
 Uplift the joyful sound :  
 Alleluia !

All then shall sing  
 To God their King  
 Alleluia !

**G**REAT Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Who all Thy flock doth keep,  
 Leading by waters calm ;  
 Do Thou my footsteps guide,  
 To follow by Thy side ;  
 Make me Thy little lamb.

2 I fear I may be torn  
 By many a sharp-set thorn,  
 As far from Thee I stray ;  
 My weary feet may bleed,  
 For rough are paths which lead  
 Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,  
 Thy tender arm, and strong,  
 The weary one will bear ;  
 And Thou wilt wash me clean,  
 And lead to pastures green,  
 Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till, from the soil of sin  
 Cleansed and made pure within,  
 Dear Saviour, Who hast died,  
 Thou bringest me in love,  
 Safe to Thy fold above,  
 Forever to abide.

572

7s.

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,  
 As with feeble steps they press  
 On the pathway rough and steep  
 Through the weary wilderness.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread ;  
 Give the strength we sorely lack.  
 There are tangled paths to tread ;  
 Light us, lest we miss the track.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie  
     Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
     Where the feeble faint and die ;  
     Grant us grace to persevere.  
     Holy Jesus, day by day,  
     Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades  
     Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
     Sunny slopes and scented shades ;  
     Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
     Holy Jesus, day by day,  
     Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights !  
     Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
     Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
     Till we reach the promised rest !  
     Holy Jesus, day by day,  
     Lead us in the narrow way.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
     Much we need Thy tender care ;  
     In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;  
     For our use Thy folds prepare :  
     Blessèd Jesus !  
     Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
     Poor and sinful though we be ;  
     Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
     Grace to cleanse, and power to free :  
     Blessèd Jesus !  
     Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
 Early let us learn Thy will ;  
 Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,  
 With Thy love our bosoms fill :  
 Blessed Jesus !  
 Thou hast loved us : love us still.

574

8.7.

GRANT us, O our heavenly Father,  
 In the dawning of our days,  
 Thee in all things to remember,  
 Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.

2 With the cross of Christ, our Saviour,  
 Stamped upon our infant brows,  
 May we in the battle's dawning  
 Heed His word, and keep our vows.

3 Then in Holy Confirmation,  
 By the laying on of hands,  
 Strength may we receive, and blessing,  
 To obey our Lord's commands.

4 Drawing nearer still and nearer,  
 May we close and closer cling  
 To our Lord, and to His altar  
 There ourselves an offering bring.

5 Step by step in life advancing,  
 Onward, upward, as we move  
 Through the world unharmed, rejoicing  
 In His all-redeeming love :

6 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,  
     At our work as in His sight,  
     May His presence still be with us,  
     As we do it with our might.

7 Serving Thee, our heavenly Father,  
     From the dawn to set of sun,  
     Serving Thee in life's young morning,  
     Till our work on earth is done:

8 Till the shadows of the evening  
     Shall forever pass away,  
     And the Resurrection-morning  
     Kindle into perfect day.

**O** LORD, the Holy Innocents  
     Laid down for Thee their infant life,  
     And martyrs brave and patient saints  
     Have stood for Thee in fire and strife.

2 We wear the cross they wore of old;  
     Our lips have learned like vows to make;  
     We need not die; we cannot fight;  
     What may we do for Jesus' sake?

3 Oh, day by day each Christian child  
     Has much to do, without, within;  
     A death to die for Jesus' sake,  
     A weary war to wage with sin.

4 When deep within our swelling hearts,  
     The thoughts of pride and anger rise,  
     When bitter words are on our tongues,  
     And tears of passion in our eyes;

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,  
 Then we may check the hasty word,  
 Give gentle answers back again,  
 And fight a battle for our Lord.

6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,  
 Light in our dwellings we may make,  
 Bid kind good-humor brighten there,  
 And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and small  
 But has his little cross to take,  
 His little work of love and praise,  
 That he may do for Jesus' sake.

JESUS, gentlest Saviour,  
 God of might and power,  
 Thou Thyselv art dwelling  
 With us at this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,  
 Heaven is all too strait  
 For Thine endless glory,  
 And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining  
 Of the farthest star,  
 Thou art ever stretching  
 Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children  
     Hold what worlds cannot,  
     And the God of wonders  
     Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,  
     Thou art with us now ;  
     Fill us with Thy goodness  
     Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces ;  
     Give us love and fear,  
     And, dear Lord, the chiefest,  
     Grace to persevere !

7 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
     For a gift like this,  
     Gift that truly maketh  
     Heaven's eternal bliss ?

**I**N the vineyard of our Father  
     Daily work we find to do :  
     Scattered gleanings we may gather,  
     Though we are but young and few ;  
     Little clusters  
     Help to fill the garners too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,  
     Catching moments through the day,  
     Nothing small or lowly scorning,  
     While we work, and watch, and pray ;  
     Gathering gladly  
     Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
 Not for objects nothing worth,  
 But to send the blessed story  
 Of the Gospel o'er the earth,  
 Telling mortals  
 Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,  
 Till in death our lips are dumb,  
 Or till, sin's dominion falling,  
 Christ shall in His kingdom come,  
 And His children  
 Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,  
 Heavenly Father, may we be ;  
 And forever, and forever,  
 We will give the praise to Thee ;  
 Alleluia !  
 Singing all eternity.

578

8.7.

**G**OD in heaven, hear our singing !  
 Only little ones are we ;  
 Yet a great petition bringing,  
 Father, now we come to Thee.

2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee ;  
 Let the world in Thee find rest !  
 Let all know Thee and obey Thee,  
 Loving, praising, blessing, blest !

3 Let the sweet and joyful story  
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
 Wake on earth a song of glory,  
 Like the angels' song above !

4 Father, send the glorious hour !  
 Every heart be Thine alone !  
 For the kingdom, and the power,  
 And the glory are Thine own.

*Also the following:*

**526** Jesu, from Thy throne on high.

**579**

**Lay Helpers.**

7.6.

O BROTHERS, lift your voices,  
 Triumphant songs to raise ;  
 Till heaven on high rejoices,  
 And earth is filled with praise.  
 Ten thousand hearts are bounding  
 With holy hopes and free ;  
 The Gospel trump is sounding,  
 The trump of Jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious  
 Shall be the conflict's close :  
 The cross hath been victorious,  
 And shall be o'er its foes.  
 Faith is our battle-token :  
 Our Leader all controls ;  
 Our trophies, fetters broken ;  
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us : Lord Jesus,  
 To Thee all praise be due !  
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
 Has freed our brethren too.  
 Not unto us : in glory  
 The angels catch the strain,  
 And cast their crowns before Thee  
 Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,  
 Thy presence we adore :  
 Praise, glory, adoration  
 Be Thine for evermore !  
 Still on in conflict pressing  
 On Thee Thy people call,  
 Thee, King of kings confessing,  
 Thee, crowning Lord of all.

O

6.6.4.6.6.4.

CHRIST for the world we sing !  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With loving zeal ;  
 The poor, and them that mourn,  
 The faint and overborne,  
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
 Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing !  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With fervent prayer ;  
 The wayward and the lost,  
 By restless passions tossed,  
 Redeemed at countless cost,  
 From dark despair.

Ye that are men now serve Him  
 Against unnumbered foes !  
 Let courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
 Stand in His strength alone !  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own :  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And watching unto prayer,  
 When duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there !

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
 The strife will not be long :  
 This day, the noise of battle ;  
 The next, the victor's song.  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be ;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

WORK, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the morning hours ;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
     Work through the sunny noon ;  
     Fill brightest hours with labor,  
         Rest comes sure and soon :  
     Give every flying minute  
         Something to keep in store :  
     Work, for the night is coming,  
         When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
     Under the sunset skies ;  
     While their bright tints are glowing,  
         Work, for daylight flies :  
     Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
         Fadeth to shine no more :  
     Work, while the night is darkening,  
         When man's work is o'er.

584

L. M.

**G**O, labor on ! spend and be spent !  
     Thy joy to do the Father's will ;  
     It is the way the Master went ;  
         Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labor on ! 'tis not for naught ;  
     Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain ;  
     Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;  
         The Master praises : what are men ?

3 Go, labor on ! enough, while here,  
     If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
     The willing heart to mark and cheer  
         No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!  
 The world's dark night is hastening on:  
 Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!  
 It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!  
 Be wise the erring soul to win!  
 Go forth into the world's highway!  
 Compel the wanderer to come in!

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!  
 For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
 The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

O THOU before Whose presence  
 Naught evil may come in,  
 Yet Who dost look in mercy  
 Down on this world of sin;  
 Oh, give us noble purpose  
 To set the sin-bound free,  
 And Christ-like, tender pity,  
 To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:  
 The forces at his hand,  
 With woes that none can number,  
 Despoil the pleasant land;  
 All they who war against them,  
 In strife so keen and long,  
*Must in their Saviour's armor*  
*Be stronger than the strong.*

3 So hast Thou wrought among us  
 The great things that we see :  
 For things that are we thank Thee,  
 And for the things to be :  
 For bright Hope is uplifting  
 Faint hands and feeble knees,  
 To strive beneath Thy blessing  
 For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,  
 O Purity and Power !  
 Lead on, till peace eternal  
 Shall close this battle-hour :  
 Till all who prayed and struggled  
 To set their brethren free,  
 In triumph, meet to praise Thee,  
 Most Holy Trinity.

586

L. M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;  
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek,  
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;  
 Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,  
 I may stretch out a loving hand  
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
     The precious things Thou dost impart ;  
     And wing my words, that they may reach  
         The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
     That I may speak with soothing power  
     A word in season, as from Thee,  
         To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
     Until my very heart o'erflow  
     In kindling thought and glowing word,  
         Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
     Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;  
     Until Thy blessed face I see,  
         Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

## TEACHERS.

587

6s.

**S**HINE Thou upon us, Lord,  
     True Light of men, to-day ;  
     And through the written Word  
         Thy very self display ;  
     That so from hearts which burn  
         With gazing on Thy face,  
     The little ones may learn  
         The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,  
     Thy Spirit's living flame,  
     That so with one accord  
         Our lips may tell Thy Name ;

Give Thou the hearing ear,  
Fix Thou the wandering thought,  
That those we teach may hear  
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,  
In all we say of Thee ;  
According to Thy Word  
Let all our teaching be ;  
That so Thy lambs may know  
Their own true Shepherd's voice,  
Where'er He leads them go,  
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord ;  
Thy mind and will be ours ;  
Be Thou beloved, adored,  
And served, with all our powers ;  
That so our lives may teach  
Thy children what Thou art,  
And plead, by more than speech,  
For Thee with every heart.

## GUILDS OR FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THROUGH Him, Who all our sickness felt,  
Who all our sorrows bare,  
Through Him, in Whom Thy fullness dwelt,  
We lift to Thee our prayer.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's burdens bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,  
Help us ourselvess to prove;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,  
And take us to Thy rest,  
Among the saints who see Thy face  
To be forever blest.

*Also the following:*

**161** O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.  
**162** The son of Consolation.  
**496** Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.  
**499** Almighty God, Whose only Son.  
**505** Fight the good fight with all thy might.  
**507** The Son of God goes forth to war.  
**510** Go forward, Christian soldier.  
**511** O happy band of pilgrims.  
**520** Rejoice, ye pure in heart!  
**521** Through the night of doubt and sorrow.  
**522** On our way rejoicing.  
**579** O brothers, lift your voices.

589

## Parochial Missions.

8.7.8.7.3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free!  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some portion fall on me,  
Even me!

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st punish, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,  
Even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,  
Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,  
Even me!

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me,  
Even me!

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;  
 Blood of God, so rich and free ;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me,  
 Even me !

7 Pass me not ! this lost one bringing,  
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee !  
 All my heart to Thee is springing ;  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,  
 Even me !

590

7.6.

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us  
 To wash away our sin,  
 However great our trespass,  
 Whatever we have been ;  
 However long from mercy  
 Our hearts have turned away,  
 Thy precious blood can cleanse us,  
 And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
 And all who enter in  
 Shall find a Father's welcome,  
 And pardon for their sin.  
 The past shall be forgotten,  
 A present joy be given,  
 A future grace be promised,  
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,  
 His Holy Spirit waits ;  
 His blessed angels gather  
 Around the heavenly gates :

No question will be asked us  
How often we have come;  
Although we oft have wandered,  
It is our Father's home.

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy !  
    Oh, ever-open door !  
What shall we do without Thee  
    When heart and eyes run o'er ?  
When all things seem against us,  
    To drive us to despair,  
We know one gate is open,  
    One ear will hear our prayer.

591

L. M.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,  
    And plead with Thee for mercy there,  
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,  
    And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,  
    My thousand stains of deepest dye !  
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,  
    And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,  
    The trembling creature of Thy hand ;  
Think how my heart to sin is prone,  
    And what temptations round me stand.

4 Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,  
    And every plighted promise there !  
How prayer should evermore be heard,  
    And how Thy glory is to spare.

5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,  
 My strivings with Thy grace divine ;  
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,  
 And let His merits stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ;  
 Thine arm can never shortened be ;  
 Behold me here ; my heart is full ;  
 Behold, and spare, and succor me.

592

7s.

**J**ESUS Christ is passing by ;  
 Sinner, lift to Him thine eye ;  
 As the precious moments flee,  
 Cry, "Be merciful to me."

2 Jesus Christ is passing by ;  
 Will He always be so nigh ?  
 Now is the accepted day ;  
 Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear ?  
 Art thou bidden to forbear ?  
 Let no obstacle defeat ;  
 Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo ! He stands and calls to thee,  
 "What wilt thou then have of Me ?"  
 Rise and tell Him all thy need ;  
 Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see ;  
 Lord, reveal Thy love to me :  
 Let it penetrate my soul ;  
 All my heart and life control."

6 Oh, how sweet ! the touch of power  
Comes ; it is salvation's hour :  
Jesus gives from guilt release ;  
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name !  
He is ever still the same ;  
To His matchless honor raise  
Never-ending songs of praise.

593

C. M.

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins :  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

594

S. M.

ONLY one prayer to-day,  
 One earnest, tearful plea;  
 A litany from out the heart,  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

- 2 Although my sin is great,  
 Still to my God I flee:  
 Yes, I can dare look up, and say,  
 "Have mercy, Lord, on me."
- 3 Because of Jesus' cross,  
 And that unfathomed sea,  
 The crimson tide which laves the world,  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 4 No other Name than His,  
 My hope, my help may be:  
 Oh, by that one all-saving Name,  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me!
- 5 In garb of sorrow clad  
 I crave Thy pardon free;  
 In life to die, in death to live;  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

595

L. M.

TURNED by Thy grace, I look within  
 My restless soul, nor knew till now  
 The stains I bear, the wounds my sin  
 Has scarred upon my Saviour's brow.

2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul :  
 My conscience cries and spares me not.  
 Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll :  
 Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

3 O God, my God, I see my sin :  
 I crucified the Lord of love.  
 Wormwood and gall I gave to Him ;  
 And sorely grieved God's holy Dove

4 Turned back and won by grace so free,  
 My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat :  
 Converted now, my aim shall be  
 To tread the prints of Christ's dear feet.

5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,  
 Return four-fold shall now make right.  
 My soul shall then by God be blest  
 Through Christ's atonement in His sight.

6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,  
 With my whole heart I freely give ;  
 'Tis only so that there can be  
 Pardon from Christ and grace to live.

7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confess,  
 Turned from and loathed as paining Thee,  
 As Thou forgiv'st, O Saviour blest,  
 Is pardoned, cleansed ! My soul is free.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
 Is whispering, Sinner, come :  
 The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
 To all His children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say  
 To all about him, Come :  
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
 To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 Oh, let him freely come,  
 And freely drink the stream of life !  
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,  
 Declares, I quickly come.  
 Lord ! even so ; I wait Thy hour !  
 Jesus, my Saviour, come.

597

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?  
 Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days ?

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
 Let night disown each radiant star ;  
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! oh, as soon  
 Let morning blush to own the sun !  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend  
 On Whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;  
And oh, may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

598

L. M.

**A**SHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord,  
I marvel how such wrong can be:  
And yet how oft in deed and word  
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,  
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,  
Whose feet the way of sorrow trod  
To bring me to Thy home above.

3 Ashamed of Thee! of that blest Name  
Which speaks of mercy full and free!  
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame  
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love divine  
Was not ashamed of our lost race,  
But even this cold heart of mine  
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place.

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray  
This cruel wrong no more may be:  
And in Thy last great Advent-day,  
Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me!

599

7s.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?"

- 2 He delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will He remember thee.
- 4 His is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 We shall see His glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partners of His throne shall be;  
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
*Oh, for grace to love Thee more!*

600

8s.

JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought:  
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
All that I am or have is Thine;  
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

601

7.6.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within.  
I need the cleansing fountain  
Where I can always flee,  
The blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow  
And seated on Thy throne:

There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be,  
 To sing my Jesus' praises,  
 To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

602

6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.

**I** NEED Thee every hour,  
 Most gracious Lord;  
 No tender voice like Thine  
 Can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,  
 Every hour I need Thee;  
 Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
 I come to Thee!

**2** I need Thee every hour;  
 Stay Thou near by;  
 Temptations lose their power  
 When Thou art nigh.

**3** I need Thee every hour,  
 In joy or pain;  
 Come quickly and abide,  
 Or life is vain.

**4** I need Thee every hour;  
 Teach me Thy will;  
 And Thy rich promises  
 In me fulfill.

**5** I need Thee every hour,  
 Most Holy One;  
 Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
 Thou blessed Son!

603

7.6.

I COULD not do without Thee,  
 O Saviour of the lost,  
 Whose precious blood redeemed me  
 At such tremendous cost;  
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
 Thy precious blood, must be  
 My only hope and comfort,  
 My glory and my plea.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,  
 I cannot stand alone,  
 I have no strength or goodness,  
 No wisdom of my own;  
 But Thou, belovèd Saviour,  
 Art all in all to me,  
 And weakness will be power  
 If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee,  
 For, oh, the way is long,  
 And I am often weary,  
 And sigh replaces song:  
 How could I do without Thee?  
 I do not know the way;  
 Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,  
 And wilt not let me stray.
- 4 I could not do without Thee,  
 O Jesus, Saviour dear;  
 E'en when my eyes are holden,  
 I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely  
 This changeful life would be,  
 Without the sweet communion,  
 The secret rest with Thee !

5 I could not do without Thee ;  
 No other friend can read  
 The spirit's strange deep longings,  
 Interpreting its need ;  
 No human heart could enter  
 Each dim recess of mine,  
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
 O blessed Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee,  
 For years are fleeting fast,  
 And soon in solemn loneliness  
 The river must be passed ;  
 But Thou wilt never leave me,  
 And though the waves roll high,  
 I know Thou wilt be near me,  
 And whisper, "It is I."

THY life was given for me !  
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed  
 That I might ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead.  
 Thy life was given for me,  
 What have I given for Thee ?

2 Long years were spent for me  
 In weariness and woe,  
 That through eternity  
 Thy glory I might know.  
 Long years were spent for me :  
 Have I spent one for Thee ?

3 Thy Father's home of light,  
 Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
 Were left for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone.  
 Yea, all was left for me :  
 Have I left aught for Thee ?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,  
 Down from Thy home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 Thy pardon and Thy love.  
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me :  
 What have I brought to Thee ?

5 Oh, let my life be given,  
 My years for Thee be spent !  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent !  
 Thou gavest Thyself for me :  
 I give myself to Thee.

**I** LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God ;  
*He* bears them all, and frees us  
*From* the accursed load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus :  
All fullness dwells in Him ;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases ;  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.  
I love the Name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child ;  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng ;  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

## 606

8.8.8.6

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am : Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

307

7s.

LOVE of Jesus, all divine,  
Fill this longing heart of mine ;  
Ceaseless struggling after life,  
Weary with the endless strife.  
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid ;  
Lift Thou up my fainting head ;  
Lead me to my long-sought rest,  
Pillofed on Thy loving breast.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,  
Thou alone canst comfort me ;  
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace  
Be my shield and hiding-place ;  
Let me know Thy saving power  
In temptation's fiercest hour :  
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side  
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
Kindled here this sacred fire,  
Weaned my heart from all below,  
Thee, and Thee alone to know.  
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,  
Thou alone canst satisfy :  
Love of Jesus, all divine,  
Fill this longing heart of mine.

4 When the child, with loving heart,  
 Youth, or maiden fair ;  
 When the aged, trusting still,  
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;  
 When the widow weeps to Thee,  
 Sad and lone and low ;  
 When the orphan brings to Thee  
 All his orphan woe :  
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

610

8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
 The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;  
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
 By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,  
 Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
 When, as the branches to the vine,  
 My soul may cling to Thee ?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,  
 And earthly friends and joys remove,  
 With patient, uncomplaining love,  
 Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone  
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
 A voice of love in gentle tone  
 Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
 We ask not, need not aught beside ;  
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
 The souls that cling to Thee !

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
 Since Thou art near and strong to save,  
 Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave.  
 Because they cling to Thee.

311

7s.

**J**ESUS, merciful and mild,  
 Lead me as a helpless child :  
 On no other arm but Thine  
 Would my weary soul recline.  
 Thou art ready to forgive,  
 Thou canst bid the sinner live ;  
 Guide the wanderer, day by day,  
 In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace  
 For the heavenly dwelling-place ;  
 All Thy promises are sure,  
 Ever shall Thy love endure ;  
 Then what more could I desire,  
 How to greater bliss aspire ?  
 All I need, in Thee I see ;  
 Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,  
 Thou hast made me truly Thine ;  
 Thou hast bought me by Thy blood ;  
 Reconciled my heart to God.  
 Hearken to my humble prayer,  
 Let me Thine own image bear,  
 Let me love Thee more and more,  
 Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

612

8.7.8.8.7.

O H, the bitter shame and sorrow,  
 That a time could ever be  
 When I let the Saviour's pity  
 Plead in vain, and proudly answered,  
 "All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him  
 Bleeding on the accursèd tree;  
 Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"  
 And my wistful heart said faintly,  
 "Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
 Healing, helping, full and free,  
 Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,  
 Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
 "Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,  
 Deeper than the deepest sea,  
 Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;  
 Grant me now my soul's desire,  
 "None of self, and all of Thee."

613

7s.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will:  
 Bid this struggling heart be still;  
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease;  
 Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Opened wide the gate to God :  
Peace I ask ; but peace must be,  
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done ;  
May Thy will and mine be one ;  
Chase these doubtings from my heart ;  
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall ;  
Thou my life, my God, my all !  
Let Thy happy servant be  
One for evermore with Thee !

614

S. M.

LORD Jesus, think on me,  
And purge away my sin ;  
From earthborn passions set me free,  
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
With care and woe oppress,  
Let me Thy loving servant be,  
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
Nor let me go astray ;  
Through darkness and perplexity  
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That, when the flood is past,  
I may the eternal brightness see,  
And share Thy joy at last.

615

7.0

O JESUS, I have promised  
 To serve Thee to the end;  
 Be Thou forever near me,  
 My Master and my Friend !  
 I shall not fear the battle  
 If Thou art by my side,  
 Nor wander from the pathway  
 If Thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me !  
 The world is ever near ;  
 I see the sights that dazzle,  
 The tempting sounds I hear ;  
 My foes are ever near me,  
 Around me and within ;  
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
 And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking  
 In accents clear and still,  
 Above the storms of passion,  
 The murmurs of self-will !  
 Oh, speak to re-assure me,  
 To hasten or control !  
 Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
 Thou guardian of my soul !

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
 To all who follow Thee,  
 That where Thou art in glory  
 There shall Thy servant be ;

And, Jesus, I have promised  
 To serve Thee to the end ;  
 Oh, give me grace to follow,  
 My Master and my Friend !

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,  
 And in them plant my own !  
 My hope to follow duly  
 Is in Thy strength alone.  
 Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,  
 Uphold me to the end !  
 At last in heaven receive me,  
 My Saviour and my Friend !

616

L. M.

**H**E leadeth me ! oh, blessed thought !  
 Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught !  
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain :

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !  
 By His own hand He leadeth me !  
 His faithful follower I would be,  
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine :  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

617

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GLORY be to God the Father!  
 Glory be to God the Son!  
 Glory be to God the Spirit!  
 Great Jehovah, Three in One!  
 Glory, glory,  
 While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,  
 Washed us from each spot and stain!  
 Glory be to Him Who bought us,  
 Made us kings with Him to reign!  
 Glory, glory,  
 To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!  
 Glory to the Church's King!  
 Glory to the King of nations!  
 Heaven and earth your praises bring!  
 Glory, glory,  
 To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
 Thus the choir of angels sings;  
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
 Thus its praise creation brings;  
 Glory, glory,  
 Glory to the King of kings!

618

S. M.

**R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord,  
 Thy mighty arm make bare;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And make Thy people hear.

- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Disturb this sleep of death;  
 Quicken the smoldering embers now  
 By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
 And hungering for the Bread of life,  
 Oh, may our spirits be!
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Exalt Thy precious Name;  
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 And give refreshing showers;  
 The glory shall be all Thine own,  
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

619

8.7.

**C**ALL them in! the poor, the wretched,  
 Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
 Peace and pardon freely offer!  
 Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
 Call them in! the weak, the weary,  
 Laden with the doom of sin;  
 Bid them come and rest in Jesus!  
*He is waiting: call them in!*

2 Call them in ! the Jew, the Gentile ;  
     Bid the stranger to the feast !  
     Call them in ! the rich, the noble,  
         From the highest to the least.  
     Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
         He hath all their sorrows seen ;  
     Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,  
         Wait the lost ones : call them in !

3 Call them in ! the broken-hearted,  
     Cowering 'neath the brand of shame :  
     Speak love's message low and tender !  
         'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
     See the shadows lengthen round us,  
         Soon the day-dawn will begin ;  
     Call them in ! the lost and lonely :  
         Christ is coming : call them in !

**O**NWARD, Christian ! though the region  
     Where thou art be drear and lone ;  
     God has set a guardian legion  
         Very near thee ; press thou on !

2 Listen, Christian ! their hosanna  
     Rolleth o'er thee : " God is love : "  
     Write upon thy red-cross banner,  
         " Upward ever ; heaven's above. "

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,  
     *Is the mount of vision won ;*  
     *Tread it without shrinking, brother !*  
     *Jesus trod it ; press thou on !*

- 4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace,  
While it needs thee ; oh, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release !
5. Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,  
That thou be a faithful son ;  
By the prayer of Jesus, " Father,  
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

621

P. M.

DAYs and moments quickly flying  
Speed us onward to the dead :  
Oh, how soon shall we be lying  
Each within his narrow bed !

- 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;  
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the eternal choice !
- 3 Mark we whither we are wending ;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending  
Or eternity of woe.
- 4 As a shadow life is fleeting ;  
As a vapor so it flies :  
For the bygone years retreating,  
Pardon grant, and make us wise ;

5 Wise that we our days may number,  
 Strive and wrestle with our sin ;  
 Stay not in our work nor slumber  
 Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious  
 We with all the dead shall stand ;  
 Saviour, over death victorious,  
 Place us then on Thy right hand.

[After third and sixth verses.]

Life passeth soon ;  
 Death draweth near :  
 Keep us, good Lord,  
 Till Thou appear ;  
 With Thee to live,  
 With Thee to die,  
 With Thee to reign  
 Through eternity !

**M**Y hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace ;  
 In every high and stormy gale  
 My anchor holds within the veil.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

3 His word, His covenant, His blood,  
 Support me in the 'whelming flood ;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,  
 Oh, may I then in Him be found !  
 Clothed in His righteousness alone,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne.  
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
 All other ground is shifting sand.

23

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

I'M but a stranger here,  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand,  
 Heaven is my fatherland,  
 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 And time's wild wintry blast  
 Soon will be over-past ;  
 I shall reach home at last,  
 Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,  
Heaven is my home ;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home.  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand ;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

*Also the following :*

14 At even, ere the sun was set.  
84 O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.  
85 O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.  
86 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.  
88 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.  
101 When I survey the wondrous cross.  
203 A few more years shall roll.  
251 Look from Thy sphere of endless day.  
335 Jesu, lover of my soul.  
336 Rock of ages.  
342 Art thou weary.  
345 My faith looks up to Thee.  
347 Sinful, sighing to be blest.  
349 Out of the deep I call.  
350 Jesus, Lord of life and glory.  
356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.  
357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.  
360 O Jesu, Lord most merciful.  
362 Glory be to Jesus.  
363 O Lamb of God, still keep me.  
34 O Jesu, we adore Thee.

**365** Hail ! Thou once despisèd Jesus.  
**376** Come, Holy Spirit, come.  
**384** God, my Father, hear me pray.  
**429** My God, accept my heart this day.  
**431** O love that casts out fear.  
**432** Love divine, all love excelling.  
**437** Come unto Me, ye weary.  
**442** Saviour, source of every blessing.  
**443** Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.  
**446** Shepherd of tender youth.  
**448** Come, let us sing the song of songs.  
**454** Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.  
**474** Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.  
**502** Heirs of unending life.  
**504** My soul, be on thy guard.  
**513** Oh, where shall rest be found.  
**521** Through the night of doubt and sorrow.  
**529** Father, hear Thy children's call.  
**579** O brothers, lift your voices.  
**606** Just as I am.  
**625** Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.  
**628** Though faint, yet pursuing.  
**630** Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow.  
**635** Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion.  
**651** Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.  
**652** Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.  
**658** Thou hidden love of God, whose height.  
**673** I heard the voice of Jesus say.

624

For the Sick and Afflicted.

8.4.

MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made  
 The earth so bright ;  
 So full of splendor and of joy,  
 Beauty and light ;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made  
 Joy to abound ;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
 Circling us round.

That in the darkest spot of earth  
 Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy  
 Is touched with pain ;

That shadows fall on brightest hours ;  
 That thorns remain ;

So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
 And not our chain.

4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon  
 Our weak heart clings,

Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
 Yet all with wings ;

So that we see, gleaming on high,  
 Diviner things.

5 *I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
 The best in store ;*

We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more :  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest ;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

625

8s.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there !  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone !  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown !  
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
May every act, word, thought, be love !

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray !  
All pain before thy presence flies :  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee !

4 Still let Thy love point out my way!  
 What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!  
 Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
 Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
 And if I fall, soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
 In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that dark, final hour  
 Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,  
 That I may love Thee without end.

## 626

S. M.

“**M**Y times are in Thy hand :”  
 My God, I wish them there;  
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave  
 Entirely to Thy care.

2 “ My times are in Thy hand,”  
 Whatever they may be;  
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to Thee.

3 “ My times are in Thy hand :”  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My Father’s hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.

4 “ My times are in Thy hand,”  
 Jesus, the crucified!  
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
 Is now my guard and guide,

627

L. M.

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care ;  
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,  
O Love divine, forever dear !  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near.

628

11s.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our  
way;  
The Lord is our leader, His Word is our stay;  
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,  
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear ?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint ;  
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their com-  
plaint ;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter ? Our help is in God !

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads ;  
 His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds !  
 The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,  
 And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light ;  
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might ;  
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come ;  
 The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home !

629

11.10.

WE would see Jesus ; for the shadows lengthen  
 Across this little landscape of our life ;  
 We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen  
 For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation  
 Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace :  
 Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
 Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus : other lights are paling,  
 Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;  
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing :  
 We would not mourn them, for we go to *Thee*.

4 We would see Jesus ; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its  
fingers ;  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less  
strong.

5 We would see Jesus : sense is all too binding,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away ;  
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding  
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus : this is all we 're needing ;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the  
sight ;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading ;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

## 630

11.10.11.10.10.10.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confess ;  
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer  
strayed ;  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how  
kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid ;

And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed  
the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength  
again.

- 3 Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;  
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,  
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear ;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.
- 4 Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this ? Thou knowest, Lord.
- 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing ;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing ;  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved ;  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet ;  
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :  
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,  
*And follow on* to know as we are known.

631

L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around ;  
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
 Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,  
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest ;  
 It tells me where my soul may flee :  
 Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress,  
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die !  
 Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
 To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
 I am thy portion ; 'Come to Me.'"

4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
 In conflict, grief, and agony,  
 Support me, cheer me from above ;  
 And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

632

68.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
 However dark it be ;  
 Lead me by Thine own hand,  
 Choose out the path for me.  
 Smooth let it be or rough,  
 It will be still the best ;  
 Winding or straight, it leads  
 Right ~~and~~ to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot ;  
 I would not, if I might ;  
 Choose Thou for me, my God :  
 So shall I walk aright.  
 Take Thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to Thee may seem ;  
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health ;  
 Choose Thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.  
 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great or small ;  
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom, and my all.

## 633

10.4.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
 A pleasant road ;  
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
 Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
 Beneath my feet ;  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
 Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :  
 Lead me aright,  
*Though strength should falter and though heart  
 should bleed,*  
*Through peace to light.*

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
    Full radiance here;  
    Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
    Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,  
    My way to see;  
    Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
    And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
    Like quiet night.  
    Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
    Through peace to light.

634

6s.

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
    Oh, may Thy will be mine!  
    Into Thy hand of love  
    I would my all resign;  
    Through sorrow, or through joy,  
    Conduct me as Thine own,  
    And help me still to say,  
    My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
    Though seen through many a tear,  
    Let not my star of hope  
    Grow dim or disappear;  
    Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
    And sorrowed oft alone,  
    If I must weep with Thee,  
    My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 All shall be well for me ;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee :  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

635

7.6.

LORD Jesus, by Thy Passion,  
 To Thee I make my prayer ;  
 Thou Who in mercy smitest,  
 Have mercy, Lord, and spare.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain  
 That floweth from Thy side !  
 Oh, clothe me in the raiment  
 Thy blood hath purified !

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,  
 And lead from strength to strength,  
 That unto Thee in Sion  
 I may appear at length !

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,  
 And open wide the door,  
 That I may enter freely  
 And never leave Thee more !

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,  
 To that most blessed place,  
*Where angels and archangels*  
*Look ever on Thy face ;*

6 Where gladsome alleluias  
    Unceasingly resound ;  
Where martyrs, now triumphant,  
    Walk robed in white and crowned !

7 Oh, make my spirit worthy  
    To join that ransomed throng !  
Oh, teach my lips to utter  
    That everlasting song !

8 Oh, give that last, best blessing,  
    That even saints can know,  
To follow in Thy footsteps  
    Wherever Thou dost go !

9 Not wisdom, might, or glory,  
    I ask to win above ;  
I ask for Thee, Thee only,  
    O Thou eternal love !

636

11s.

**H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
    Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !  
What more can He say than to you He hath  
    said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 Fear not, I am with Thee ; oh, be not dismayed !  
    I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
    to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to His foes ;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to  
shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

## 637

11.10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
“Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.”
- 3 Here see the Bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing  
*Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.*

638

**Home and Personal Use.**

8s.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of Righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine ;  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.

- 2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counselor and friend !  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies !
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

639

L. M.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
 My daily labor to pursue;  
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
 Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill;  
 In all my works Thy presence find,  
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see;  
 And labor on at Thy command,  
 And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray;  
 And still to things eternal look,  
 And hasten to Thy glorious Day.
- 5 Fain would I still for Thee employ  
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
 Would run my course with even joy,  
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

640

C. M.

MY Father, for another night  
 Of quiet sleep and rest,  
 For all the joy of morning light,  
 Thy holy Name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give  
 Myself anew to Thee,  
 That as Thou wildest I may live,  
 And what Thou wildest be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
 Whate'er I speak or frame,  
 Thy glory may I seek in all,  
 Do all in Jesus' Name.

4 My Father, for His sake, I pray  
 Thy child accept and bless ;  
 And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
 In paths of righteousness.

641

L. M.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,  
 My soul, adoring, turns to Thee ;  
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,  
 When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
 To Thee my soul triumphant springs ;  
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
 Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,  
 To death and Thee my thoughts I give ;  
 To death, whose power I soon must feel,  
 To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

## 642

8.7.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour !  
For the day is passing by;  
See ! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances ;  
Shall it be the night of rest ?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear ;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
- 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms ;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.
- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;  
Tarry with me through the darkness ;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning ; then awake me !  
Morning of eternal rest.

## 43

8s.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,  
 Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,  
 My all to Thy covenant care,  
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
   The night is no darkness to me ;  
   And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
   They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,  
   Unseen, yet forever at hand ;  
   Unchangeably faithful to save,  
   Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,  
   His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;  
   And walls of salvation surround  
   The soul He delights to defend.

## 44

L. M.

REAT God, to Thee my evening song  
 With humble gratitude I raise :  
 Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,  
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
   And every onward rolling hour,  
   Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
   And witness to Thy love and power.

- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
    Too oft regardless of Thy love,  
    Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,  
    And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
    Of Christ my Lord ; His Name alone  
    I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
    And kind acceptance at Thy throne.
- 5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close ;  
    With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
    Safe in Thy care may I repose,  
    And wake with praises to Thy Name.

## 645

S. M.

THE day is past and gone ;  
    The evening shades appear :  
Oh, may we all remember well  
    The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,  
    Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
    Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
    Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
    Till morning light appears.

## 646

8.7.8.7.7.7.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us ;  
    Hear us ere the hour of rest :  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
    Let no foe our peace molest ;  
    Jesus, Thou our guardian be ;  
    Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
    Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;  
    In Thine arms may we repose ;  
    And, when life's short day is past,  
    Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

## 647

8.7.

HEAR our prayer, O Heavenly Father,  
    Ere we lay us down to sleep ;  
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
    Round our bed their vigils keep.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
    Far outweighs them every one ;  
Down before the cross we cast them,  
    Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril  
    Safe beneath its sheltering shade ;  
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
    When our pilgrimage is made.

2 Give me a true regard,  
 A single, steady aim,  
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
 To Thee and Thy great Name;  
 A jealous, just concern  
 For Thine immortal praise;  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word;  
 The promise is for me;  
 My succor and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee:  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into Thy perfect love.

651

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King:  
 Large petitions with thee bring;  
 For His grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do ;  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith ;  
Let me die Thy people's death.

652

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place ;  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died !

5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
 To bear the cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead Thy gracious Name.

653

C. M.

MY God, I love Thee : not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby ;  
 Nor yet because if I love not  
 I must forever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony,  
 E'en death itself ; and all for me  
 Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blesse'd Jesus Christ,  
 Should I not love Thee well ?  
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
 Nor of escaping hell ;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
 Not seeking a reward :  
 But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
 O ever-loving Lord !

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in Thy praise will sing ;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.

54

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ !  
More love to Thee !  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee ;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest :  
Now Thee alone I seek ;  
Give what is best :  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee !  
More love to Thee !
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain ;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.
- 4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise ;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

655

L. M.

NO change of time shall ever shock  
 My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;  
 For Thou hast always been my rock,  
 A fortress and defense to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;  
 My trust is in Thy mighty power :  
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
 At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,  
 To Whom all praise we justly owe ;  
 So shall I, by Thy watchful care,  
 Be guarded safe from every foe.

656

P. M.

BREAST the wave, Christian,  
 When it is strongest ;  
 Watch for day, Christian,  
 When the night's longest ;  
 Onward and onward still  
 Be thine endeavor ;  
 The rest that remaineth  
 Will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
 Jesus is o'er thee ;  
 Run the race, Christian,  
 Heaven is before thee ;  
 He Who hath promised  
 Faltereth never ;  
 He Who hath loved so well,  
 Loveth forever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth ;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever ;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise Him forever.

657

C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart !  
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide Thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy ~~mercy~~ shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 But oh, eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise !

## 658

8s.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed no man knows :  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 Only I sigh for Thy repose :  
 My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there.  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live !  
 My base affections crucify,  
 Nor let one favorite sin survive ;  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call !  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all !  
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice !

659

8s.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

660

C. M.

O H, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
*And drove Thee from my breast.*

3 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

## 661

10s.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,  
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
 So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,  
 So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day ;  
 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
 To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul ? why doubt Jehovah's aid ?  
 Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove ;  
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid :  
 Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

## 662

L. M.

LET me with light and truth be blest ;  
 Be these my guides to lead the way,  
 Till on Thy holy hill I rest,  
 And in Thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
 To God, Who is my only joy ;  
 And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,  
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul ? and why  
 So much oppressed with anxious care ?  
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
 Who will thy ruined state repair.

663

C. M.

O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to Thee ;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart :  
 In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee,  
 Oh, let my strength be as my day !  
 For good, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble frame should be,  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
 Hear and remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death  
 I own Thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
 Dear Lord, remember me !

664

S. M.

MY spirit, on Thy care,  
 Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
 For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform :  
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me ;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

665

C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, oh, make me glad  
The longer to obey ;  
If short, no laborer is sad  
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
And he that to God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see :  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be ?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints  
 And weary, sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim ;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him.

666

S. M.

**J**ESUS, I live to Thee,  
 The loveliest and best ;  
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
 In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
 Whenever death shall come ;  
 To die in Thee is life to me,  
 In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,  
 I know not which is best ;  
 To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
 To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
 I ask but to be Thine ;  
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
 Makes heaven forever mine.

667

8.8.8.4.

**M**Y God, my Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home in life's rough way,  
 Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
 "Thy will be done!"

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
“Thy will be done !”
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
“Thy will be done !”
- 4 If Thou should’st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne’er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
“Thy will be done !”
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
“Thy will be done !”
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
“Thy will be done !”
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I’ll sing upon a happier shore,  
“Thy will be done.”

WHATE’ER my God ordains is right ;  
 His will is ever just ;  
 Howe’er He orders now my cause,  
 I will be still and trust.

He is my God ;  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
He never will deceive ;  
He leads me by the proper path,  
And so to Him I cleave,  
And take content  
What He hath sent ;  
His hand can turn my griefs away,  
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink ;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day ;  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
My light, my life is He,  
Who cannot will me aught but good ;  
I trust Him utterly ;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
*How faithful was our guardian here.*

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
 Here will I take my stand,  
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth  
 For me a desert land.  
 My Father's care  
 Is round me there,  
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;  
 And so to Him I leave it all.

669

7s.

SOVEREIGN ruler of the skies,  
 Ever gracious, ever wise,  
 All our times are in Thy hand,  
 All events at Thy command.

2 He that formed us in the womb,  
 He shall guide us to the tomb ;  
 All our ways shall ever be  
 Ordered by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
 Blighting want and cheerful wealth,  
 All our pleasures, all our pains,  
 Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own Thy hand,  
 Still to Thee surrendered stand,  
 Know that Thou art God alone,  
 We and ours are all Thy own !

670

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise :

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend :  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

671

C. M.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
To Thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
*My ~~soul~~ shall meet Thy will.*

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
     The gathering storms shall see ;  
     My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
     That heart will rest on Thee.

672

S. M.

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
     Our hearts in Jesus' love :  
     The fellowship of Christian minds  
     Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
     We pour united prayers ;  
     Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;  
     Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
     Our mutual burdens bear ;  
     And often for each other flows  
     The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,  
     Not like the world's, our pain ;  
     But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
     We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
     And sin, we shall be free ;  
     And perfect love and friendship reign  
     Throughout eternity.

673

C. M.

**I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say  
     Come unto Me and rest ;  
     Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
     Thy head upon My breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
Behold I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
I am this dark world's light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my star, my sun ;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

## 674

10s.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of  
sin ?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?  
*In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.*

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and  
ours ?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

675

S. M.

**F**OREVER with the Lord !  
Amen ! so let it be !  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
And immortality !

2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear !

4 Ah ! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above !

5 Then, then I feel, that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

676

P. M

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I am nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before;

2 Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea,  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the "many mansions" be;

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown;

4 But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the deep and unknown stream  
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith:  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death;

6 Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

## 677

L. M.

1 **A**S, when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if o'er the plains  
He sees his home, though distant still ;

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting heart renewes,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to Thine abode ;  
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labors of the road.

## 678

C. M.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea ;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes :
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

679

6s.

THERE is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace :  
Good angels know it well ;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell ;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And ~~the Spirit more.~~

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands, and feet, and side !  
 To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done !

4 Look up, ye saints of God !  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe !  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love !  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.



## DOXOLOGIES.

NOTE.—After the Long, Common, and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow !  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below !  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Amen.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God Whom earth and heaven adore,  
 Be glory, as it was of old,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

## D. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, praise be given,  
 The everlasting Three in One,  
 Adored by all in earth and heaven ;  
 As was in circling ages past,  
 Is now, and shall forever be,  
 While saints their crowns of glory cast  
 Before Thy throne, blest Trinity. Amen.

## C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

## D. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit all-divine,  
 The One in Three, and Three in One  
 Let saints and angels join :  
 Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 As was, and is, and shall be done,  
 When time shall be no more. Amen.

## S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, ever blest,  
 The One in Three, the Three in One,  
 Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

D. S. M.

PRAISE, as in ages past, —  
 Praise, as in glory now,  
 Praise, while eternity shall last,  
 To Thee, O God, we vow ;  
 Whom all the heavenly host  
 And saints on earth adore ;  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Be glory evermore. Amen.

1

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,  
 To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
 As was, and is, and ever shall be given. Amen.

2

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,  
 Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,  
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.  
 Amen.

8s.

3

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be glory in the highest given,  
 By all in earth, and all in heaven,  
 As was through ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

4

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God Whom heaven's triumphant host  
 And suffering saints on earth adore,

8.8.8.8.8.8.

8s.

Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last,  
 When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

5 D. 8s.  
 8s. **E**TERNAL Father! throned above,  
 Thou Fountain of redeeming love!  
 Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne  
 For man's rebellion to atone;  
 Eternal Spirit, Who dost give  
 That grace whereby our spirits live:  
 Thou God of our salvation, be  
 Eternal praises paid to Thee. Amen.

6 7s.  
**H**OLY Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One!  
 Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
 Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.

7 7.7.7.7.7.7.  
 7s. **P**RAISE the Name of God most high,  
 Praise Him, all below the sky,  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 As through countless ages past,  
 Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

8 D. 7s.  
**H**OLY Father, Fount of light,  
 God of wisdom, goodness, might;  
 Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,  
 God with ~~man~~ manuel;

7s. | Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
God of comfort, peace, and love ;  
Evermore be Thou adored,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

9

TO Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Eternal glory be. Amen.

10

6.6.6.6.6.6

6s. | TO God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise and glory be ;  
As was in ages past,  
And shall forever last,  
Most Holy Trinity.

11

D. 6s

TO Father, and to Son,  
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Eternal glory be ;  
As hath been, and is now,  
And shall be evermore :  
Before Thy throne we bow,  
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

12

8.7

8.7. | PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
*Glory through eternal days.* Amen.

13

8.7.8.7.8.7.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,  
 Praise and honor to the Son,  
 Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One ;  
 One in might and one in glory  
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

8.7. 14

D. 8.7.

LET the voice of all creation,  
 Earth and heaven's triumphant host,  
 Praise the God of our salvation,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 See the heavenly elders casting  
 Golden crowns before His throne :  
 Alleluias everlasting  
 Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

15

7.6.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 Be loftiest praises given,  
 Now and for evermore. Amen.

7.6.

16

D. 7.6.

O FATHER ever glorious,  
 O everlasting Son,  
 O Spirit all victorious,  
 Thrice Holy Three in One,  
 Great God of our salvation,  
 Whom earth and heaven adore,  
 Praise, glory, adoration,  
 Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

17

6.5.

GLORY to the Father,  
 G Glory to the Son,  
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
 Whilst all ages run. Amen.

18

9.8.

TO God the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 T The everlasting Three in One,  
 Be glory due Thy boundless merit,  
 While never ending ages run. Amen.

19

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,  
 G God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, joined in glory  
 On the same eternal throne:  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

20

8.7.8.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Father throned in heaven;  
 P Praise the everlasting Son;  
 Praise the Spirit freely given;  
 Praise the blessed Three in One.  
 As of old, the Trinity  
 Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

21

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit blest,  
 T Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
 Eternal Three in One confess,  
 Be highest glory given,  
 As hath been from the ages past,  
 And shall be while the ages last,  
 By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

22

7.6.7.6.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 T God ever Three in One,  
 Let glory due Thy merit,  
 By angel choirs begun,  
 As in the countless ages past,  
 Be sung while endless ages last. Amen.

23

8.5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 F God forever One,  
 Praise to Thine eternal merit,  
 While the ages run. Amen.

24

8.8.8.4.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 T Our God forever Three in One,  
 Be praise from men and angel host,  
 While ages run. Amen.

25

8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,  
 While everlasting ages run,  
 All glory be to Thee. Amen.

26

7.7.7.5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Three in One ; from every coast,  
 Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,  
 Thy true Godhead praise. Amen.

27

6.6.6.6.8.8.

TO God the Father's throne  
 T Your highest honors raise :  
 Glory to God the Son ;  
 To God the Spirit, praise :

With all our powers, eternal King,  
Thy Name we sing, while faith adores.

Amen.

28

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO Father and to Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given,  
As hath been heretofore,  
And shall be evermore :  
Let all His Name adore  
In earth and heaven. Amen.

29

4.4.7.7.6.

TO Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One  
True God, be glory given ;  
Now, and while the ages run,  
Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

30

HYMN 466.

P. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,  
And ever blessed Spirit,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Be glory due Thy merit ;  
As was in ages past,  
Is now, and still shall be,  
While endless ages last,  
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

31

COME, let us adore Him ! come, bow at His feet !  
Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet !  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies !  
Amen.

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# THE MORNING AND EVENING CANTICLES AND OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

POINTED FOR CHANTING BY THE COMMISSION ACTING UNDER  
THE AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

ATTEST. { H. A. NEELY, *Chairman.*  
                  { CHAS. L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary.*

IN putting forth this Pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the preface to the "Cathedral Psalter":—

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.
2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.
3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.
4. An asterisk (\*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (,;) must be attended to as in good reading.
5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, *musically, will give it finite enough emphasis.*

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## MORNING CANTICLES.

*Venite, exultemus Domino.*

O COME, let us sing unto the | LORD : let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our salvation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks = | giving : and shów ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the LÓRD is a | great = | God : and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the cónners | of the | earth : and the stréngth of the | hills is | his = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it : and his háncls pre | pared the | dry = | land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall = | down : and knéel be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God : and we are the people of his pasture \* ánd the | sheep of | his = | hand.

8 O worship the LÓRD in the | beauty of | holiness : let the whole éarth | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth : and with righteousness to judge the wórld and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther | and to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*As it was in the beginning \* is now, and ( ever | all be : wórld without | end = | A = | men.*

*Te Deum laudamus.*

WE prâise | thee O | God : we acknôwledge | thee  
to | be the | Lord.

2 All the eârth doth | worship | thee : thé |  
Father | ever | lasting.

3 To thee all Ângels | cry a | loud ; the Héavens,  
and | all the | Powers there | in ;

4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim : cón |  
tinual | ly do | cry,

5 Hôly | Holy | Holy: Lôrd | God of | Saba | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are fûll of the | Majes | ty :  
ôf | thy · = | glo · = | ry.

7 The glorious cōmpany | of · the A | postles :  
prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.

8 The goodly félloわship | of the | Prophets :  
prâise | = · = | = · = | thee.

9 The nôble | army | of | Martyrs : prâise | = · =  
| = · = | thee.

10 The holy Chûrch throughout | all the | world :  
dôth ac | know · = | ledge · = | thee ;

11 Thé | Fa · | = ther ; ôf an | in · finite |  
Majes | ty ;

12 Thíne ad | ora · ble | true : ánd | on · = | = · ly  
| Son ;

13 Also the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com · = | fort ·  
= | er.

14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : O' | = · = |  
= · = | Christ.

15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son : ôf | = · the |  
Fa · = | ther.

16 When thou tookest upon théée to de | liver |  
man : thou didst humble thyself to be | born · = |  
of a | Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcōme the | sharpness · of | death : thou didst open the Kíngdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We belíeve that | thou shalt | come : to | be = | our = | Judge.

20 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants : whom thou hast redéemed | with thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be númered | with thy | Saints : in | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lórd | save thy | people : and | bless thine | herit | age.

23 Góv | = · ern | them : and | lift them | up for | ever.

24 Dáy | by · = | day : wé | magni | fy · = | thee ;

25 And we | worship · thy | Name : éver | world with | out · = | end.

26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord : to kēep us this | day with | out · = | sin.

27 O Lórd have | mercy up | on us : háve | mercy up | on · = | us.

28 O Lord let thy mércy | be up | on us : ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.

29 O Lord in théee | have I | trusted : lét me | never | be con | founded.

*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.*

**O** ALL ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

**2** O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him,  
and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the fírmament |  
bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him  
for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the |  
Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of Góð | bless · ye the | Lord : práise  
him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · yc the |  
Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cóld | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the |  
Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

18 O let the Eárvth | bless the | Lord : yea let it  
práise him, and | magnify | him for \ ever.

19 O ye Mountains and Hílls | bless · ye the |  
Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the éarth | bless · ye  
the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

21 O ye Wélls | bless · ye the | Lord : práise him,  
and | magnify | him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and Flóods | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the wáters |  
bless · ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify |  
him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the air | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cáttle | bless · ye the |  
Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

26 O ye Children of Mén | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

27 O let I'srael | bless the | Lord : práise him, and |  
magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord :  
práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous | bless ·  
ye the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for |  
ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of héart | bless · ye  
the | Lord : práise him, and | magnify | him for |  
ever.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd |  
to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever |  
shall be : wórld without | end · = \ A · = \ men.*

*Benedictus.* St. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord Gód of | Isra | el : for he  
hath vísited | and re | deemed · his | people ;

2 And hath raised up a míghty sal | vation | for  
us : in the hôuse | of his | servant | David ;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Pro-  
phets : which have béen | since the | world be | gan ;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies :  
and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore |  
fathers : and to remémbér his | holy | cove | nant ;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórc-  
father | Abra | ham : thát | he would | give · = | us ;

7 That we being delivered out of the hán'd | of our |  
enemies : might sérve | him with | out · = | fear ;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him :  
áll the | days · = | of our | life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of  
the | Highest : for thou shalt go before the face of  
the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways ;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his |  
people : fór the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God :  
whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath |  
visit · ed | us ;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness \*  
and ín the | shadow · of | death : and to guide our  
feet | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd |  
to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever |  
shall be : wórld without | end · = \ A · = \ men.

*Jubilate Deo.* Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the LóRD | all ye | lands : serve  
the LóRD with gladness \* and come before his |  
presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the LóRD he is God \* it is he that  
hath made us and not | we our | selves : we are  
his people, and the | sheep of | his \* = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving \*  
and into his | courts with | praise : be thank-  
ful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4 For the LóRD is gracious \* his mércy is | ever |  
lasting : and his truth endureth from génér | ation  
to | génér | ation.

Glory be to the Fáther | and \* to the | Son : and |  
to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever |  
shall be : wórld without | end \* = | A \* = | men.

## EVENING CANTICLES.

*Magnificat.* St. Luke i. 43.

MY soul doth magni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit hath re | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For he | hath re | garded: the lowli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 For be | hold from | henceforth: all gener | ations | shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is mighty hath | magni · fied | me: and | holy | is his | Name.

5 And his mercy is on | them that | fear him: throughout | all | gener | ations.

6 He hath showed strength | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat: and hath ex | alted | the | humble | and | meek.

8 He hath filled the hungry with | good | things: and the rich he hath | sent | empty | a | way.

9 He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant | Isra | el: as he promised to our fore-fathers \* Abraham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the Father | and | to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end | = | A | = | men.

*Cantate Domino.* Psalm xeviii.

O SING unto the LóRD a | new · = | song : for hé  
hath | done · = | marvellous | things.

2 With his own right hand \* and with his | holy |  
arm : hath he góttén him | self the | victo | ry.

3 The LóRD declaréed | his sal | vation : his right-  
eousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight · = | of  
the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth to-  
ward the hóuse of | Isra | el : and all the ends of the  
world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LóRD | all ye |  
lands : sing, re | joice and | give · = | thanks.

6 Praise the LóRD up | on the | harp : sing to the  
hárp with a | psalm of | thanks · = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also · and | shawms : O show  
yourselves jójful be | fore the | LóRD the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise \* and áll that | therein  
is : the round wórld, and | they that | dwell  
there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands \* and let the  
hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | LóRD : for he |  
cometh · to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness shál he | judge the | world :  
and the | people | with · = | equity.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : and |  
to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*As it was in the beginning* \* is nów, and | ever |  
*shall be* : wórld without | end · = \ A · = \ men.

*Bonum est confiteri.* Psalm xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thánks | unto · the |  
LORD : and to sing praises únto thy | Name · = |  
O Most | Highest ;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the |  
morning : and of thy trúth | in the | night · = |  
season ;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings \* ánd up | on  
the | lute : upon a loud ínstrument | and up | on  
the | harp.

4 For thou, LORD, hast made me glád | through  
thy | works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for  
the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd |  
to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever |  
shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

*Nunc dimittis.* St. Luke ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in |  
peace : ác | corling | to thy | word.

2 För mine | eyes have | seen : thy | = · sal | va ·  
= | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre | pared : befóre the | face  
of | all · = | people ;

4 To be a líght to | lighten · the | Gentiles : and to  
be the glóry of thy | people | Isra | el.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd |  
to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever |  
shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

*Deus misereatur.* Psalm lxvii.

**G**OD be merciful unto us and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance \* and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known up on earth: thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee O God: yea let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously \* and govern the nations up on earth.

5 Let the people praise thee O God: yea let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is now and ever shall be: world without end. = A = men.

*Benedic anima mea.* Psalm ciii.

**P**RAISE the LORD | O my | soul: and all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the LORD | O my | soul: and for | get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin: and healeth | all = / thine in | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy life | from destruction: and crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving | kindness.

5 O praise the LóRD ye angels of his \* yé that ex | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandment \* and hearken únto the | voice = | of his | word.

6 O praise the LóRD, all | ye his | hosts: ye sérvants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 O speak good of the LóRD, all ye works of his \* in all pláces of | his do | minion: praise thóu the | LóRD = | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

2 For he hath founded it up | on the | seas : and prepared | it up | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | LORD : or who shall rise up | in his | holy | place ?

4 Even he that hath clean hands and a | pure · = | heart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity \* nor swórn | to de | ceive his | neighbour.

5 He shall receive the bléssing | from the | LORD : andrighteousness fróm the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him : even of thérm that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates \* and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors : and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

8 Whó is this | King of | glory : it is the LORD strong and mighty. \* éven the | LORD · = | mighty · in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates \* and be ye lift up ye éver | lasting | doors : and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Whó is this | King of | glory : Even the LORD of hôsts | he · is the | King of | glory.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

### BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

(One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.)

**L**ORD, let me know mine end \* and the númer | of my | days : that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it wére a | span · = | long : and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee \* and verily every man líving is | alto | gether | vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow \* and dis-quíeteth him | self in | vain : he heapeth up riches, and cánnott tell | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now, Lórd, what | is my | hope : trûly my | hope is | even in | thee.

5 Deliver me from áll | mine of | fences : and make me nót a re | buke · = | unto · the | foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin \* thou makest his beauty to consume away \* like as it were a móth | fretting · a | garment : évery man | therefore | is but | vanity.

7 Hear my prayer O LóRD \* and with thine éars con | sider · my | calling : hóld not thy | peace · = | at my | tears ;

8 For I am a stranger with théé | and a | sojourner : ás | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little \* that I may re | cover · my | strength : before I go hénce | and be | no more | seen.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost :

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

L ORD, thóu hast | been our | refuge : from óne gener | ation | to an | other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth \* or ever the éarth and the | world were | made : thou art God from everlasting and | world with \ out · = \ end.

3 Thou turnest mán | to de | struction : again thou sayest, Cómē a | gain ye | children · of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight áre but as | yester | day : seeing that is pást as a | watch · = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them \* they are éven | as a | sleep : and fáde away | sudden ly | like the | grass.

6 In the morning it is gréen and | groweth | up : but in the evening it is cut dówn | dried | up and | withered.

7 For we consume awáy in | thy dis | pleasure : and are afraíd at thy | wrathful | indig | nation.

8 Thou hast sét our mis | deeds be | fore thee : and our secret síns in the | light of | thy · = | coun- tenance.

9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone : we bring our years to an end \* as it wére a | tale · = | that is | told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten \* and though men be so strong that they cóme to | fourscore | years : yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow \* so soon pásseth it a | way and | we are | gone.

11 O téach us to | number · our | days : that we may apply our | hearts · = | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.









MAY 5 1939

